WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Poetry.

JUST AS IT USED TO BE.

Full many a face the blackboard shows,
Of spectacled eyes and monstrous nose;
With mouth stretched grinning from ear to ear,
And lanky neck and ribs so queer;
While underneath, in boyish scrawl,
The master's nickname's on the wall,
Just as it used to be!

Each boy is droning at his desk,
Scratched up with face and form grotesque,
And many a name indented deep,
Posterity's rewards to reap,
Just as *ours* used to be!

Among the mischief-loving girls,
One has a wealth of golden curls
And sunny dimples, and her eye
Is blue as an Italian sky,
Just as *hers* used to be!

Now all on frolic are intent,
So long the master's eye is bent;
When he looks up, then they look down,
And at their tasks profoundly frown;
When he looks down, with grimace sly
They twist their faces quite awry,
Just as *we* used to do!

The master, though severe, was kind;
Affected sternness was combined
With unaffected love of fun;
And when he joked or made a pun,
(And cunningly they saw a joke
Within his face, before he spoke,)
Right loud they roared with urchin craft,
And saw or not the point, they laughed,
Just as *we* used to do!

'Twas sad to see what used to be,
And find all things unchanged—but me;
'Twas sadder still to think that they
In after years, with grief would say,
"O, that the days were here again
When all was pleasure, nothing pain,
Just as they used to be!"
—*Boston Transcript.*

Selected.

NO HERO AFTER ALL.

"Are you star gazing?" asked Helen Deno, stepping out upon the verandah, where Tom Ford stood staring abstractedly at the cloudless evening sky.

"Only trying to devise some new method of shuffling off this mortal coil," Tom answered, laying his unlighted cigar on the railing beside him.

"Have matters reached such a desperate condition with you?" laughed his companion. "I should never have suspected it."

"It is my hero, not myself, who is to be sent out of the world," was the reply. "Can you not give me a hint? Poison, consumption, precipices, shipwreck, runaway horses. Bah! I have made use of them all till they have grown wearisomely common. I am tempted to advertise for a novel way of ridding myself or other people of life—even at the very risk of bringing down a whole host of detectives upon me."

"Why not let the poor myth live?" questioned Helen, smiling at the comical expression of despair on the perplexed author's face.

"Impossible!" replied Tom. "The lost heir has turned up, and is all ready to marry Lady Gwendoline, and so this hero, or assistant hero, rather, is in the way and must be removed, even if I have to do it in a commonplace fashion. You do not know what a benevolent person I am, Miss Helen, nor how much I have done for the happiness of my kind since I first commenced scribbling. At the lowest estimate I have hunted out and returned to their sorrowing parents fully three dozen heirs and heiresses—with and without strawberry marks and tattooed anchors on their arms. If it were not for the base ingratitude of humanity, my statue, arrayed in nondescript costume, and executed in the worst style of American art, would now adorn Central Park or Union Square. I would like to be a lost heir myself," he went on, musingly, "only to be one, it is necessary to have liquid blue eyes, golden hair and snowy brow; or raven locks and fathomless dark orbs and classic features, and not one of these attractions did unkind nature see fit to bestow upon me. I am homely — not even picturesquely homely, at that—do you know it, Miss Helen?"

"Since you have made the assertion, I can not be impolite enough to contradict it," she replied, gathering some of the crimson leaves from the Virginia creeper and putting them into her belt as she spoke.

"Give them to me, please," said Tom, stretching out his hand.

She shook her head and pointed to the vine.

"For a memento of this evening," he pleaded, in a tone which was far from sentimental.

"How many such mementoes have you already?" questioned she, still keeping the leaves.

"A dead rose—some other plant which now looks and smells decidedly hayey—a glove, spotted with lemonade, and of no possible use to its rightful owner—a slipper rosette, big and ugly as a mushroom, and a piece of pink ribbon, much creased which may, perhaps, have belonged to Miss Halstead instead of you," enumerated Tom. "That is all, I assure you."

"What are you going to do with them?" Helen demanded, much inclined to laugh.

"Keep them to sigh over winter evenings when the fire gets low and my segar is smoked out," Tom answered. "One must have helps to misery as well as to happiness."

"If that be so, here are the leaves," laying them in his hand. "May they contribute their small share towards making you wretched, since it is for that you desire them."

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed, putting the coveted possession into his pocket book, where the dead rose already reposed.

"Where are your other collections?" asked Helen. "I presume you have quite a number within the past ten years."

"To tell the truth," replied he, "I burned them after pilfering your glove. I did not wish to get the trifles mixed, and so misplace my regrets you see,"

Helen bit her lip at the straightforward avowal. "Are you always so frank, Mr. Ford?"

"Never," he answered, "except when craftiness cannot avail me anything. If diplomacy could make you adore me as—as I adore you, I should be a full-fledged Machiavelli instantly; but it could not?" with a quick, furtive glance at her face.

"No," she said slowly, and coloring a little.

"I knew it," said Tom, checking a sigh. "Well, I must content myself with the dead flowers and crumpled ribbons which you have worn. A man more deserving than I might receive even less." A philosophic remark by no means in keeping with the speaker's gloomy and perturbed countenance at that moment. A long silence, broken at last by Tom. "It is almost three months since we met Miss Helen. Do you remember my coming up the walk and finding you hulling strawberries with one of Rachel's check aprons on. How sweet those strawberries were!"

"Almost three months," echoed Helen. "And—I am going home next week."

Tom started and then scowled, but said nothing.

"How glad I am that we are to be in the same city next winter," she went on, presently. "We can meet often, and Clara, who is a literary person, will lionize you."

"We shall never meet," he replied, with most ungracious curtness.

"Why?" she asked, in a slightly hurt tone.

"Do you need to ask why?" rejoined he. "What sort of a companion should I be for Miss Deno's friends—a beggarly scribbler who barely keeps himself lodged and fed, and has not talent enough to enable him to hope for fame even when he is grizzled and fifty No," he continued, more quickly, "I have had my day, here in this old farm house, without a rival to dread—with no soul to come between me and the sweetness of your companionship—I have had my full meed of happiness, and I covet no halfway joy in the future. I was not made to play the part of the despairing lover. I could not haunt your footsteps for a smile, a look; or dance attendance at parties and operas for the pleasure of bringing you an ice, or picking up your fan. I despise a man who can humble himself in such a way. Yes, and I was going to add that I despise the woman who can take pleasure in seeing him do it."

He tossed the segar away, and strode up and down the porch, which creaked alarmingly beneath his heavy tread.

"A pretty fellow I am to get into such a rage about nothing," he said at last, pausing beside Helen, who still leaned against the lattice work. "Forgive me, will you not? I will never behave so again."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied with a smile. "I like to see you behave badly—it amuses me, and I need to be amused."

"Is it not a pity that a man is so hampered by circumstances as to be unable to assume a heroic attitude when he wishes?" questioned Tom, seemingly quite tranquil once more. "I don't care to be taller, or less clumsy; I don't even wish to mend and revise my nose; but I would like to perform some wonderful feat which would forever exalt me in your eyes, and earn for me your eternal gratitude. I can think of scores—snatching you from under the wheels of a locomotive; swimming with you to shore from a sinking ship, while the waves were running mountains high; or rescuing you from some desperado armed with numberless daggers and revolvers. How delightful it would be to hear you sob out your thankfulness to your brave preserver, as Miss Alicia de Courcey does to Percy Fitzgerald in my last drama! At present I amuse you—am well nigh as indispensable to your comfort as a lap-dog; compel you to be grateful, and—I think you could hardly avoid loving me."

"I should *abhor* you!" returned Helen. "I always dislike people to whom I am under obligations. When I am forced to be grateful to anybody, I feel as though the anybody had a string tied to my little finger, and could jerk it warningly at intervals to remind me of my duty."

"On the whole, then," said Tom looking down at the small figure, "you would prefer to rescue me, and listen to the sobbing assurances of my gratitude; I will improvise some horrible danger forthwith—plunge headforemost into it and allow you to take me out, if you will be likely to care for me in consequence. Let me see—we are going up the valley to-morrow—"

"Not we," interrupted Helen. "I must remain at home to entertain a visitor."

"Do you expect the coming of that domestic affliction, Miss Fletcher? Why not run away from her the first thing in the morning?"

"It is not Miss Fletcher," said Helen, hesitating over the words. "It is—Mr. Hastings."

"Why did you not tell me a day sooner?" asked Tom, in a hard, constrained tone.

"I did not know it till this evening," she replied; "the telegram came only an hour ago,—just after we had finished tea."

"And you are glad?" Tom questioned looking at her with a keen glance.

"Yes, I suppose so; it is my duty to be glad."

"This is good bye, then," said Tom, after some minutes of embarrassing silence.

"Shall I not see you to-morrow?" she asked, a little falter in her voice.

"No; I shall be off at sunrise for a last day in the valley. I can take the evening train at March's Bridge—it slacks there, and the conductor knows me and will not object. If Mr. Hastings is what he should be, you will not want me; if he is not—shake hands, Helen. Don't look out of the window when I go away. I should only think of you as looking a little later for Mr. Hastings' coming."

"Poor Tom!" said Helen to herself, a few minutes afterward, as she heard his room door close with emphasis, "I wonder if Ralph ever bangs doors or gets into small rages. He never lumbers at any rate, and how the porch floor *did* squeak when Tom walked across it."

"I think I can get down there," soliloquized Tom Ford, the next forenoon, peering over the rocky wall. "At least it is worth my while to try—it will save a mile of walking if I succeed." Swinging himself over, he crept cautiously downward. Half the descent had been made safely, when his foot slipped and he fell, carrying with him the rock to which he was clinging.

When he recovered consciousness he found himself lying at the bottom of the precipice, pinioned to the earth by a mass of rock and earth which had fallen upon him.

"Unlucky that I have not the use of both arms," he thought, after he had finished the contemplation of the situation. "Well, I must see what can be done with one. Phew! how it pains me! I must have bruised it badly coming down."

As he spoke, he attempted to lift the free arm, but it dropped powerless by his side. "Broken, as sure as fate!" he exclaimed, with a grimace of mingled pain and amusement. "Was ever a fellow in a sorrier predicament?"

"It won't do," he said, after a score of fruitless efforts to release himself. "I am here, and here I must stay till some one comes to my assistance." And thereupon he shouted at the top of his lungs for help. The valley gave back the echoes of his voice, but there was no other response.

Still again and again he called—each time more weakly than before, for his strength was fast leaving him; but no lucky chance sent a person by within reach of that despairing cry. The pain of the broken arm was intense, and his cramped position added to his misery; his throat was parched with thirst, while the glare of the sun, as it rose higher, well nigh blinded him. In such agony as he had never dreamed of, he lay as the weary hours dragged by, and the day journeyed on toward its end.

Would help ever come? he wondered, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound.

The place was a lonely and deserted one—seldom visited, except by some wandering artist in search of the picturesque, and there was no one to miss him or grow anxious at his absence. Helen would take it for granted that he had returned to the city, and so he would be left to perish slowly of thirst and starvation.

And while he was thus dying, she would be laughing away the joyous moments with Mr. Hastings by her side. His fancy pictured the pair together, and he ground his teeth in impotent fury and despair.

Then, as day declined, and darkness, stealing through the valley, wrapped itself about him, half delusive fancies came to him to make him forgetful of pain. Helen was beside him—he could hear her soft tones, feel the clasp of her hand; she did not love Mr. Hastings, but himself, and she had sought him out to tell him so. And as the vision vanished, he lost his consciousness for the first time in his life.

"The view does not strike me as a particularly fine one, my dear," said Mr. Hastings, balancing himself on the railing of the bridge, and surveying the scenery with a glance of calm disapproval.

"It is not even pretty," Helen replied, "but I—wanted to come." She was looking very intently at the railroad track—a pleasant object for contemplation, as any lover of nature will admit.

"Suppose then, that we go home," mildly suggested Mr. Hastings, offering his arm.

"Wait a moment—the train is coming," answered she, as the shriek of the locomotive was heard. The train came—slacked almost to an absolute stoppage—Helen's eyes watched it the while very eagerly—but no Tom took advantage of the delay to spring upon the platform. Had he changed his mind and returned to the farm house? It was not likely; in his present state of feeling he would not court a meeting with Mr. Hastings. Helen felt—she knew not why—a vague consciousness of anxiety.

"Ralph," turning suddenly towards her lover, "I want to go up into the valley—it will not be dark for more than two hours yet. Will you go?"

"Wait till to-morrow," he answered, mindful of his tight boots and in no mood for rock climbing. "You are pale, Helen—yes, and actually shivering, too. This air is fever and agueish," wrapping her shawl more closely around her as he spoke. "Come, let us get home as soon as possible."

"I will not—I mean I cannot!" Helen replied excitedly. "You must go with me, Ralph; I am afraid something has happened to T—Mr. Ford."

"Who is Mr. Ford?" asked he, with a a look which was by no means lover-like.

"He is a gentleman who has been boarding at Mrs. Kidder's this summer," replied Helen, the color rushing over her face in spite of her efforts to appear indifferent. "He was to return to the city this afternoon, taking the train here; but he has failed to do so, and—"

"Cannot a man change his mind if he sees fit?" interrupted Mr. Hastings, half jestingly, half angrily. "Don't be so foolish, my darling," he went on; "it is not very complimentary to me, your fretting about the fellow the first evening of our meeting. We will go back to the house now, and if he is not there, somebody shall be sent in search of him I promise you."

"It may be too late then," said Helen. "You must come with me, Ralph," taking his hand.

"I will do nothing of the kind," answered the irate lover; "and if you go it will be in disobedience to my express commands." Mr. Hastings looked really imposing in his wrath,

"When was I ever known to obey you—or any one else?" retorted Helen with flashing eyes. "I would go now if—" trying to say something tragic, but failing—"if I were certain that I should lose my way and be compelled to stay out all night in the cold." And shaking off his detaining grasp, she was gone in a moment.

"I suppose that every woman must be either a simpleton or a vixen," philosophically observed Mr. Hastings, as he wended his solitary way homeward; "but such an exhibition of temper and willfulness on Helen's part was really very unpleasant."

The walk was a long one, and night was fast falling when Helen reached the entrance of the valley. She and Tom had explored it together frequently; but now in the shadowy twilight, it looked so wild and forbidding that she shrank back involuntarily. Would it not be worse than folly to risk her life among its rocks and chasms, because of a mere nervous fancy. As she stood irresolute, feeling her courage fast ebbing, a faint cry seemed to fall upon her ear. She listened eagerly. Did some one call—"Helen," or was it only her imagination? "It was like Tom's voice," she said to herself with a shiver, "only so faint and unearthly." Her timidity had all vanished now, and she went resolutely on, falling over prostrate trees, climbing up the rugged sides of projecting rocks, urging her way through tangled masses of vines and underbrush, heedless of her cut and bleeding hands and feet, her fast failing strength, and intent only upon reaching the spot whence that cry had come.

"Shall I ever find him?" she thought, despairingly, as her foot caught in a tree root and she fell once more. Putting out her hand to aid herself in rising, she touched something which was neither stone nor wood. She grasped it eagerly—it was an arm in a rough coat sleeve, a masculine arm evidently, and the discovery sent a thrill of horror to her heart.

An instant more, and the injured man moved a little, and murmured "Helen," in a feeble, almost inaudible tone.

Helen did not shriek nor faint, nor call him "darling," as a heroine would have done. She only said quietly,—"I am here, Tom; tell me, are you hurt very badly?"

"Is it you, Helen, really you?" he answered, excitement lending him strength. "My arm is broken, and there is a mass of earth and rock upon me. I have been lying here ever since morning, and had given up all hope of being rescued. Did you come to look for me—I have thought of you continually."

"Yes," said Helen, hastily, thinking that further questions might prove embarrassing, "and now I am going back for help. I will not be long. You shall be safe at home within two hours, I assure you. Keep up a good heart till I come back."

"How did she know that I failed to take the train?" queried Tom, mentally, as the sound of her footsteps died away. Bruised and aching as he was, he would not just then, have changed places with Mr. Hastings.

"Don't make excuses for him, Tom," said Helen, walking restlessly to and fro, as Tom himself had done on the evening before Mr. Hastings' expected arrival.

"Why not?" asked Tom, watching her from the lounge on which he lay. "I admit that he behaved badly, but then he had reason to be aggrieved. Answer his letter, Helen, and say that you forgive him." He stopped, feeling that heroism and self sacrifice could go no farther.

"I will never see him again!" she answered, her slender, dark eyebrows coming a little closer together. "I know now that I never had any real affection for him—thank fortune I found it out before it was too late."

"Poor Hastings! I am sorry for him," rejoined Tom, gravely, trying to arrange the sling in which his disabled arm rested, "mildly sorry,—that is, I pity myself a hundred fold more."

"Why?" asked Helen, with the air of a seeker after useful information.

"Because you do not care for *me*," he replied.

"But—I think I do care for you, Tom," she said, coming to his side to adjust the refractory handkerchief. "I did not want to; but you know it is so natural to like people whom you have compelled to feel grateful to you."

"I know," answered Tom, very well satisfied with the explanation. "And after all, Helen, circumstances which would not permit me to be a hero allowed you to be a heroine—it is really too bad."

"You should be very thankful to circumstances," laughed Helen, "for if you had saved my life I would have been your mortal enemy always; and until you tumbled over that precipice I thought you rather an awkward person, and felt very well content to marry Mr. Hastings.—*From the Aldine for October.*

American Servant Girls.

"What in the world does the writer of this mean?" I hear many ladies say, who are not unfrequently among the severaly vexed, by imported "*helps*," as "servants" are not terms to be used as applied to parties who deem it a condescention to live with our moral families. As this article embodies much sound truth and sterling sense, we recommend the perusal of the same to our numerous and intelligent readers. Let them only *improve* by the necessary encouragement and means in their power, the suggestions of T. B. B. of New Jersey, as expressed in the N. Y. Evening *Post*, and in one year, in any one town in New England, and we had almost said and State, a *very great* change in these matters, would be the result.

Seeing in your valuable paper notes from different parts of the country of the inability to get American help, stating as the cause that the American girls feel that the position of a servant is beneath them, choosing rather to work in crowded mills and factories, or wearing out their lives sewing for a living, suffering from want and sickness, when they could have good homes, and be surrounded with moral people, it has been asked, Is there no way to remove the obstacle, and thereby benefit both parties? I know of no way but for some one to set the example. I know that some girls will follow the fashion as far as their means will allow, and some go beyond their means. I speak from experience. Now, if the fashion could be started for American girls to go out as help it would be one of the most sensible fashions I know of. I, for one, have started; I don't care if it is not considered genteel, I know that it is healthy, and who would not rather have health than anything else? I suppose you wonder who I am and what I am. Well, I am a servant, and an American one. I was a dressmaker, going out by the day, receiving good wages. I had first-class customers and plenty of them, more than I could attend to, so you see I was not in want of work. But my health was very poor and my eyes became very weak, so that I knew if I continued sewing for a living I could not do it long. One of my patrons offered me a home and I accepted, but I was to work about the house. I do not say the position was delightful. O, no! I had some American pride. I did not want to be considered a servant. The people I am living with did all they could to make it pleasant for me, but I longed for my roving life; I could not quiet down to sweeping and dusting, minding children and sewing. But I am happy to say that feeling did not last more than two months. I now love my home and all the family, and if they speak truly, as I feel they do, they like me as well as I do them. I have been with them now nine months and hope to stay some time longer. My general health is better, and my eyes almost as strong as ever. I dust, sweep, wash and iron—in short, I do whatever needs to be done, and I feel this is my home in every sense of the word. Now, girls, it you read this and would like to make a trial let me give you a word of advice. The first thing you do put away your trinkets, wear calico dresses about your work, and have good big aprons to cover your dress, for nothing looks more disgusting than a dirty woolen dress, especially it your place is in the kitchen. And when starting to find a place, don't think you will do so much work for so much money. Don't think you are conferring a favor on your employers by condescending to serve them. You must not think I have been giving you a lecture, and when you read this say, "O, it is easy for her to write all that; she is an old maid." I am no such thing; not but old maids are good in their place, but I don't want to be one if I can help it. I am twenty-one years old and my sister is fifteen. She is trying the same thing and likes it as well as I do. You that are wearing out your lives sewing, thinking it more genteel than serving in some good house, put by your sewing and with it that false pride, and start out to find health and a good home, and take the word of a Jersey girl you won't be sorry. T. B. B.

NEW JERSEY, September 15, 1874.

CEMETERY GROUNDS.

Mr. L. Wyman: DEAR SIR:—Well knowing your taste in the embellisement of Lawn Gardens and Woodlands, and having read with much interest your articles in the *Forest and Stream*, will you please give me your views upon the relative values, appropriateness &c., of the landscape style of cemetery embellishment, over the plan called the square plot system, and can it not be well, and properly adopted for all rural or country burying grounds.

Yours truly,
S. SPEEDWELL, N. J.

We have been long impressed with the propriety and feasibleness of the suggestive inquiries of our New Jersey correspondent, and would give in a brief article, our own views of the same. I have been long impressed with this idea, that the old fashions pertaining to the matter of laying out and the adornment of what are known as the old burying grounds of the country, are becoming more and more associated with the times and habits of the past. For many years past it seems to have been the leading thought of the times to disrobe the place of graves, of all that might take from them the aspect of desolation, and to add to the cities of the silent ones all the "chill and drear" of the lonely, leafless graves by the wayside. Who that has passed in mid-winter the old lonely graveyards in many of our New Hampshire and border towns, and noticed not without an additional chill, these solitary mementoes in slate and marble of the dead below. I can call to mind quite vividly the emotions felt while passing one old graveyard in Brighton, Mass. I often closed my eyes while passing, to shut out unpleasant thoughts of the desolation that met my gaze. Truly we hail with gratitude any improvements made upon the places of our Christian burial places—the cemetery arrangement we mean, and we are gratified to notice in this imperfect arrangement as it is in fact, a very great approach as far as it goes, toward our own ideas of what a true burial ground or cemetery should be. A gentleman of improved and very cultivated taste writes me from Penn. and asks "Of what possible use are chains and posts and heavy palings about a cluster of half a dozen graves or the graves of a family?" We present the question for any one to answer who may choose. We admit its pertinency, we acknowledge its value. The landscape style is in our own opinion far superior in every view and application to the old fashioned plan. The difference of these two styles has called forth the observations of men of culture, education and refinement as being far preferable on part of simplicity and general tasty effect to the old square fenced-off lot with its heavy iron and stone surroundings. Add to this (what has been a great objection to the beautiful) the economy to all lot owners by this latter method and you have another objection to the old system obviated. Why not then abandon this old objectionable style for the acceptance as far as possible of a newer and more elegant arrangement, thus getting rid forever of the incongruities of taste and application of means of lot owners. While we respect the motive that prompts people to enclose the resting places of friends they love, yet the excellence of the motive cannot always reconcile one to the consequences of the same. Our idea may be seen in the work of the trustees of Mount Auburn, as exhibited upon the new tract of their recent purchase. This ground will be laid out in a manner every way desirable, and can be adopted and carried out with success in any country cemetery We shall take up this subject again before long, and urge the necessity and beauty of the same to every New England town. Truly yours,

L. WYMAN.

A WORKING WOMAN.

Looking out of the window the other morning I saw a woman drive to the gate in a trim little establishment in excellent order. I had never set eyes upon her before, I was sure of that, though she looked up at my window with a bright and cheery smile as though she had known me all my life. Springing out of the high wagon like a girl of sixteen, though she was evidently three times that age, she hitched her horse and blanketed it as if she was used to it, and was ushered into the parlor. She had come to inquire about some lots upon our farm and I assure you she talked business, it evidently being no new thing to her. I found she was from a neighboring town, five miles distant, where her husband was a prosperous architect and builder. After she had obtained the information for which she came, we fell into conversation such as our sex will indulge in.

"Have you much of a family?" I inquired. "Eleven children," she replied. I opened my eyes in astonishment, expecting to hear the usual answer in these days, "three, two boys and a girl," or vice versa. "Have you never lost any children?" said I. "None," she replied, "and none are married; they are all living at home." "What a family to look after!" I exclaimed. "O, I shouldn't mind our family at all," she said, "but we have always boarded three or four carpenters necessary in my husband's business. Then we have a farm and a good many cows to see to and butter to make, and as my husband is always busy in other ways the oversight of the farm devolves mostly on me."

"I hope you are more fortunate than the rest of us in having good domestics to help you with all this work," I said. The good woman straightened herself up and gave a decisive reply. "I never keep any," she said, "they never suit me." "Your children must help you a good deal, then?" "Yes; but they have their lessons to learn. Their eldest sister, who has as good an education as money could give her, teaches them entirely at home. We have a room in our house fitted up especially for this purpose. They are more thoroughly taught by her, with the deep interest she feels in them than if they went to school elsewhere. And being able to recite their lessons in the early part of the day, they spend fewer hours over books, which is better for their health, and this enables them to give me more assistance than they otherwise could do." What a sensible woman, thought I, for you know what a favorite idea home education is with me when it is at all practicable. So I drew my chair up nearer to her and said, "You don't do your own sewing, do you?" "Never sent out a stitch in my life, dresses or any thing else, even when we had not a sewing machine, and I don't know what excuse I could have for it now with a good machine." "Do you make your husband's and all your boy's shirts?" I asked, "Every one of them. My eldest son is something of a dandy, as young men will be, and he bought some shirts awhile ago. Oh! such a fit as they were. I spent more time ripping and fixing them than would have cut and made a good half dozen."

"Do you ever have time to go outside your house?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied with a smile. "I am here this morning you see to inquire about the land, and day before yesterday I went to the State Fair with some butter which took a premium."

"You must sit up very late nights," I said.

"Oh, no, not very. We always finish up our work by eight o'clock evenings, unless something very special is going on for we are quite a musical family. We have a piano. My daughters are good players, and father and mother, boys and girls, all count upon a good sing, often before going to bed, and this causes us to sit up rather later, I have sometimes thought than was good for us, considering we have to be up with the lark in the mornings. You know," she added, "music is very fascinating to those who love it."

"Are you always well?" I asked "My health is perfect. I have a good natural constitution, and have no time to be debilitated and nervous." Here this paragon arose to go. I followed her to the gate, saw her unhitch her horse and drive off, while I returned to the house with these reflections: Eleven children, boarders, a farm, no servants, no sewing put out, all teaching done in the house, premium for butter at the State Fair, music and the fine arts! Think of it, O ye daughters who have a family of three children, three servants, hire all your sewing done, and have headache, dyspepsia and general debility thrown in.

As for me, I went up stairs after this interview, unrolled some shirts I was just going to send out to be made, and oiling up my machine, went to work at them. Of course I hate it. Of course it will tire me to death, but it is so nice to be smart like this good woman. I have made some inquiries about her since she was here, and find her story was not exaggerated. She is a living example of what perfect system and industry will accomplish. She was once a teacher, well educated and sensible. She married her husband when he was not worth a cent, and now they live in a fifteen thousand dollar house, own a good farm and to the good management and thrift of the wife is attributed much of the husband's success. They and their children have the name of being one of the happiest and most united families anywhere about. But my paragon does not write such long letters as this, I suspect. I must go back to my machine; it acts like a witch to-day.

LIVING IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.—Light-houses are strange and lonely homes for men to live in. Some of them are perched out on the ocean, with the land scarcely in sight, and the restless sea forever beating and moaning around them. The keepers of these do not see other human faces than their own in a quarter of a year. Night and day they are on the watch, gladdened awhile by a sail that appears for a little while and then floats out of sight, below the horizon. They might be out of the world, for all they know of its concerns, its losses, and gains, its battles and its victories, the changes that each day brings forth. There are other light houses situated on the coast, but so remote that they are never visited; and others that are surrounded by the civilization of a fishing village, and on summer days are crowded by fashionable people from the neighboring watering places. But for the most part, except in the approaches to flourishing ports, they are built out on the farthest margin of the land, on far reaching capes and peninsulas, on iron bound headlands, on detached rocks and sandy shoals. The light ships are still worse off, anchored as they are in stormy waters, and forever rolling, plunging, lisping in perpetual unrest, clipped of their wings, while other vessels are passing and repassing, shortening sail as they enter port and spreading the canvas as they start out anew.

The light ships are manned by men alone, but in the light houses the keepers are allowed to have their wives and children are born unto them and brought up with the sea and the seabirds and the distant ships for companions. Many a pretty story or poem has been woven about children living in this fashion. They learn the secrets and wonders of the sea, and feel glad when it sings softly on the calm days and sad when its bosom is ruffled and white in the storms. Their little heads are full of strange fancies about nature, and I do not believe they could understand or enjoy the life that you and I lead at home. Somehow I cannot think of them as real children. They seem more like water spirits that have their home in the blue depths among other delicate plants that blossom there. But they have lessons to learn from school books, and a great many things to do in their father's household. Their life, with all its romance, is not one of idleness, you may be sure.—*From St. Nicholas for October.*

☞ The other day a party of railroad officials at Clinton, Iowa, started for Chicago on a special train, the conductor of which had positive orders to make the run as quickly as possible. The distance to be travelled was 138 miles, and the train reached Chicago in just two hours and thirty-three minutes—the most remarkable time ever made on a railroad had been accomplished. Six stops were made, consuming not less than fifteen minutes, which leaves the actual running time 138 minutes, or a mile a minute for the entire distance.

☞ A preacher named Maillard, in the time of Louis the Eleventh of France, was as bold as he was humorous, and launched his bitter jests even against Louis himself with as much earnestness as point. A courtier told him the king threatened to have him thrown into the Seine. "Tell his majesty," said Maillard, that even then I shall get to heaven by water sooner than he will with all his post horses.

A WISE EXCUSE.—On one occasion at a dinner at the Bishop of Chester's, Hannah More urged Dr. Johnson to take a little wine. He replied, "I can't drink a little, child, and therefore, I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult." Many have the same infirmity, but are destitute of the same courage, and therefore are ruined.

☞ A taste once formed for the sensational in reading by a person of average culture and opportunities is rarely outgrown; it very seldom leads to anything purer. The mind is excited and weakened by the continual whirlwind of unnatural incidents and jumble of distorted characters, and soon has little power of thought left.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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MIDDLESEX CATTLE SHOW.

The 80th Show of the Old Middlesex Society occurred on Tuesday and Wednesday. Tuesday saw a cold rain storm, which not only had a depressing effect on the exhibitors, but kept away hundreds of visitors. Wednesday the skies were bright, and the air cool and very bracing. The grounds as a consequence filled up with sight seers, and from this part of the county there was a full representation. There were probably two hundred people from Woburn on the grounds, beside great numbers from Arlington, Burlington, Winchester and Lexington. The show of cattle was not large, but it was very fine. The poultry show was better than usual. The trotting on Tuesday was deferred and all the races were on Wednesday. The first to draw the public to the track was the race for a $50 purse, $35 to first, $15 to second, for colts under six years old, raised in Middlesex county. But three entries were made, and these were John Cummings's bay gelding Flying Cloud, J D Twombly's bay filly Belle Draco, and M Mengis's black stallion, Ethan Wilkes. They came in in the above order, best time 3:17. Mr Twombly's colt is only three years old. The next race was for 2:50 horses, $100 to first, $35 to second, $15 third. Six horses entered, and the race was won in three straight heats by "Watertown" in 2:53. The third race there were seven entries, but "Old Spot" had it all his own way from the first, and won easily in 2:52. "Mambrino Boy" was second, and "Robert J" third. The fourth race was for 2:40 horses. Three entered, and took prizes, "Jennie Thompson" first, "Green Mountain Maid" second, and "Belle of Lowell" third; time 2:41 1-2.

In the hall, the display of fruit and vegetables was the best ever seen. There were good shows of ferns, potted plants and cut flowers. The display of fancy articles was better than usual, quite a number of new exhibitors contributing to the show.

The officers for the ensuing year are President, John Cummings, of Woburn; Vice Presidents, W A Tower, of Lexington, J B Moore of Concord; secretary, R F Barrett, treasurer, Charles Thompson, both of Concord.

We were unable to obtain the full list of premiums but Mr Cummings, S Dow, W A Colegate, Mrs L G Richardson, P G Hanson, and David G Graham of Woburn were recognized. Granville Parks had a good show of fowls, and C K Conn, peaches, but the committees did not award them prizes Dr Hodgdon, J H Butterfield, and John Osborn from Arlington were among the premium exhibitors. Wm Plumer, D Butterfield, G T Smith, represented Lexington. C L Parker and J D Twombly of Winchester, took premiums.

The annual dinner was served at one o'clock, Wednesday, to about three hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen. Mr Cummings presided. The first speaker was President Chadbourne of Williams College, the representative or delegate from the State Board of Agriculture. In his judgment the exhibition of fruits, flowers and vegetables in the halls below was far prettier than had been seen at any previous exhibition he had attended in his life; the cause of this is that the Society and its friends hold the market garden of this part of the State. He said the President had made the best show of vegetables ever made by one man. He had noticed here the perfect types of beauty in the various departments, and he thought their exhibition could not fail to elevate the taste and enlarge the minds of all who beheld them. Hon George S Boutwell followed, and spoke of some of the discomforts of boyish farm life, and thought farming should be made more agreeable to the young. He would like the president to show his book account, and demonstrate that there was money in his kind of farming. Hon C L Flint, Secretary of State Board of Agriculture said the display of fruit and vegetables was the best he ever saw in this or any other country. The stock display was no better than that of ten years ago. He closed with some interesting and instructive remarks on the general needs of the agricultural districts.

The Show despite the bad weather was quite successful.

JACKKNIFE CARVING.—There can be seen in the window of Dodge's Drug Store a specimen of wood carving, being the word "Woburn," each letter linked to the other and cut out of a single stick of wood. It is the work of Master David G. Graham, 16 years old, a member of the Central Grammar School, and was accomplished with the aid of a common jackknife during his leisure hours. He sent it to the Cattle Show at Concord, where it was awarded a gratuity. It shows what can be done by patient application.

MASS. 22D.—Comrades of the 22d Mass. Vols., are reminded that the 13th anniversary dinner will be spread at the Parker House next Friday evening. The business meeting will be at 5 and the dinner at 6. All who served in the Fifth Army Corps are invited.

☞ The 6th Councillor District Republican Convention will be held at Concord, Oct. 13, at 1.30 P. M., and the Middlesex County Convention at the same place at 2 P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Woburn Sunday School Conference met at Woburn on Tuesday last. The weather in the morning was quite threatening, and by the beginning of the conference rain commenced falling. This undoubtedly kept many away, but the attendance was quite good, and in a smaller audience room would have seemed large. The exercises were very interesting, and the addresses and discussions in which a large number engaged were very profitable.

The conference was called to order by the Secretary, John L. Parker, who invited Rev. C. W. Wallace D. D., of Abington, to offer prayer. Hon. J G Pollard was then elected Moderator. The reading of the minutes of the Eighth Annual Meeting followed, and the conference sang,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

Reports from the schools were next in order. Sixteen out of nineteen comprising the Conference reported. The reports were all very satisfactory, but from a want of uniformity which is to be provided against next year, we are unable to tabulate the statistics reported. All the schools have Sunday School concerts, most of them have teachers' meetings, and several reported a large number of conversions, notably Winchester and Woburn. The habit of giving seems to have been encouraged as all reported large collections. After singing, "My soul be on thy guard," the discussion of the topic, "The pulpit and the Sunday School" was opened by Rev. A G Bale, of Wakefield, and Rev. A B Dascomb of Winchester. The former spoke of the missions of both, their unity of aim yet diversity of method and means. The latter spoke of how each could aid the other. An hour was then spent in a discussion of the points raised by the gentlemen who opened the discussion. Rev. Dr Wallace, Revs Thompson, of Reading, Porter, of Lexington, Bliss of Wakefield, Bale of Melrose, and Messrs. Tyler, of Winchester, Webber of Bedford, and Aborn of Wakefield, participated. The discussion took a wide range, and the question of one preaching service or two, which seems to plague the ministers very much, was given an undue prominence. Adjournment for dinner occurred at half past two.

At two o'clock the conference re-assembled. "Coronation" was sung, and prayer was then offered by Deacon Durant, of Melrose. Some twenty questions had been collected, and their answer and discussion occupied nearly two hours. These questions related to subjects vital to the Sunday School, and their examination was enjoyed by the conference as much as any part of the exercises. Rev. Dr Wellman, of Malden then delivered an address upon the "Home and the Sunday School," which was a well written and instructive essay on an important theme. The topic was further discussed by Revs. Dascomb, Hazen and Kelsey. At the suggestion of Rev. Mr Dascomb, a short prayer meeting closed the exercises.

Rev. C R Bliss, J H Tyler and J G Aborn were appointed a committee on place of meeting. They reported Billerica, and the time the third Tuesday in September, 1875. Rev. H A Hazen, Samuel King and R R Underhill are the committee of arrangements. The secretary was instructed to send out a blank for returns from the schools, with the annual programme.

At half past six there was a Sunday School concert in the church. The rain which had continued through the afternoon was still falling, and the attendance of children was not large. A choir of fifty occupied the singers' gallery, and sang some very nice music. Mr J C Buck presided at the organ with his usual grace. The exercises were opened by Mr Pollard who welcomed those who had braved the storm. Rev. Mr Bale read the Scripture and offered prayer. Mr Wattles, Sec. of Connecticut Sunday School Union, then gave a blackboard exercise on the text "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." The exercise was made very plain, and the lesson well enforced. He was followed by Rev. E G Porter, of Lexington, who related in a very graphic manner a journey over the Alps, when he committed his way unto a guide, trusted him, and he was brought safely to his journey's end. The incident well illustrated and enforced the lesson taught by the blackboard exercise. Rev. H C Trumbull was the next speaker, who, following the same line of thought, showed how the deaf mutes manifested their appreciation of gospel truths, and expressed their love and trust in God. After singing, the exercises closed at 8 o'clock, and the visiting friends who had remained throughout the exercises, took their leave. The church was prettily decked with flowers and the attendance was remarkable for so unfavorable a day. The interest in the meeting was sustained to the last, and no one who remained regretted it.

BLIND PREACHER'S MUSIC.—The devotional music of the late Elder S. C. Hancock, of Forestville, Conn., the well known and justly celebrated Composer, Pianist, Vocalist and Preacher, who died at Springfield, Mass., on the 23d of August last, has been compiled. In order that the many friends of Mr. H., throughout New England, may obtain his complete musical productions of a devotional nature, they have been collected in book form, bound in neat paper covers, and containing a brief biography of the "Blind Preacher," as he was extensively known; and for the benefit of his widow, who is left in straitened circumstances. The music is of the highest order, as thousands who have heard it can testify. All orders for this work will be promptly filled at 50 cents each. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price. A discount of 25 per cent. on all orders for 25 copies or more, and of 50 per cent. for orders for 50 copies or more. Address Milo L. Norton, Waterbury, Conn. Send all large amounts by check, registered letter or post office order.

☞ The Boston & Lowell and Lowell & Nashua Railroad Company have adopted Hall's system of automatic signals, and have contracted to have ten miles of their road, between Boston and Stoneham Branch junction fully equipped with the device.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—Are the people of Woburn aware that next Monday evening John B. Gough will open the course of lectures advertised for the Woburn Lyceum? Such is the fact, and he will deliver his new lecture, "Man and his Masters." The simple announcement will doubtless be sufficient to fill the hall, and probably give an impetus to the course which shall send it successfully through its season. He will be followed by Hon. Wm. Parsons who is "Bound to Win" golden opinions from all who shall hear him. Prof. Churchill needs no recommendation, for no reader was ever more popular than he is in Woburn. Col. Conwell's sunny smile is a perpetual welcome and his "Lessons of Travel" will have willing learners. Mrs. Livermore will talk "Concerning Husbands" when many ears may expect to tingle. Prof. Dubois will next unpack his "Budget of Blunders." Dr. Gardner lectures on "Tent and Saddle in the Holy Land." Elias Nason discourses gaily of "Old Probabilities," a much abused but very useful man. Prof. Bryant will please with automata and voice changing, and Wendell Phillips will close the course with a new lecture on some stirring theme. This we submit is as good a bill as was ever offered our people, and we hope to know that by next Monday evening, sufficient season tickets have been sold to insure its success.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—This society which adjourned last May until Oct. 1st, re-assembled Wednesday evening in the Reading Room of the Unitarian church. It was decided to open the Reading Room on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings and also on Sunday afternoons. An invitation was extended to the ladies to use the Room on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, on which occasions it should be exclusively for them. A course of scientific lectures will be delivered before the Fraternity during the coming winter. The first of the series will be opened on Oct. 22 by Prof Morse of Salem to be followed by Rev W S Barnes, L S Burbank, Esq, P L Converse, Esq, and others. A small admission fee will be charged to defray the expense of lecturers from out of town. The meeting adjourned until Monday evening next.

HOW IT WORKS.—The new regulation concerning tickets went into effect on the railroad Thursday. The conductors were bothered a good deal, and the passengers considerably annoyed. Some of the mercurial ones were betrayed into profanity so that one conductor was led to say that the tickets ought to have printed on them "Lead us not into temptation;" a long suffering passenger added "but deliver us from evil." Several were caught on the fifteen-cent arrangement. Some paid it, some were put off, and some voluntarily left the train. Showing the tickets at the gate in the Lowell depot was also an annoyance, and it is quite likely that no road was ever more talked about in a left-handed manner. But, as Jud says, if you don't like it you needn't ride.

ADELPHI.—Next Wednesday evening the celebrated Adelphi Quartette with their able assistants, Miss Carrie E. Barr, soprano, Mr. W. E. Taylor, pianist, and Mr. W. B. Jones, reader, will give their grand entertainment in Lyceum Hall. The members of the Quartette are all solo singers, and a rich treat may be expected. Mr. Jones will read some new selections, "How he saved St. Michael," "The Showman's Courtship," "How Farmer Gray got Photographed," and by request, "Tobias Turnip Top in the General Court." A few choice reserved seats which, by the way, are selling rapidly, may be found with T. Marvin Parker at A. E. Thompson's.

MISHAWUM CLUB.—In accordance with a long established custom, that whenever a member assumes the responsibility of a husband he invites the Club to his house to partake of a "wedding spread," the members repaired on Wednesday evening to the residence of J. F. Deland in response to such an invitation. The untiring Hertkorn and Bean were there and discoursed choice music, assisted by the club in the grand opera chorus (?) "They stole my child away." Games were indulged in and a bountiful supper likewise. The custom of drawing names to see who of the unengaged members were next to be married, was followed, and W. B. Jones was the lucky man.

SMASHES.—The other day one of G F Jones's buggies was smashed up by a team driven by Julian Smith. The driver of the buggy says he was out as far as was safe, and Smith run over him.

C. G. Lund was run into by a drove of cattle Wednesday morning and a hind wheel broken off his buggy. He got another carriage and proceeded to Concord.

H. W. Davis had his shafts broken at the foot of Fox's Hill, Wednesday morning while on his way to Concord. Another carriage was procured, and he also went on.

L. S. B. S.—The annual meeting of the Ladies' Social Benevolent Society for the election of officers will be held next Thursday evening, Oct. 8, in the parlor of the First Congregational church. After the election a collation, and after the collation an original paper will be read, edited by the ladies.

CONGRESSIONAL.—Bailey of Charlestown has been coaxed off the track by the Gooch men, and there is one less candidate in the field. The *Lynn Record* comes out strong for Hon. J. S. Potter of Arlington. There is little doubt, however, but that Mr. Gooch will get the nomination.

PEARS.—A gentleman, too modest by half, sends us some very nice Louis Bonne de Jersey pears on condition we do not mention his name. But perhaps he is afraid of fruit thieves if his location were known. We accept the terms and the pears.

SHOT.—A fish hawk which had been pursuing his avocation in Horn Pond recently, was shot by a son of Henry Taylor last Monday. The hawk measured 5 feet, 8 inches from tip to tip.

HARNESS.—We have seen a very pretty harness of A. V. Haynes's manufacture, which is said to take the shine out of anything about here. If folks have better harnesses, trot them out.

STATIONERY.—A full line of fashionable and common Stationery may always be found at Dodges' Drug Store, 165 Main St.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—Pursuant to the call published last week, the Republicans of Woburn assembled in Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening to choose delegates to the several conventions. E E Thompson, Esq, called the meeting to order. On motion of H Collamore, John Cummings was elected moderator. On motion of J G Pollard, George J Pindar was chosen secretary. On motion of M M Tidd it was voted to proceed to ballot for delegates to the State, Congressional, County, Councillor, and Senatorial Convention all on one ballot. E E Thompson and Jacob Brown were appointed to receive, sort and count the votes. The voting resulted as follows:—

State.—John Cummings, Marshall M Tidd, William T Grammar, Jacob Brown, Levi W Cooper.

Congressional.—John M Harlow, Ebenezer N Blake, Edward E Thompson, Joseph G Pollard, Nathan Wyman.

County.—Gilman F Jones, Fred W Ellis, Charles S Converse, John R Carter, Henry L Andrews.

Councillor.—Edwin F Wyer, Benjamin E Bond, Milton Moore, Charles M Strout, Luke R Tidd.

Senatorial.—Charles A Smith, William B Jones, Edward Simonds, John L Parker, Leonard H Allen.

On motion of John L Parker it was voted that the several delegations be empowered to fill vacancies.

On motion of Col Grammar the Town Committee of last year were re-elected (Mr Parker moving to substitute the name of W B Jones for his own) The names of W T Grammar and W R Putnam were subsequently added, raising the committee to five. The caucus then dissolved.

Editor of Journal:—The following letter kindly loaned for publication, by the owner, explains itself. All in want of an accomplished teacher should watch for his arrival. Yours truly,

TRAVELLER.

Bally Moore
Kounty of Kork
Ireland
oct-ober thirty furst
Ateen hundrede
and ceventy fore

deer unkle

i shud hav ritten yu befour But i fered i kud knot rite Agane coon so i Date mi lettre ahed to giv yu awl the nuse up tu that time. i am thinkin of cummin tu amerika as tha sa work is chape thair ande wagis is hi. yu now i hav follered schule teching for sum yers ande du knot fele qulefide for and uther wurk butt i am purfectly at hom in that. if yu wil cend me muny tu pa mi parsage i wil pa yu befour i sale ande wil giv yu mi knote paable as coon as i am led with intrest aftre.

muther wil giv me the muny as coon as i arsk hur for yu now when she dide i cettled hur state. if yu here of A schule that kneads A techer befour yu git this tel it tu wate As i now i kan sute. the male is klosin ande i kannot rite ani lon gre nowe butt wil finish It on the wa ovur. from yure luvin Kusin

TOMAS O MULLANI

p s if yu rite befour yu git this cend yur lettre bi telegraf as i ma sale befour yu rite

tu jon O Fallon
uknited state of amerikay
stat of mas a chu st
Kounty of middelcex
towne of wuburne.

WOBURN AND THE TEMPERANCE REFORM OF 1828.—Some one was asking the other day for information on the subject of the connection of this town with the Temperance Reform of 1828, and concerning the association for temperance formed in this town at that period, its first president, etc. We do not say that we know much about the subject, but give the public the benefit of what little information we happen to possess at present about it.

From a small publication of eight pages, before us, entitled the "Constitution, Rules and Regulations of the Woburn Association for the promotion of Temperance. Boston. Jonathan Howe, Printer. 1829," we find that Benjamin Wyman, president; Luke Wyman, vice president; Benjamin Cutter, secretary; Jonas Hale, treasurer; Nathan B. Johnson, Luther Eames, Marshall Wyman, directors, were the officers of the society for 1829; and also a list of names of 246 members of both sex.

From a second publication (of fifteen pages) of this society, and of the same title as the former, but from the press of Pierce and Parker, Boston, 1833, we extract the following brief historical note:—

"N. B. The Woburn Temperance Society was organized March 28, 1828. The total number of members that have ever been connected with the Society is eight hundred and eleven. Of this number eighteen have died; forty-five have removed from the town, and gone from under the supervision of the Society; eleven have had their names erased from the books of the association for violation of its rules; seventy-three have colonized and formed another society in town; and six hundred and sixty-four remain as members at this time, April 30, 1833."

Nathan B. Johnson, president; Charles Thompson, Jason Richardson, vice presidents; Benjamin Cutter, secretary; Benj. F. Thompson, treasurer; Loring Emerson, Zachariah Richardson, Ezekiel Johnson, Dennis Munroe, Thomas Skelton, directors, were the officers of the Society for 1833. The names of the members alphabetically arranged in two columns, cover nearly nine pages of the little pamphlet of this year.

Survivors of this society are still among us, and remember that it met with an opposition far more strenuous than such societies do at present. The principles were those of total abstinence, with an exception in favor of its use when indispensably necessary as a medicine.

☞ If you want a perfect fitting shirt pattern, or a stylish suit of clothes, call on J. F. McAvoy at Wheelock & Sons, Merchant Tailors and Clothiers, 185 Main street, Woburn, and leave your measure.

LECTURE.—The lecture by Mrs. Ames was a very good one. The subject, "Beauty" was beautifully treated, and it is a pity there were not more to hear it.

IMPROVEMENT.—Fosdick & Buss have put in a new floor, in alternate strips of light and dark wood which looks very neat.

MUSIC.—Read Mrs. Dalton's announcement in another column.

DEMOCRACY AND THE SOUTH.

The following extract from a private letter of a business man of Richmond, Va., will be found interesting. He was formerly a Democrat, and it was written to a Woburn Democrat, with which he favors us with it for publication. We commend it to every thinking man:—

I notice that the Northern Democratic papers (the Boston *Post* included conspicuously) are doing all they can to urge the South into another war, employing in some instances the same seductive and exhilirating promises that John Cochrane did in 1860, on the steps of the Exchange Hotel in this city, viz:—that they (Dems) would see to it that the fight should be between Yankees alone, but when the South threw down the gauntlet, John Cochrane and his blatant adherents either took sides against us, or dodged behind bomb proofs, and acted the vulture or the cowardly scoundrel, as best became the instincts which they possessed. Now, we don't want the help of the Boston *Post* nor of any of its brethren, because they have once proved the internal imposter to us, and the cowardly traitor to their own section. Let it be distinctly understood that the solid *business* men of this section deprecate the incendiary articles of both the Northern and Southern Democratic journals. The negroes are the most peaceable laboring population in the world, and the South can't do without them, a fact that is becoming more and more patent to every sober, thinking man South. Louisiana is in a very unfortunate anomalous condition, with three fifths of her population negro, with a large swarm of carpet-baggers, and thousands upon thousands of "poor white trash," and it ought to be clear to every unprejudiced mind that La, the strongest Republican state of the Union in 1872, did not vote for McEnery, with the fact that the strong Democratic State of Va., went strongly Republican, it is utterly absurd that La. did otherwise. But I have no doubt that there were frauds on both sides of such a nature that a new election ought to have been ordered. I have no respect for Kellogg, nor any of his carpet bag crew, but then the "White League" men went around boldly through the country, and announced to the negro in open day that he must vote the white man's ticket, *or leave the State or be shot.* They have never denied that. Is that the way to get rid of carpet baggers and a bad government? Again, this quarrel has been thrust upon the government by indiscreet young men (to a large extent) who went home from the war perfectly desperate, with a determination to make the South a hell on earth, with no desire for peace, or prosperity, or by young men who have grown up since the war, and by cut-throats, thieves and assassins who have determined to get a living out of politics, even if it costs the existence of the whole country. Again, the most unblushing, notorious and brilliant plunderer who has ever robbed a country since Warrent Hastings, was H. C. Warmoth, Gov. of La. But why did he sail so smoothly over political seas, carpet-bagger as he was? Simply because he was smart and invited some of the influential Democratic politicians of New Orleans to share the plunder with him.—"That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut." He plundered five dollars to Kellogg's one, but I wish the devil had both of them. The fact of the business is that carpet baggism would die of starvation in a short time if the Democratic press here would invite the people to go to work and let politics alone. We are being smothered to death by politics, and the incendiaries on both sides ought to be hung. Northern Democratic journals make such infuriated scoundrels as Bob Toombs possible and every day they are fanning this people into another strife and I believe that the Democrats of the country would precipitate this country into another civil war if thereby they could get the reins of power once more. I know what I am talking about, for my sentiments are shared by the solid business men of the South, and you can't disregard our votes.

SELECTMEN.—At the regular meeting on Thursday evening, all present but E. F. Poole. Petition of Dr. Cutter and S. Dow for cutting down trees on Bennett street was referred to Messrs. Hart, Allen and Putnam. Petition of Dr. Cutter for abating nuisance on Conn street was referred to the whole board. A. L. Wheeler was appointed special police without pay. E. Prior was licensed as auctioneer for one year. Several applications for outside relief and military aid were referred to the chairman of Overseers of the Poor. The usual monthly bills were also approved.

ASSAULT.—A tramp passing through town on Friday morning, was set upon by some of the boys about the Lawrence school house He retaliated with a big stick, knocking one boy insensible. The police were informed and started in pursuit. With the aid of a quick going horse handled by M A Tyler, Officer Ramsdell overhauled him as he turned round Lyceum Hall in Winchester. He was brought back to Woburn and locked up.

MECHANIC'S FAIR.—The Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association, now in progress in Boston, is well worth a visit from every man and woman in the State. The daily papers contain a very full account of the wonders to be seen there, and we will not attempt a classification. The Fair will continue till next Wednesday, Oct. 7.

IMPROVEMENT.—The Road Commissioners have been at work on Myrtle street, and now there is a sidewalk on either side of the street. The street is used a great deal, and this improvement is appreciated.

☞ For nice peaches we think that neighbor William Winn will bear the palm away. The *Journal* club will testify that those we had this week will compare with any in the market.

Bedford.

CAUCUS.—At the Republican caucus, Wednesday evening, Dr. Henry Shaw and M. B. Webber were chosen delegates to the State Convention.

MEDFORD.—The Fire Department has its annual parade next Tuesday.

CAMP FIRE AT WYOMING.—Of "camp fires" in halls there have been many in the annals of Grand Army reunions and good times; but until Friday evening, no genuine, out of door celebration has taken place. The success of the "camp fire" at Wyoming Friday evening was complete and unequivocal, and assures a succession of similar entertainments. Comrade Butterfield of Post 139, Somerville, under whose auspices the camp fire was held, gave the use of his fine pine grove for the occasion, and the entertaining comrades were indeed fortunate in securing so excellent a place. The response to the invitations sent out were so generous that a special train had to be chartered, leaving the Boston and Maine station in Boston at 7.40, and twelve heavily loaded cars were filled with comrades. At the Wyoming station, the Somerville Post, 100 strong, was in readiness to receive the visitors, the U. S. Grand Post No. 4, of Melrose, doing escort duty. After some delay the line of march was taken up, there being nearly 1200 comrades in line, and the citizens of the village and neighborhood turning out in great crowds to bid the "military" welcome. Along the line of march, through Main, Foster and Cottage streets and Wyoming avenue, there were illuminations. Arrived at the grove, distant about a mile from the Wyoming station, and near Mr. Copeland's estate, the boys found some ten or a dozen camp fires kindled, and the heavy guns of Captain Baldwin's battery giving them a welcome that was resounded from all the hills around. The scene was picturesque and realized to some extent the camp life in the old war time; so that the comrades while listening to the incessant banging away of the artillery, and the rattling shot of certain improvised skirmishers in the neighborhood, might imagine themselves under fire, but for the absence of tents, and the presence of a host of gamins from town and country. An hour was passed in pleasant chat and in listening to excellent music from the Wakefield Brass Band, after which coffee and cracker rations were served out to a hungry host. It was nearly half past ten o'clock before any speeches were made. Brief and pointed speeches were made by Colonel H. R. Sibley and General Kimball after which the boys adjourned to the train. From Boston there came with drum corps, Posts No. 7 and 134 (colored), and from the Charlestown Districts Posts No. 11 and 179. Malden, Winchester, Woburn, Stoneham, and Wakefield were represented with Posts 56, 57 and 30 from Cambridge. Every body enjoyed the occasion, and the going home at midnight, was a jovial time.—*Globe.*

Winchester.

G. A. R. LECTURE.—The opening lecture of the G. A. R. course was fairly inaugurated last Monday evening under very favorable auspices. The Stoneham Band, F. Gilbert, leader, discoursed some excellent music on the Common, for half an hour previous to the lecture. On the arrival of General Kilpatrick, the lecturer of the evening, a committee of the G. A. R. escorted him to their hall to await the coming of the Burbank Post from Woburn, which soon appeared. They numbered 75 men, George Parker commander, and were headed by the Irish Brass Band of Woburn. As they passed the hall of the A. D. Weld Post they were saluted with waving flags, and a display of fireworks. A halt was made just beyond the hall, and the different companies wheeled into line and escorted the general to the Unitarian church, where the lectures are to be held. Here a large audience was in attendance, crowding the church to overflowing The bands and invited guests of the G. A. R. occupied the gallery. The Stoneham Band opened the exercises by playing "Marching Through Georgia," after which the chairman of the committee, Mr S. C. Small, made a few remarks, thanking the people for their liberal patronage and their interest in the grand object they so desired to aid. He concluded by introducing Major-General Kilpatrick, who delivered his famous and very popular lecture, "Sherman's March to the Sea." Gen. Kilpatrick in rising was received with a generous burst of applause, and proceeding to speak, he narrated in glowing language the story of the march of Sherman and his seventy thousand from Atlanta to the sea. His lecture, which has been delivered under different seasons and auspices, was made to conform to the autumnal period, and all the incidents of sanguinary strife were drawn with a vividness and force which sent a thrill through the breasts of his hearers. The narrative, so familiar to all who have read the story, was rendered tenfold more interesting, coming as it did from the mouth of one of the principal actors, and the sentiments expressed were frequently applauded. After the lecture the invited guests proceeded to Lyceum Hall, where a bountiful collation was spread. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Geo. Cooke, after which the company proceeded to discuss the contents of the tables. The number of the guests was about 300. After the close of the collation Mr. Small introduced the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," and as toast master, gave "The Cavalry of the United States," responded to by Gen. Kilpatrick, who pleased the company by some amusing incidents of the late war, and closed by thanking the G, A. R. and friends for his cordial reception. The second toast "the Stoneham Band," who had kindly volunteered to aid the Post in their good work. They responded by playing in good style "Yankee Doodle." "Winchester in the Wars" was responded to by Col. Conwell, who gave a brief description of the part that Winchester played in several prominent engagements in the late war and in the Revolution, remarking in connection with the latter that a short distance from the hall at that time lived a man who took from the old powder house on his shoulder, and carried to the woods, the powder with which the battle of Lexington was fought. "The Grand Army of the U. S.," was responded to by Col. Sibley, who reviewed at length the working of the G A. R, stating that it was positively not a political organization, as some people pleased to designate it. "Post 33, of Woburn," was responded to by Col. Osgood, who complimented the growth and condition of the Winchester Post since its departure from Post 33, and also rehearsed some amusing incidents of soldier's life. Three cheers were given for General Kilpatrick, in good earnest. Adj. J. T. Wilson returned thanks to all the friends who had helped the G. A. R to make their first attempt so successful, and ended by inviting the company, as the closing exercises of the evening, to unite in singing "John Brown," which was done with a good will, after which the company dispersed. Post 148 escorted Post 33 to the Woburn line, and there separated with friendly salutations, the latter reaching home about half past twelve. The entire programme was successfully carried out, and Post 148 may well be proud of the opening of their course.

The next lecture of this course will be by Rev. George Lorimer, D. D., on the "Uneducated Poets of Scotland," on Friday evening, Oct. 9, instead of Oct. 12, as first announced, to accommodate the patrons of the course who may desire to hear Rev. H. W. Beecher at Woburn, on the 12th.

CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The purposes of this Association are to promote and foster the interests of music in this town, to afford an opportunity for practice, and the cultivation of musical talents, under the direction of a competent instructor and to furnish our music-loving citizens a source of enjoyment. The Chorus embraces many excellent vocalists, and will rehearse during the coming season several fine selections from works of the best authors, under the baton of their accomplished conductor, who was so successful in training the Chorus for the World's Peace Jubilee, and who has recently returned from Europe with fresh musical experience. The Association will give one or more grand concerts during the winter, at which the Chorus will be assisted by distinguished soloists. The success of this organization and consequent benefits to be derived therefrom will depend in a great measure upon the patronage of our citizens. The preliminary social and business meeting will be held at the Adelphian Hall, next Tuesday evening, Oct. 6th.

WATER.—Now that water has been introduced through the streets of the town, the pipes ought at once to be carried into the public buildings, especially the school houses. It is a great inconvenience to the teachers to send after water, and an annoyance to the neighbors to be called upon to supply it. It can be put into most of the school houses at but little expense, and there should be no hesitation on the part of our Selectmen in providing this beverage for the schools.

LYCEUM.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will tell what she knows "concerning husbands," next Monday evening in Lyceum Hall. We advise all who wish to hear this popular lecturer to be on hand. They may depend she will make it interesting to all husbands.

☞ A "Fruit and Harvest Concert" will be given by the Unitarian Sunday School at the church next Sunday evening at half past six. All are invited to attend.

TOWN MEETING.—The Town Meeting assembled Tuesday evening according to adjournment, and again adjourned to next Thursday evening.

Lexington.

POLITICAL.—It is rumored that Mr. R. D Blinn, the representative of last year has aspirations for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. The name of Mr. Geo. Sparhawk is also mentioned in connection with the Democratic representative candidacy.

DANCING SCHOOL.—Mr. William F. Curtis makes an announcement in another column in relation to a select dancing school, which all interested in the art will do well to read. Mr. Curtis comes well recommended, and he will endeavor to have a nice school, one which any one of our citizens would not hesitate to patronize.

CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus was held Thursday evening, W H Merriam, moderator and F E Wetherell secretary. Delegates were elected as follows:—State, W A Tower, G W Robinson; Congressional, A E Scott, G C Goodwin; County and Councillor, R W Reed, C M Parker; Senatorial, W H Merriam, J J Raynor.

H. S. A.—The executive committee of the High School Alumni Association met on Wednesday evening to arrange a programme for the annual reunion to be held at an early day. It will embrace the regular business meeting of the Association, together with literary exercises of an original and interesting character. These will be followed by the usual gastronomic performance in the sky parlor of the Town Hall, at which is expected an ample "feast of reason and flow of soul."

CLASS OF '64.—Ten years ago last March, the class of '64, including in its members nine young ladies, graduated from the Lexington High School with well deserved honors. None of these were wanting in charms both of person and character, and their speedy absorption into the matrimonial ranks was prophesied. On Wednesday afternoon of this week was observed the last of the pleasant occasions on which the class have seen their old companions one by one disappear from the ranks of single unblessedness, and the fair bride has gone on her way rejoicing with the best wishes of her many friends. It is almost unnecessary to say that the three young gentlemen of the class long since enrolled themselves in the noble order of Benedicts.

O. O. T.

ENCAMPMENT NO. 2.—The drizzling rain and damp weather week before last were decided drawbacks to the pleasures and benefits of camp life; and tempted by the fine autumn weather, the company again pitched its tents on the common Sept. 25th and 26th. The camp was composed, as before, of eighteen wall tents, one headquarters marquee, and one mess tent. The headquarters marquee was the nearest south; and the mess tent, those occupied by the drum corps, and the company tents were in the order named. The camp presented a very fine appearance and was well disciplined, the drills being under the supervision of Lieutenant Whistler of the Fifth (regular) Artillery as before. At noon Friday, only a small proportion of the battalion reported for duty, but before dark, about sixty of the eighty five men composing the battalion donned their uniforms and presented themselves. The military routine Friday was as follows: Camp formed at 1 1-2 P. M., guard-mounting 1 3 4, drill call 4, recall from drill 4 30 drill call 4 1 2, recall 5 1 2, first call for dress parade, 5.50, Adjutant's call 6, mess call 6 1 2, first call for tatto 9 3 4, tatto 10, taps 10 1 2. The order for Saturday was as follows: Reveille 6 A. M., mess call 6 20, fatigue call 7, morning parade 7.15, guard mounting immediately after parade, drill call 9, recall from drill 10, drill call 11, recall from drill 12, mess call 1 P. M., drill call 2, recall from drill 3, street parade 4, first call for dress parade, 5 20, dress parade 5 30, mess call 6, general 7.

Friday evening the Band, under the leadership of G. H. Wright, occupied the band stand and rendered numerous selections in a fine manner. A large number of visitors were present and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. The camp was brilliantly illuminated and with the music, the lights and the dancing, all went merrily. Saturday was another pleasant day, and the order of exercises was carried out as above, with the exception of the street parade.

Arlington.

TOWN MEETING.—The Selectmen will hold a meeting at their office in the Town Hall this (Saturday) evening, to receive any additions that may be desired to the warrant for a town meeting they are preparing, in answer to a request of a number of our citizens. The Town Meeting will be held on Tuesday Oct. 13th.

VAGRANT.—Armstrong Thompson, colored, who has frequently of late found lodgings in the lockup, was made happy this week by being sent to the House of Correction for three months as a vagrant. He will be discharged at the wrong time of the year, and put the State to additional expense. Better have made it six months.

ODD FELLOWS HALL.—The frescoers are at work on the new hall they have leased in the new Savings' Bank building. The design is certainly appropriate, and when finished and furnished according to the design of the committee who have the matter in charge, few halls in suburban towns will afford better accommodations.

COURSE OF LECTURES.—A number of our citizens have united in engaging lecturers and are out with their posters, cards and tickets, for what they call the "Arlington Citizen's Lecture Course." The talent they have engaged embraces some of the best names in the country, and we hope they will be well patronized, as it is really a home enterprise. The first lecture of the course will be given Oct. 7, by Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D. Tickets for the course $2 00.

NEW BUILDINGS.—The Arlington Land Company continue to push their enterprise. Taking advantage of the present state of the lumber market, they are about to erect on their lands ten first class houses. At a meeting held at 84 Washington street, Boston, on Monday, $60,000 was appropriated to carry the project into effect, and Joseph E. Paul, Nathaniel O. Hart, W. H. Miller, D. W. Dresser and J. M. Bailey were appointed a committee to superintend their erection.

TEMPERANCE LECTURE.—Rev. Mr. Cudworth, who as a lecturer, ranks among the highest, was advertised last week to speak on the subject of Temperance in the Town Hall. The evening was one of the most pleasant that had occurred for some time, but less than 50 people assembled to hear what he had to say, and the contribution to defray expenses could well be represented by 0. He lectured under the auspices of the Mass. Temperance Alliance.

☞ Mr. Robert Renwick desires our reporter to state that as the thieves who entered his store Monday morning were unable to break open his safe, he has still his usual assortment of jewelry, &c. Parties having watches needing repairs or cleaning need have no fears as to their safety while in his hands, and his work is all warranted.

COTTING HIGH SCHOOL.—The alumni of the Cotting High School had a meeting at the school house on Wednesday evening, and the constitution was amended so as to place the matter of annual assessments in the hands of the officers, the amount never to exceed two dollars per annum.

☞ That a man, and that man a magistrate, who has so often seen the evil effects flowing from the use of the fruit of the vine, should invite and even urge a man to go with him and partake of the fruit, seems strange, yet we are a witness, if occasion requires, that Judge Carter has done just this thing. We "peared" off with him, however, and would have said nothing about it, if he had not brought us so near a Potter's field.

This was written by the devil. The editor simply partook of some pears and grapes on the garden spot of I. O. Carter E q, on Pleasant street.

BURGLARY.—The jewelry store of Mr. Robert Renwick on Pleasant street, was entered early Monday morning, by burglars, and the show cases stripped of what value they contained. As most of his stock is kept in the safe, the thieves made a small stake, as probably $50 will cover the loss sustained. Entrance was effected by breaking out one of the large lights in the front window. Holes were bored under the building (the building stands temporarily on posts, having been removed from the site of the new Savings Bank building), nearly enough to break out a square hole, and the back door was also tried, but was too stout for them. L. C. Tyler & Co., who occupy the store adjoining had their doors and shutters tried the same night, evidently by a small jimmy, but without effect. Evidently the thieves were young and inexperienced. A partially eaten apple, still quite fresh, was found on Mr. R's show case, which shows it was nearly morning when the thieves effected an entrance.

FAST DRIVING.—Quite an excitement was created in the centre of the town on Monday morning last, by two drunken men in a coal team returning to Cambridge from Lexington, where they had been to deliver coal. The driver dropped his whip just above the Unitarian church and his efforts to recover it excited the risibles of the boys just out of school, when he retaliated with his just recovered whip, and started off down the ave-

nue at a lively pace. Officer Hartwell with an impromptu posse, in the team of one of our merchants, started in pursuit, and capturing them, gave them lodgings under the Town Hall, while the team was cared for at the Arlington House. When brought up for trial on charge of drunkenness and fast driving, they gave their names as Charles S. McManamin and William Burns. The former was sent to the House of Correction on non-payment of fine of $3 and costs, and the latter a minor, was transferred to Judge Brooks' court for juvenile offenders, at Cambridge, who allowed him to go on his own recognizance to appear Oct 2

SQUASH STEALING.—September 11th, Peter Evans and John Donahoe engaged Patrick Dolan to drive to Arlington with them and bring back a load of squashes they said they had purchased. The parties all reside in East Boston, and as it was late when they started, it was later still when they arrived at the farm of Mr. Asa Locke. where they entered his squash patch and commenced gathering the yellow fruit. Before any of it had been loaded, alarm was given, and Evans and Donahoe gave leg bail. Dolan was captured with his team. He told conflicting stories in regard to himself, but Evans was captured on information he gave, and on the 17th was fined $50 and costs. Dolan was adjudged guilty, but was allowed to go on bail until the 30 h. when he appeared for sentence. His previous good character and his assistance to the officers mitigated his sentence and he was let off in payment of $10 and costs. If he is as honest as he says he is, he will be more careful what company he keeps in the future, and also learn to stick to a story when once told. Donahoe is still at large.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans of the town met in the Town Hall last Wednesday evening in response to a call of the town committee, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the different nominating conventions. The meeting was called to order by Mr. J. W. Pierce, chairman of the Town Committee and on motion of Mr H J Wells, Hon J S Potter was chosen chairman, Mr Charles E Goodwin was elected secretary, but being obliged to decline, Mr George Y Wellington was chosen. Mr J W Pierce presented to the caucus the resolutions of the Republican State Convention of last year, in regard to the use of the check list, and on motion of Dr. Hodgdon it was voted to use the check list in all cases, and elect delegates by ballot. The following are the delegates:

State Convention, J S Potter, G M Morse, B Delmont Locke. *Senatorial*—William Stowe, James Durgin, Wm G Peck. *County and Councillor*—John Schouler, E P Hildreth, Asa Durgin.

On motion of Mr James Durgin, a committee of three, consisting of James Durgin, John Field and G Y Wellington were appointed a committee to select a town committee for the ensuing year. They reported the names of H J Wells, Henry Swan, G M Morse, C E Goodwin, A R Proctor, and they were unanimously elected.

The usual motion in regard to delegates filling vacancies, prevailed, and after a vote of thanks to the presiding officer, intended doubtless to draw him out in a speech, the meeting disolved.

Reading.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—At the annual parade Wednesday, the trial of engines resulted as follows, playing through 200 feet of hose: Hancock No. 2, horizontal stream, 174 feet, 6 inches. Washington No. 3, manned by boys, horizontal stream, 117 feet, 6 inches. Washington No. 3, manned by men, horizontal stream, 135 feet. Eagle No. 4, horizontal stream, 174 feet, 6 inches. The hook and ladder company ran a distance of 800 feet, placed a spliced ladder on a three story building, the foreman ascending to the top in 2 minutes and 21 seconds.

☞ The cattle show season is nearly over. A long series of bright and temperate days has been extremely favorable for these exhibitions, which have been, we believe, in character and attendance, quite as good as ever before. Whatever may be thought of the interest of our people in agriculture as a business, there is no question that they take great delight in agricultural fairs of all degrees. The great fair of all New England attracts its thousands, the little town fairs their hundreds, and all are made happy by what they see, or else by the consciousness that they are having a holiday. Probably the motive of many is quite as much to see the people as to see the cattle or the fast horses. But at all events, they are in the humor to have a good time, and they contrive in most cases to have one. If all other attractions fail, there is the public dinner, after which the speeches, and the country company that cannot extract pleasure from these exercises, whatever their quality, probably does not exist in New England. Many addresses have been delivered at these fairs within a few weeks which are notably thoughtful and valuable, not only to the audiences who listened to their delivery, to others who are not farmers who may read them as reported. This is especially true of the address of Prof. Seelye on Money, a practical exposition of the mysteries of the subject, as clear and sound as were any of the speeches that were spoken in Congress during the great debate of last winter. Perhaps after all the best feature of the cattle show is not the cattle. Certainly it is not the horse racing, concerning which the Hon J F C Hyde says in the *Congregationalist*: "We think it would be better to have every society perish and cease to exist than to have them live to foster and encourage horse racing to the extent some of them do now either directly or indirectly."—*Ex.*

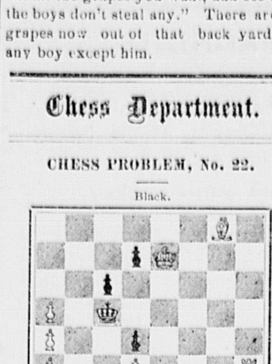
☞ A document was distributed through the city yesterday which caused some amusement to our citizens. It related to the sheriff question, and it represented Sheriff Kimball as a man already as old as the Scriptures allow the average man to be, and intimated that he is too infirm to perform his duties properly. We reckon if the author of this campaign document were to require the official attention of the sheriff, he would find Charles Kimball quite as agile as he would care to have his executioner. The other arguments in the document against Mr. Kimball are even shallower than this. We don't know what weight it may have outside of Lowell; but here it is received with what A. Ward calls "lafture."—*Lowell Courier.*

BUYING A ROGUE.—The Lawrence *American* says a gentleman residing on Haverhill street, who has been troubled almost beyond endurance by a gang of boys who have been stealing his grapes, has hit upon a happy plan for ending their depredations. Ascertaining who was the ringleader of the fruit stealers, he sent for him and told him to go out into the yard and help himself to grapes. "Johnny," he said, "you are a pretty good fellow, and you know all the boys around here. Some of them have been coming down the back alley and stealing my grapes. Now you come here and eat all the grapes you want, and see that the boys don't steal any." There are no grapes now out of that back yard for any boy except him.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 22.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

MR. EDITOR.—The following I believe to be the solutions of Problem No. 21:—

White.	Black
1. B to K Kt4	B x B
2. Q to R8 (mate)	
1. B to K Kt4	P x B
2. B to K Kt6 (mate)	
1. B to K Kt4	P to K B5
2. Kt to Q B6 (mate)	
1. B to K Kt4	P x P
2. B to K Kt6 (mate)	
1. B to K Kt4	K x Kt
2. B to K Kt6 (mate)	

Yours truly,
H. F. SMITH.

Married.

In Winchester, Sept. 30th, by Rev. A. B. Dascomb, Rev. C. W. Wallace, D. D., of Rockland, and Miss Elizabeth Allison, sister of Andrew Allison, Esq., of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In East Lexington, Sept. 24, of diptheria, Josephine Louisa Hammatt, daughter of Richard F. and Sarah L. B. White, aged 15 years, 6 months, 16 days.
In Woburn, Sept. 27th, Daniel Edward McPhee, aged 1 year, 6 months.
In Woburn, Sept. 29th, Mrs. Sarah C. Adams, aged 50 years, 5 months.
In Woburn, Sept. 29th, Mrs. Jane B., wife of Rodney J. Flagg, aged 36 years, 6 months.
In Woburn, Sept. 24th, Jennie V. Taylor, aged 6 years, 2 months.

Religious Notices.

☞ There will be a lecture at the Baptist Church Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, on the "Mission of the Church in the 19th Century."

PREACHING.—Elder William J. Purrington, of Southampton, Pa., will preach at the Independent Baptist Chapel, Woburn, Tuesday, Oct. 6th, at 10.30 A. M., and 3 P. M.

☞ Evening services will be resumed at the Unitarian church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Special Notices.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The firm of Perry & Eaton is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be settled by J. M. Eaton.

J. M. EATON.
GEORGE PERRY.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1874.

The business will be continued at the old stand by J. M. Eaton. 103.

☞ Miss Lilian Harmon will be in town to receive piano pupils until Oct. 3. After that time she will be at No. 2 Auburn St., every Friday and Saturday.

NOTICE.

On the 1st day of October next the office of the Woburn Gas Light Co. will be removed to 139 Main Street, Soles' Block, opposite Orthodox Church.

13 A. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 10th, 1874.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" **LIVER PILLS.**

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

819. TAPEWORM 819.

REMOVED in a few hours. No fee asked unless the entire worm with head is expelled, and a perfect cure is effected. Cancers, Ulcers, Tumors, Eliptic Fits, Blood and Skin Diseases, and all Chronic Complaints successfully treated. Cures guaranteed, Consultation free.

Circulars containing names of many prominent citizens whom we have cured, sent free to any address.

Drs. CHERRY & BOWLSBY,
52 819 Washington Street, Boston.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage given by Albert Willey and Edwin Whitford to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated June 24th, 1871, and recorded in Woburn Town Records, Book 6, Pages 609 and 610, will be sold at public auction, for breach of condition of said mortgage, at the barn hereinafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the property conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A Stable, Barn and Shed, situated on Union street in said Woburn, on land now or formerly belonging to Patty Parker and others, and now or formerly leased to said mortgagers. Said stable, barn and shed is the third building on the southwesterly side of said Union street, is the same building formerly occupied by said Whitford as a Livery Stable, and is now occupied by said Whitford and John C. Plummer, as a Beer Factory.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn, Oct. 2d, 1874. 115

SIXTH COUNCILLOR DISTRICT REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican Voters of the several cities and towns in Middlesex County are requested to send Delegates to the Councillor Convention, to be holden at the Town Hall in Concord, in said County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of October next, at 1½ o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Councillor. The basis of representation will be the same as at the State Convention. Per order.

MOSES T. GARDNER,
For the Councillor Committee.

Sept. 26, 1874.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican Voters of the several cities and towns in Middlesex County are requested to send Delegates to the County Convention to be holden at the Town Hall in Concord, in said county on TUESDAY, the 13th day of October next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, or immediately after the Councillor Convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for District Attorney, Sheriff, one County Commissioner, two Special County Commissioners, and three Commissioners of Insolvency. The basis of representation will be the same as at the State Convention. Per order.

GEORGE W. WARE, JR.,
For the County Committee.

Sept. 26, 1874.

The Aldine Art Union.

PROSPECTUS—1874-5.

Consistent with the leading idea of the enterprise—the cultivation and wide diffusion of a correct art taste in America, the conductors of THE ALDINE have long contemplated the establishment of an auxiliary "ART UNION," similar in character to the great English prototype.

The Art Union of London has been probably the most powerful influence for popularizing art which the world has ever seen, and its unvaring record of success in all the years since its foundation, taken with the equally successful career of THE ALDINE in this country, is a convincing proof that any sincere effort in the cause of art will meet with every encouragement from a constituency large enough to warrant the most liberal investment.

Pictures and rare Statuary, valued as high as $5,000 for a single piece, have been distributed to the subscribers to the English association. The good accomplished by such an agency is two-fold—the artist secures a customer for his best and most costly works, and one that will outbid any rival for the possession of a desirable specimen, while the subscribers, each getting a full value for a subscription, in the regular publications of the Union, share in the distribution of masterpieces, that few of their number would ever indulge a hope of possessing by ordinary purchase.

The continued accumulation of original paintings and sketches, incident to the business of an Art Journal such as THE ALDINE, furnishes an already valuable collection peculiarly fitted for a distribution among its friends. Those who have admired the inimitable reproductions in the pages of THE ALDINE, will regard it as no small prize to possess the originals of pictures that have acquired a world-wide fame. The autographs, so to speak, of the artists themselves, are all the more valued because of the great reputation gained for them by copies as nearly perfect as it is possible for copies to be.

In addition, THE ALDINE ART UNION will aim to secure at all times, specimens from the best American and Foreign artists, both in painting and sculpture, but the idea will be to increase the number rather than to dazzle with a few premiums and a great disparity of value.

THE PLAN.—*Subscriptions to THE ALDINE ART UNION are* **$6.00** *per annum, payable in advance.* Each subscriber will receive—**1st.** A certificate, entitling the holder to THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, for one year. **2d.**—A copy, mounted and ready framing, of the new chromo "*Man's Unselfish Friend.*" **3d.**—A coupon entitling the holder to one share in the distribution of $2,500 of Art premiums to the "series" (each series being 5,000 subscribers.)

So soon as all the certificates of a series (5,000) are disposed of, the distribution of art prizes for such series will be made and awards announced in the next following issue of THE ALDINE.

The postage on THE ALDINE will, after January 1st, 1875, be paid by the publishers, and is included in the regular subscription of six dollars.

For specimen copys and chromos, and list of prize paintings in series "A," call on F. W. Ellis, Agent, corner Bedford and Willow street, or Sparrow Horton, 195 Main Street.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Terance McGowan to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated December 31st, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex County South District Deeds, Libro 1196, Folio 217, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, on the premises hereafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated in the centre village of Woburn, in said County, containing seven thousand five hundred square feet, more or less and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Gallilee street so called formerly, (now known as Centre street) at land now or formerly of George Flagg; from thence the line runs westerly by land of said Flagg fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence northerly by land of said Flagg, one hundred and fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg, fifty feet to a stake at said Gallilee street; thence southerly on and by said Gallilee street, one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn, Oct. 2d, 1874. 114

Mrs. L. M. DALTON,

TEACHER OF

Piano & Reed Organ.

Pupils instructed at their homes, or at the residence of the Teacher,

VERNON PLACE, WOBURN.

Orders left with G. W. Pollock, 213 Main St., or Miss M. Clementine Stearns, 224 Main Street, will receive prompt attention. References given if required. 101

Household Furniture

At Auction

IN WOBURN CENTER.

On WEDNESDAY, October 7th, at 1 o'clock P. M., will be sold at auction, at the residence of the late John Madan, on Main Street, a great variety of Household Furniture, viz:—Bureaus, Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Mirrors, Clocks, Stoves, Feather Beds, Mattresses, Bedsteads, Woolen and Straw Carpets, Crockery, Glass Ware and a great variety of Kitchen Furniture not enumerated. Terms of Sale, Cash.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Sept. 28th, 1874. 105

REDUCTION

In PRICES of COFFEE!

Old Gov't Java,	44c
Maleberry Java,	48c
Mocha,	52c
Rio,	37c

Woburn Tea Store,

190 MAIN STREET,

Opp. Post-Office. H. F. SMITH.

To Let.

Two houses of four rooms each, also three rooms in block corner of Main and Everett Sts. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

For Sale.

A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

For Sale Cheap!

A Melodeon in Piano Case of Rosewood. 99

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad Street.

"Chase's" Spring Bed

Patented Dec. 20, 1864, and June 12, 1866.

The Best Slat Spring Bed in the Market

FOR ECONOMY, DURABILITY & COMFORT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

For sale by all first-class Furniture dealers.

JAMES F. COBURN,

51 69 Commercial Street, Boston.

Tenements To Let.

INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

A. A. WALKER

Importer, and dealer in

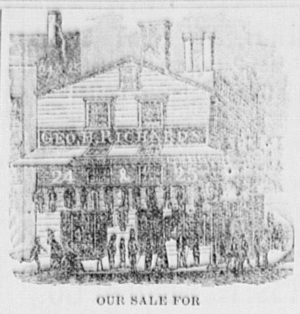
ARTISTS MATERIALS.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvass Brushes, Drawing Materials, Wax Flower Materials,

STATIONERY, &c.

Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.

127 TREMONT STREET, Boston.



OUR SALE FOR

AUTUMN, 1874.

Promises so much encouragement that we have enlarged our extensive premises, and have laid in upwards of 47

$50,000

Worth of Fresh Goods of every description, in

Novelties this Season!

At the "OLD CORNER" 24 and 25 Dock Square

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Is replete with every new pattern and style, and we can now fit and suit

YOUTH or CHILDREN

Of all ages and sizes, with substantial

CLOTHING

For the Fall of 1874, from the best

SELECTED STOCK

We have ever had in our popular establishment.

MENS' SUITS

Also, IN GREAT VARIETY—NOW READY.

☞ Buyers who may visit Boston this Fall to attend the great **Fair at Faneiul Hall**, or otherwise, will find our establishment near the MECHANIC'S EXHIBITION ROOMS, and those in search of substantial Clothing, well made, at moderate charges, will do well to call at the "OLD CORNER," this month. REMEMBER THAT OUR

PRICES ARE

Invaribly the Lowest!

25..............DOCK..............24
24..............SQUARE..............25

Geo. H. Richards

THE

BRYANT & STRATTON

Commercial School,

BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for **COMMERCIAL PURSUITS,** and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete

Commercial Education.

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

J. E. McCLURE & Co.

DEALERS IN 53

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

123 Main St.,

WOBURN.

Carpets at Low Prices

One Dollar Superfines at 70 cts. per yard.

We have just purchased of the administrator the product of a factory of a late Philadelphia manufacturer, comprising 250 rolls all wool Superfines, modern styles, dollar quality, which we shall sell for 70 cents. These are the cheapest carpets that have ever been offered in this market.

Also, 200 rolls Tapestry Brussels, at $1.10; sold everywhere at $1.50.

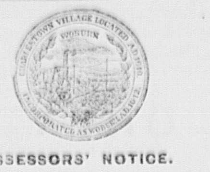
Also, 150 rolls 5-frame English Brussels, at $1.50; $2.25 being the former price.

Also 250 rolls good Ingrains, at 45 cents.

Also, an invoice of Stair Carpets, at three quarters value

Also, 400 rolls Oil Cloth, from 30 cents up to the finest enamelled finish for less than the cost of production.

The above special lines of Carpets our customers will find to be very much under value, presenting an opportunity rarely offered at such low prices. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston Removed to 85 Hanover St., opp. American House 50



ASSESSORS' NOTICE.

The Assessors may be found at their office, in Bank Block, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, October 5th, 6th, and 7th, and Thursday afternoon, October 8th, for the transaction of business.

E. F. POOLE,
L. H. ALLEN,
W. R. PUTNAM,
97 J. McFEELEY,
E. E. THOMPSON,
Assessors of Woburn

Woburn, Sept. 11, 1874.

Collector's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Collector of Taxes for Winchester, will sell at public auction, at 1 o'clock. P.M., on SATURDAY, October 17th, 1874, at the Selectmen's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winchester, for non-payment of taxes for the year 1873.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, taxed to Benj. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 14, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 16,333 sq. ft., and the sum of $10.25 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town Tax, and is unpaid.

Also, One other lot of land with building thereon, taxed to said B. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 20, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 10,000 sq. ft., and the sum of $5.63 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town tax, and the same is unpaid.

MIAL CUSHMAN,
Collector of Taxes.

Winchester, Sept. 25, 1874. 18

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 35

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 33
J. B. GARDINER, M. E

AGENCY

—FOR—

BARRETT & BROTHER'S

DYE HOUSE,

BOSTON,

At "Horton's Bookstore."

Clothing, &c.

Cleansed

or Dyed

in the best manner. Now is the time to

ECONOMIZE

AND MAKE

Old Clothes NEW!

BRING THEM ALONG TO

195 Main Street, - Woburn. 20

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the Subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the will of SYNDA MORELAND, late of Woburn, in the county of Middlesex, widow, Deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

S. R. MORLAND, *Exec*

Woburn, Sept. 1, 1874. 21

FROM THE

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE

17 SEPTEMBER, 1874.

Speaking of the Mechanics' Fair now being held at Quincy and Faneuil Halls, it says:—

"In Section X., the proprietors of 'Oak Hall,' G. W. Simmons & Son, have in operation machines capable of cutting nearly a thousand garments daily—a simple attachment for doing the work of many hands in making button-holes; sewing machines run by new application of steam power, and all the requisite machinery of a first-class clothing manufactory. The cloth-cutting machine, a most ingeniously constructed piece of mechanism, works by steam, cutting from ten to twenty thicknesses of woolen goods at a time, smoothly and evenly, the knife guided by the operator, gliding swiftly through the cloth. Two hundred yards can be traversed in a minute, and the whole apparatus is as remarkable for its simplicity as for its completeness. Then comes the machine for cutting trimmings. From thirty to ninety thicknesses of cambric or other material are cut (the patterns being used as in shoe work), packed by sizes and found ready for use when wanted. The button-hole machine, a very ingenious device, is a small, compact affair, occupying space not more than six inches square. It does it work in a neat and uniform manner, and can be attached to any sewing machine for a trifling sum. All the cumbersome and expensive button-hole machines now in use are superseded by this little affair, which originated in 'Oak Hall,' as did the two machines before mentioned. It is in operation on the 'Remington' machine (which is now commanding great attention) and is applicable to all. This machinery is in almost constant use, and attracts great crowds, who are loud in their praise of 'Oak Hall's' enterprise. Be sure you do not fail to see that portion of Section X, which contains the 'machinery used in manufacturing clothing at Oak Hall.' If you do, you will miss a very interesting portion of the exhibition."

When you visit Boston examine the complete stock of GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING at

"OAK HALL,"

32 to 38 North Street, Boston.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

ODELL & HUDSON'S

Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55

Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,

WINCHESTER, MASS:

A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY.

☞ Orders by Mail Solicited. ☜

STOVE FOR SALE.

A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

☞ 3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM

AND

BARBER SHOP.

5 Railroad St., three doors from Main

WOBURN.

WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.

Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

VISITING CARDS—50 real neat Bristol board cards with your name beautifully printed and a sample sheet of 50 different designs for printing for 20 cts. AGENTS wanted. Have not sold "500,000 within 6 weeks!" neither can I warrant $50 a week, but I will send a plain, truthful circular, with full particulars for one 3ct. stamp. I don't say my cards are the best in the world, but one experienced agent says HE has seen "NONE that will come up to mine." I furnish more than 40 kinds of visiting cards, have the largest assortment of designs for visiting-card printing, and the prettiest styles ever shown, and no finer impression can be made than from my NICKEL SILVER PLATED TYPE. Nearly all say, "more than pleased." I could fill this paper with compliments my cards have lately received. Address, W. C. CANNON,
15 Box 4863, Boston Mass.

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.

WILMOT'S.

121 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON. 19

VARIOUS STYLES

New and Pretty

Initial

Stationery!

Assorted Tints.

Legal Fold,

Baronial Envelopes

Handsome Boxes,

25 or 30 cts. each

AT

HORTON'S

Next door to Post Office,

WOBURN.

25

Woburn

Lyceum!

LYCEUM HALL.

The following talent have been engaged for the opening course of the Woburn Lyceum:—

John B. Gough.—"Man and his Masters." Oct. 6, 1874.

Hon. Wm. Parsons.—"Bound to Win." Oct. 13, 1874.

Prof. J. W. Churchill.—Readings. Oct. 20, 1874.

Col. R. H. Conwell.—"Lessons of Travel." Oct. 27, 1874.

Mary A. Livermore.—"Concerning Husbands." Nov. 3, 1874.

Mons. E. C. Dubois.—"My Budget of Blunders." Nov. 10, '74

Rev. Geo. W. Gardner.—"Tent and Saddle in the Holy Land." Nov. 17, 1874.

Elias Nason.—"Old Probabilities." Nov. 24, 1874.

Prof. H. Bryant.—"An Evening of Ventriloquism." Dec. 1, 1874. With Life-size Automatic Figures.

Wendell Phillips.—New Lecture. Dec. 15, 1874.

☞ Admission Tickets for the Course, $2.50, With Reserved Seat, $3.00. Admission Gough's night, 75c.; all other evenings, 50c. For sale at Fosdick & Buss' Drug store, Woburn, where a plan of hall may be seen. 26

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ **NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.** ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

PERKIN'S ANTHEM BOOK!!

Price $1.50. $13.50 Per. Doz.

A new and excellent collection, by W. O. Perkins. Will be warmly welcomed by Choirs, as the anthems are not difficult, and are just what is needed for "Opening" and "Voluntary" pieces.

The Song Monarch!

Price 75 Cents. Per Dozen $7.50,

The best book of the season for Singing Schools. By H. R. Palmer, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Music principally secular, and is of the most interesting character.

THE LEADER!!

PRICE $1.38. $12.00 PER DOZ.

The New Church Music Book, by H. R. Palmer, assisted by L. O. Emerson, gentlemen whose previous books have been more successful than any others. Please examine.

AMERICAN SCHOOL

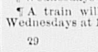
MUSIC READERS.

In 3 books. Price 35 cents, 50 cents and 50 cts. Perfectly adapted to graded classes, in Primary and Grammar Schools. By L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden. Already in successful use in the schools.

Sold by all dealers. Either book sent post-paid for retail price. 28

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Boston, Lowell & Nashua R R



ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 4th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7.00, 8.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 5.00 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 8.00† A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 8.00† 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 6.00 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8.00, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‡ A train will leave Boston for Stoneham on Wednesdays 11.15, on Saturdays at 10.30. P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.

* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
¶ A train will leave Stoneham for Boston on Wednesdays at 10.05 and Saturdays at 8.10 P. M.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

New Goods! New Store!

Cheap for Cash!

JUL. COHEN would announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken the new store

199 MAIN STREET, 3 doors above Post Office,

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Gent's. Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

At Very Low Prices!

Please give us a call.

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WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at

MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

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E. O. Soles,

Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store

Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.

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Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

Established in 1861.

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Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly

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Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

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A HOUSE on Franklin street, containing ten rooms, in good repair, to be moved away. Inquire at MRS. CUTTER'S, corner Winn and Franklin streets. 34

Winchester

Lyceum!

LYCEUM HALL.

The following talent have been engaged for the Winchester Lyceum:—

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore—'Concerning Husbands.' Oct. 5, 1874.

Grand Concert, by Mr. and Mrs. Heine and the Temple Quartette. Oct. 16, 1874.

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Prof. J. W. Churchill.—Readings. Nov. 2, 1874.

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Matthew Hale Smith.—"Practical Use of Wit and Humor." Nov. 30, 1874.

Wendell Phillips.—New Lecture Dec. 14, 1874.

E. C. Dubois.—"Budget of Blunders." Dec. 28th, 1874.

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☞ Tickets, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, according to location, with reserved seats. Single admission 50c, For sale at Post Office only.

John B. Gough in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Oct. 6th, 1874. See Poster.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in First Congregational Church, Woburn, Oct. 12, 1874. See Poster.

Tickets for both, with secured seats, to Course Ticket Holders, $1.00. 36

Woburn Bake House.

The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.

No. 9 Railroad Street,

where may be found at all times,

Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.

Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.

JACOB R. CURRIER.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,

CLOTHES DRYERS!

AND CLOTHES HORSES.

Thompson's HARDWARE STORE

BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

MRS. W. T. AYERS

Will attend to

Dress and Cloak Making,

at her residence, 39

COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.

Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in 40

Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

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Miss Alice E. Bancroft,

would invite the Ladies to call at

No. 138 Main St., Woburn,

where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.

The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

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Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.

NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

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For Sale.

A House in center of Town,—Eight Rooms. For terms apply to

C. P. JAYNE,
44 No. 2, Wade Block.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,

213 Main Street, Woburn.

THREE DAYS UNDERGROUND.

The sun on Friday, April 2, had risen brightly on the mining village of Carbonoir, the dull and dismal March days, with their raw, rainy, inclement weather, looked a long way back since the genial sunshine had brightened our dispositions and dried our roads.

The miners had "struck" the previous day for some fancied annoyance, and the inside workings and breakers were deserted, except by the engineers and firemen. We—that is, the superintendent, the inside boss, and mine engineer or surveyor—had decided to take advantage of the cessation of work and make a trip inside, in order particularly to look at one of the "breasts" in which a "roll" had been met, and in general to view the appearance of the mine to see that none of the doors had been left open by which the inside air would be vitiated, for our mines were not free from fire damp; to observe the timbers, for in parts of the mine there had been indications of a "squeeze;" and also to notice the workings of our two ten-inch steam pumps, which were strained to their utmost—working as they were under the high pressure of ninety pounds of steam—to keep the mines clear of water.

On the day before, out of curiosity, I had measured the stream they were throwing, and found to my astonishment that their combined outputs amounted to 3,000 galllons per minute.

I had not mentioned this to the surveyor, the amount being so large as to make me feel uncertain in my calculations; yet there were those calculations in black and white according to the latest formula of American engineers, so that I came to the conclusion that they were right, but that I would not speak of it to any one.

As our tramp was to be an extended one, over the whole of the mine, which in one direction was driven for more than a mile, and had labyrinthine passages that would have sadly puzzled any one not acquainted with the workings, we took our dinners along in the little buckets that miners carry, and also a bottle of oil for the supply of our lamps.

The day previous had been somewhat an idle one with me, and, knowing the course our trip was to take, I amused myself by making a little sketch from the large map of the vicinity of the particular "breast" we intended visiting. I thought nothing of it at the time; but afterwards, as will be seen, it became of the greatest importance.

We took a walk through the breaker and the outside workings before we went inside. There were the eight boilers working at a pressure of ninety pounds of steam, and trembling with the mighty force within them; but of their safety we felt no fear, as they had a few days before been examined by the inspector and pronounced safe to a pressure of 240 pounds to a square inch.

A loud, hissing sound, like the rush of waters, caused us to turn suddenly, but it was only the steam blowing through the safety valve. At last, our examination being completed, we lighted our lamps, climbed into the cage and gave the engineer the signal to lower us down the shaft slowly.

The descent in a shaft is a very peculiar feeling to those who have never experienced it. We have all felt the odd sensation in the back and breast when using a forty foot pole swing. The feeling there is diffcult to describe, but may be said to be as though the breath in your body, instead of making its natural exit, was going from the back of the lungs to the front, and thence out through the breast bone.

So with the sensation in descending a shaft. Here it is not only the breath that appears to be leaving you, but the blood, bones and brain all seem to be trying to escape through the roots of the hair; a capillary sensation which is anything but pleasant.

We made the descent of 357 feet in two and one-half minutes, and arrived safely at the bottom of the shaft.

The working of our mine had been begun on the most scientific principles, but several layers of hard rock had made the shaft extremely costly; and the circumstances of the company were somewhat straitened when we had reached the coal vein of which we were in search.

It is generally customary to have a "sump" or chamber for holding water, at the bottom of the shaft, so that in case anything should hsppen to the pumps there will be a reservoir for the mine water to flow into, and which will require some time to fill before the tracks are overflowed and work stopped; but just below the coal, when the sump was begun, a bed of iron pyrites was met, on which the best cast steel drills made no impression; and after a week of utterly futile work, the design of making a sump was abandoned, and a slight roll occurring at some little distance from the bottom of the shaft, the coal was mined therefrom and the cavity thus made was used as a sump, although it only held a few thousand gallons of water.

We started on our tramp, after examining the two steam pumps and noting the number of strokes per minute they were making. The mines were very wet, and little drippers falling from the roof, trickled down our backs, causing very unpleasant sensations.

We did not find much to complain about in the workings till we came to the point where the squeeze had manifested itself. Here stout timbers of one foot and a half in diameter had been bent into a bow like form by the pressure of thousands of tons of superincumbent rock, and the crush was only beginning to make itself manifest. The practiced eye of the superintendent, aided by his unerring judgment, soon noted the points where the extra strength was required, and he gave his orders to the "mine boss" who carefully marked them.

We now retraced our footsteps, and, turning into another gangway, reached the "breast" in which the roll had occurred. The pitch, or slope, of the coal vein was here steep, nearly 45 degrees, which may be compared to the slant of the roof of an old fashioned house, and and we made our way with difficulty up the narrow man way, on which steps had been cut in the rock. The lower part of the "breast" was filled with coal which had not been drawn out for several days, being left for the miners to obtain a foothold while "bearing in" on the solid coal above them.

The man way was a tortuous passage, with barely room for one man to crawl through; but, after a little trouble, we reached the face of the breast, and began our observations on the roll. There was no mistaking the fact of its being a "roll;" the top rock had descended and the bottom raised till but three inches of coal were left, and that was so shelly that it could easily be crumbled between the fingers.

The superintendent took out his little pocket compass from its velvet lined case, and, after poising it delicately between his fingers and noting the course of the roll, stated his opinion that it would be met with in the next "breast" about five feet higher up the pitch than it was in this. We now prepared to descend, when he suggested that we might as well eat our lunch here, where it was dry, instead of going into the gangway, where we would find a difficulty in getting a convenient seat. In this we acquiesced, making ourselves as comfortable as we could upon lumps of coal. We opened our cons and—but just then a sharp, cracking noise was heard, which brought us all to our feet; and, following it almost instantly, the roof was seen at a little distance to sway and then to fall, making a draft of air which instantly extinguished our lamps, and left us standing, for the moment, bereft of speech in the darkness, while the dull, heavy echo reverberated till it was lost in the recesses of the mine. We were, as I said, stupified for the moment, but soon recovered our speech and senses and anxiously inquired of each other if any one had been hurt.

I answered that I was all right, and asked where the "inside boss" was, for I had not heard his voice. The superintendent said he was standing by him when the fall came; so we produced matches, lighted our lamps, and looked around us. A glance to the left showed us his form, lying insensible, with a cut in his forehead, the dark blotches of coal dirt on his face contrasting terribly with the waxy color of the skin, rendered far more ghastly and deathlike by the yellow gleam of the lamps.

It was evident that we were fastened in by the fall of coal; but that did not concern us greatly, as it was well known that we were inside, and men would soon be sent in search of us. But what were we to do with the stunned man, for by this time we had ascertained that he breathed faintly. Though neither of us had the advantage of a medical education, we knew what to do in a case of this sort, and dampening our handkerchiefs from a little dripper, we laved his temples and soon had the satisfaction of observing the return of his faculties.

After we had explained the situation to him, which he slowly comprehended, we took counsel as to what were the best means of escaping from our underground prison.

Though we felt certain that it could not be long before parties would be in search of us, yet it was agreed that we should not remain idle, but endeavor to cut our way out into some other chamber of the mine. Picks and shovels were lying around, where the miners the preceding evening had left them, and each taking one of these in hand, we proceeded to tap lightly the coal in order to determine, if possible by the sound where the thinnest pillar stood, and, therefore, where we would have the least cutting to do.

While we were thus sounding the walls of our prison, a distant rumble was heard which caused us to stop short in our labor and look at each other with blanched faces.

Our thoughts ran on one thing—the timbers in another part of the mine must have given way and blocked us out completely.

We now waited motionless for the gust of air which always follows a fall, but as our lamps gave not the slightest flicker, we were entirely at a loss to account for it.

So puzzled by this collection of mishaps and wondering how soon they would come in search of us, we continued our tapping on the sides of the "breast;" but it always gave back the same ringing sound, and that was no guide whatever.

Just then the wick of my lamp needing trimming, I searched in my pockets for a knife, and, feeling a piece of paper, took it out and found that it was the sketch of that portion of the mine.

We felt that this little drawing was our salvation, for without it we would have been working blindly. After a close examination of it we determined just where to start in order to cut into an air hole, which was thirty feet away, through solid coal.

After having decided upon the spot, we began work immediately. Only one could work at a time, and as we were each to work fifteen minutes, in order to tell when the time would be up, the superintendent looked at his watch.

The hands pointed to a little after twelve. He said, "I thought it was later, as it must have been almost that when we began our dinner."

The boss responded, "Is it noon, or night?"

"Noon, of course;" answered the superintendent.

We thought for a time by way of determining, when the boss said, "Have you a watch key?"

"Yes."

"Then wind up your watch and you can tell."

The superintendent did so, and found that his watch was almost run down.

We looked at each other in silence. Could it be that we had been there twelve hours, and no help come to us! It must be.

It seemed strange that we had not yet felt the pangs of hunger; but now, our attention being called to the fact that we had eaten nothing all day, we turned towards our dinner cans with a good appetite. We eat sparingly, however, for the reason that the period of our immurement seemed very uncertain. No thirst was felt because of the dampness of the air in the mine. Thus reinvigorated, we started again at our work, and ere long had the satisfaction of seeing that we had made about ten feet of progress.

While I was resting and awaiting my turn with the pick, I heard a confused squealing in the lower part of the breast. We stopped work, and looked in that direction, and saw, to our astonishment, rats in great numbers making their way through the interstices of the loose coal. We thought at first that they had in some way ascertained our condition, and intended making a raid on us en masse, but a moment's observation dispelled this idea, for they appeared cowed and frightened, and, instead of showing fight, sought seclusion under lumps of coal.

Our lamps had been burning brighter for some time and were now flaming violently.

For a moment the superintendent looked thoughtful, then grave, then in an utter agony, he muttered, "By ——!" (and I believe the oath was left unregistered) "the water is rising—we're lost!"

We stared at each other in mute despair. What the thoughts of the rest were I cannot tell, but my own life and actions went like a panorama before my mental vision. Sins of omission and commission passed by in a torrent, and my offences magnified themselves, and their blackness and size overshadowed the good acts I had done, blotting them out completely.

The superintendent, thinking audibly, murmured, "My wife, my child!" and we heard a deep sigh from the boss. We turned to look at the latter, and as we did so he fell on his face, the blood gushing from under the bandage in a stream. Hurriedly lifting him we tried to staunch the wound but in vain; tie it no matter how tightly the blood oozed through the handkerchief. The condensed air of the chamber forced it from his body, and his face which had been livid, became pallid and wax like, and his pulse ceased to beat.

He was dead!

The superintendent looked at his watch. It had stopped. He shook it and found that it had run down. Had another twenty-four hours passed? It was insupportable, this death in life. Was there no hope for us?

We refilled our lamps, exhausting the oil in the bottle, and, with brains reeling and blood gushing from our finger ends again attacked the coal.

Hark! Was not that a sound? We listened and heard it again, and I rapped back vigorously. It had chanced that, for some time previously, I had been trying to learn telegraphy on the Morse instrument, of the operator at our office, and I suppose that, unknowingly, I in my tapping, had made use of their signal of "attention." The same familiar tap—tap—tap tap—tap was returned, and I saw at once that my instructor must be among those outside.

I rapped: "Is there any hope for us? He answered: "We'll try to save you; raincloud burst over the shaft, deluging it with water, and one of the boilers shortly afterwards exploded, blowing up the engine house." "How did you get in?" I asked. "We are in an air hole which communicates with the surface." "What time is it?" "Three o'clock Sunday morning."

We had been inside over two days! Would we ever escape?

A short silence, and he rapped: "How far above the water are you working?" I turned to look. It was within five feet of us. The condensed air was exhausting our strength; our lamps gave a final flicker and burnt out; I reached down for water to bathe my throbbing temples and felt something soft resisting. It was the body of the boss. I drew back with a shudder. A rat crawled up my leg; it made my blood curdle.

I put my hand towards the water again and felt several rats floating; the air, with a pressure of at least three atmospheres, had killed them.

And now we heard the sound of picks and bars on the other side. They had sent outside for them. It reinspirited us and we worked for life.

The water was within three feet of us. They soon signaled from the other side that they were going to blast. We awaited the shock and could almost hear the fizzing of the fuse.

"Cra—sh!"—the thunders nearly deafened me.

I called the superintendent by name. No answer. I put out my hand to feel him; he was breathing faintly. I reached down a foot to the water and sprinkled it on his face. He heaved a sigh, which light though it was, sounded like a deep groan in the thick, heavy atmosphere.

I heard the tap—tap—tap tap—tap of "attention," and tried to answer, but had not enough strength. My face felt suffused with blood and I could hear the pulsations of my heart. They seemed to become more rapid, faster—faster—faster and I counted no more.

I can indistinctly remember, however, a more violent crash, and being violently forced through a narrow aperture.

* * * * * *

When I recovered my senses and recollection, I was in bed, with my gray-haired mother bending over me and asking how I felt? I tried to move, but shooting pains went through my whole body. I looked at my hands; they were covered with strips of plaster.

I was about to interrogate my mother when the telegraph operator stepped in, and seeing that I was convalescent began without questioning (he always was rather garrulous), to acquaint me with the particulars.

"You see," he said, "we did not miss you till after the hurry and confusion incident to the explosion— by which the fireman was killed and the engineer badly hurt—were over. Then, in the evening, when all three of you were missed, they started in search of you. I was away and did not return till the evening of Saturday, when I at once ordered a research as far as we were able, for the water was not over all the gangways. We supposed that you must have taken refuge in the farther end of the mine, and we went as far as the water would allow us, and were just giving up the search when I recollected the air way, where we found you and afterwards heard your picks. You remember the conversation by telegraph?"

I nodded, though I could but indistinctly recall it.

"Well, then," he continued, "we got as large a force as we could to work, made a blast, and afterwards heard nothing from you whatever. Then we worked on vigorously, and when we thought we had gone far enough, put in a slight blast, which broke a hole, through which a gust of air and water came, shooting you and the superintendent violently into the water in the air way and extinguishing all our lamps. We brought you to the surface as soon as possible, carried you with trouble through the crowd—for there must have been nearly five thousand people on the ground, as the news had spread, and our conversation through the coal had been in every paper in the Union. Intense interest had been excited, and hourly telegrams were sent away from here."

I asked about the superintendent. "He is able to walk around, but has no remembrance of anything which occurred in those three days." "And the mining boss?" "Poor fellow!"—here he pointed to the graveyard, which was in view of my window. "He weighed but 125 pounds when we found him—he must have lost twenty pounds of blood."

I am now ten years older than when this happened, but should I live fifty more the remembrance would be as distinct as it is now of my Three Days Underground.

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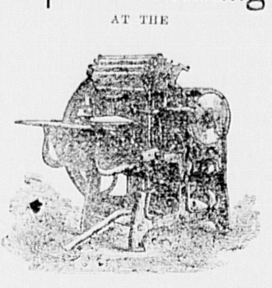
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Poetry.

THE VACANT FRAME.

Dim, dusty and dull is the good old frame,
Where a jolly chum once stood
And played his part with a manly heart,
In the struggle for daily food.

The cheerful tale and the merry laugh
Are gone to another sphere,
Where Fortune's smile, though hid for a while,
His heart once more shall cheer.
Mallet, shooter and planer ring forth his name—
And his shadow keeps watch at the vacant frame.

Not an item remains but recalls to mind
The happy days gone by;
The slippers so worn, the apron so torn,
And even the very pi.
Fall ott at his old broken galley I gaze,
As it tumbles about the floor,
And in its state can read the fate
Of the labor-wasted poor.

Here a pointless bodkin meets the view;
There's a space box, wrecked and torn;
A pillaged case, a three-legged chase,
And a sponge as hard as horn.
The dear old spot to a dreary waste
Is changed in a single day,
And the place once bright looks dark as night,
Disorder holding sway.

That shattered drawer, once kept with care,
Now wears a dismal look;
A stick without slide lies side by side
With a part of Walker's book;
And old brass rules and broken leads,
And session sorts and blanks,
Both night and day keep the mice at play,
With their merry, wanton pranks.

But Time, in his wonder-working ways,
May quickly change the scene;
And the case now dull may soon be full
Of all sorts, fat and lean.
Yet much I wish that happier days
On lightning wings may come,
I grief or glee, my prayer shall be—
Success to the dear old chum.

Selected.

FRED'S SPECULATION.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she had been reading, and looking around the table at her blooming daughters, and two tall, handsome sons, said in a doleful tone,

"Your aunt Zabina is coming to the city, and has invited herself here."

"When?" asked Arabella, with an intonation of disgust.

"She will come here in the train that arrives at four o'clock this afternoon. Will, you will have to meet her."

"Sorry, ma, but I have promised to drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred can go."

"Certainly, I will go," Fred said, bravely, though there was a hot flush on his forehead. "I am very fond of Aunt Zabina."

"Nonsense!" said his mother, "you have not seen her for fourteen years. I never went near the detestable farm after your father died."

"Nevertheless, I have a vivid recollection of Aunt Zabina's kindness when we were there, of her doughnuts and cookies, and bowls of milk with red strawberries in them."

"Dear me, Fred," drawled Lucille, "don't be sentimental. I wish the old thing would stay at home and fry doughnuts. I can't imagine what she is coming here for."

"She is our father's sister," said Fred, "and is there anything surprising in her looking for a welcome amongst her brother's children?"

Mrs. Gorham shugged her shoulders. If she had spoken her thought, it would have been:—

"Fred is so odd, just like his father."

But she only said:

"I may depend upon you then, to meet your aunt, Fred? I will see about her room."

It was a source of great satisfaction to Mrs. Gorham, that her children were all like herself, "true Greers every one of them excepting Fred," she would say, congratulating herself that the plebian blood of Gorham *pere* was not transmitted in the features of her elder son, Wilbur, or any of the three girls.

That Greer pride meant intense selfishness; that Greer beauty was of a cold, hard type; that Greer disposition was tyrannical and narrow-minded, did not trouble Mrs. Gorham. That the son who was "all Gorham," was proud to the core with the true pride that knows no false shame, that he was noble in disposition, handsome in a frank, manly type, generous and self-sacrificing, she could not appreciate. His hands and feet were not so small as darling Will's; he had no fashionable affectations, and no "Greer" look. So his mother thought him rough and coarse, and his sisters declared that he had no style at all.

But outside of the home, where great show of wealth was made by many private economies, Fred was more appreciated.—When he became a man, and knew that his father's estate, though sufficient to give him every comfort, was not large enough for the extravagance his mother indulged in, he fitted himself for business, and took a position in a counting-house as book keeper, thus becoming self supporting, although his mother declared that no Greer had ever been in trade. That the money she lived on was made in soap boiling, the fashionable lady ignored entirely. Darling Will had studied law, but his first client had not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham supported him, trusting that his fascinations would touch the heart of some moneyed belle.

Miss Caldwell was the present hope. She was her own mistress, an orphan heiress, and very handsome. That she was proud and rather cold in manner, was only an additional charm to Mrs. Gorham, and Lucille, Arabella and Corinne were enthusiastic in their admiration of Cornelia Caldwell's queenly manner.

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt and straightforward Fred, hid one secret in his heart, confessed to no living being. And the secret was a love pure and true for Cornelia Caldwell—a love that would shut itself closely away from any suspicion of fortune hunting; that only drooped and mourned, thinking of the heiress. At four o'clock Fred was at the depot in a carriage, waiting for Aunt Zabina. What a little old fashioned figure she was, in her quaint, black silk bonnet and large figured shawl. But Fred knew her kindly old face at once, though he had not seen it since he was ten years old.

"You are Aunt Zabina?" he said, going quickly to meet her.

She looked at the bright, handsome, manly face, and then caught a quick, gasping breath.

"You must be one of John's boys," she said. "Why, how like you be to your dear pa."

"I am Fred," he answered.

"Dear heart! How you've growed? Is your ma here?"

"She is waiting for you at home."

The good, old, country woman had never had the least doubt of a warm welcome at her brother's house, and Fred surely confirmed her expectations. He found the old black leather trunk, the bag, the bandbox, the "picter" paper bought on the cars, the great, bungling cotton umbrella, and put them all into the carriage, without one smile of ridicule. He made his aunt go to the restaurant and refresh herself with hot coffee and oysters before starting for the long drive home. He listened with respectful interest to all the mishaps of the long, tiresome journey, and fully sympathized with the—

"Ruination of every mortal stitch that I've got on, dear, in the horrid dust and smoke."

And he chatted pleasantly of his childish recollections of the tiny house and wide farm in the far west, where Aunt Zabina lived.

"You see," she told him, "I made up my mind if the ten acre lot done well this year, I would come to New York once before I died. I've lotted to come 'fore now, dear, but something or nuther allus hindered. Dear! dear! You've all growed up, I s'pose, and you was but a lot o' babies last time poor John brought you to see me."

"Corinne is the youngest, and she is eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older than I am—"

"Yes, I remember! Well, deary, I'm glad John's wife raised such a fine family. I'm only an old maid, but I do love children and young folks."

But a chill fell on the kindly old heart when home was reached at last, and four fashionably dressed ladies gave her a strictly courteous greeting. But for the warm clasp of Fred's hand I think she would have returned to the depot by the same carriage she came in, she felt so wounded and sore.

"Not one kiss," she thought, "and Fred kissed me at the train, right afore all the folks."

Fred slipped a silver dollar into the hand of the servant girl who was to wait upon his aunt, promising another if she was very attentive, and himself escorted the old lady to her room.

It was not often the young man's indignation found voice, though it grew hot over many shams and acts of hard selfishness in the house of his mother, but he said some words on that day that called a blush to the cheeks of even those worldly women.

It was not a very busy season, and finding that Aunt Zabina was likely to have a sorry time if left to the members of the family, Fred asked for a week's holiday, appointing himself the old lady's escort. He was too proud to care for the fact that the quaint little figure on his arm attracted many an amused glance; but gravely stood by while a new dress for Dolly, the dairy maid, and a "city neck tie" for Bob, the ploughman, were purchased; gave undivided attention to the more important selection of a new black silk for aunty herself; and pleasantly accepted a blue silk scarf, with large red spots, that was presented to him, appreciating the gift, and mentally resolving to wear it when he paid a promised visit to the western farm.

He drove Aunt Zabina to Central Park, and enjoyed her delight over the then new enterprise of the city fathers. He took her to see all the sights. Once or twice, meeting some of his gentlemen friends, they had thought the "queer old lady is some rich relation. Gorham is very attentive," and had delighted Aunt Zabina by their deferential attention. Once—Fred had not counted on that—in a picture gallery, Cornela Caldwell sauntered in alone.

She had heard of Aunt Zabina, through the disgusted comments of Lucilla, and knew she had no property but a "miserable farm out West, with a house on it about as big as a bird cage," but she greeted Fred with a smile far more cordial than she usually gave her admirers.

A little lump came into Fred's throat; then he gravely introduced the stately beauty in her rustling silk and heavy velvet to the little countrified, old fashioned figure on his arm.

"My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Caldwell."

They admired the pictures together, and the young lady was jovial and very talkative. As they came down the steps, Miss Caldwell said:

"You must let your aunt drive an hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I am going to do some shopping, so I will not tax your patience by inviting you to join us; but I shall be pleased if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and you will call for her this evening."

Then she smiled again, made Aunt Zabina comfortable in her carriage, and drove off, leaving Fred forty times deeper in love than ever, as she intended that he should be.

"He is the very best of men," she thought, "and I'll give him one day of rest. Bless the dear old soul, she has just such blue eyes as my poor, dear old grand mother."

Then she won Aunt Zabina's confidence and found that she was worrying about the purchase of certain household matters that would not go in the black leather trunk, and that she did not like to worry Fred about. She told her of the express convenience, and drove to the places where the best goods could be had, keeping guard over the slender parse, against all imposition, till the last towel was satisfactorily chosen and directed.

Then she drove to her own home and brought her to the room where grandmother was queen, knowing the stately old lady would make the country woman right welcome.

In the evening that followed, Fred's heart was touched and warmed, till, scarcely conscious of his own words, he told his long-cherished secret, and knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Zabina stayed two weeks, and then left for home, to the immense relief of the Gorhams, and carrying no regret at leaving any but Fred and Cornelia.

It was not even suspected in fashionable circles that Cornelia spent four weeks in the height of the summer season, listening to the praises of Fred, at Aunt Zabina's tiny farmhouse, and even Fred didn't know it till he came, too, after she was gone, and had his share of the pleasure of hearing such loving commendations of one that he loved.

He wore the neck tie, and made himself so much at home that Aunt Zabina wept some of the bitterest tears of her life when he left.

"To have you both here and then lose you," she sobbed.

"Next time we will come together," Fred whispered to her, which consoled her a little.

But, alas! the next time Fred came was to superintend the funeral of the gentle old lady, and though Cornelia came too, his happy wife, there was no welcome in the pale lips and blue eyes closed forever. But the will the old lady left gave all her worldly possessions to her "dear nephew, Frederick Gorham,"—the forty acre farm and the tiny farmhouse. It was apparently, no very great legacy, and Cornelia smiled at the many old fashioned treasures she found hoarded away, though she touched all with the tender reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Aunt Zabina was laid to rest in her narrow coffin, and there is a busy flourishing city around the site of the old farm.

Mr. Frederick Gorham lives in Fifth Avenue, and handles immense sums of money, the rents of stately buildings in the Western city.

"Made his money, sir, by western speculations," you will be told if you are inquiring as to his source of income. "A fortunate purchaser of ground before the city was thought of."

But I, who know, tell you that the only speculation he made was, in the kindness of his heart, extending loving attentions to his father's sister, and that the only Western land he owned was Aunt Zabina's farm.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

WE ALL HAVE FAULTS.—He who boasts of being perfect, is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature. He who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we shall say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft spot in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. When I could not see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so all human good is mixed with more or less evil. Even poor law guardians have their little failing, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written upon their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There is no telling when a man's faults may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him, and the rider had better hold him well up. The tabby cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten. There is fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it and you will see. Everybody can read that riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.—*John Brougham.*

☞ In the recent wedding of his daughter, Gen. Sherman must have been betrayed into permitting a piece of ostentatious tomfoolery as uncongenial to a man of his soldierly mind and simple habits as it is repulsive to the tastes of a well bred people in general. Is it possible that a tenderly loving young couple can desire to advertise their sacred joys and budding hopes? Is it not enough that the cup of their happiness is full, without injudicious friends, churchly and secular, conspiring to slop it over for the delectation of chronic wedding-goers and gossip-mongers? Can Jenkins himself ustly fall under condemnation when such temptationss are presented to his facile pencil.

A CRAZY YOUNG MAN.—'I will take a glass of your divine nectar,' said a young man in a lager beer saloon the other day. 'I want a goblet drain of the extract of the somniferous hop.' 'We ton't gots heem,' answered the waiter. 'Numskull, bring me a glass of lager.' The waiter went to the barkeeper and informed him that a crazy man wanted a glass of beer, but did not know how to ask for it. 'I kess he ton't mooch English speak,' said the barkeeper. Most everybody thought the bar keeper was right.—*Sanitarian.*

A BOY'S IDEA OF CONFESSION.—There is a man living in the suburbs who is a good man, endeavoring to train up his children in the way they should go, and as his flock is numerous and two of them boys, he has anything but a sinecure in this training business. Only a day or two ago the elder of these olive branches, who has lived about fourteen wicked years, enticed his younger brother, who has had only ten years' experience in boyish deviltry, to go out on the river in a boat, a species of pastime that their father had many a time forbidden, and had even gone so far as to enforce his veto with a skate strap, applied somewhat higher on the boys' anatomy than skates are intended to be worn. But the boys went this time, trusting to conceal their depravity from the knowledge of their pa, and in due time they returned, and walked round the house, the two most innocent looking boys in the town. They separated for a few moments, and at the expiration of that time the elder was suddenly confronted by the father, who requested a private interview in the usual place, and the pair adjourned to the woodshed, where, after a brief, but highly spirited performance, in which the boy appeared most successfully as "heavy villian," and his father took his favorite role of "first old man," the curtain went down, and the boy, considerably mystified, sought his brother.

"John," he said, "who do you suppose told dad? Have you been licked?"

John's face will not look more peaceful and resigned when it is in his coffin, than it did as he replied:

"No, have you?"

"Have I? Come down to the cow-yard and look at my back."

John declined, but said—

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you how father found us out. I'm tired of acting in this way, and then come home and lie about it any more. I'm going to do better after this, and so when I saw father I couldn't help it, and went to him and confessed."

Bill was touched at this manly action on the part of his younger brother. It found a tender place in the bad boy's heart, and he was visibly affected by it. But he asked—

"How did it happen the old man did not lick you?"

"Well," said the penitent young reformer, "you see I didn't confess on myself, I only confessed on you; that was the way of it."

A strange cold light glittered in Bill's eyes.

"Only confessed on me," he said—"Well, that is all right. But come down behind the cow shed and look at my back."

And when they got there, do you suppose John saw the first mite on Bill's back? Ah no, dear children, he saw nothing bigger than Bill's fists, and before he got out of that locality he was the worse pounded John that ever confessed on anybody. Thus it is that our coming reformers are made and trained. —*Ex.*

HOW THIMBLES ARE MADE.—The manufacture of thimbles is very simple, but singularly interesting. Coin silver is mostly used and is obtained by purchasing coin dollars. Hence it happens that the profits of the business are affected simultaneously by all the variations in the nation's greenback promises to pay. The first operation strikes a novice as almost wicked, for it is nothing else but putting a lot of bright silver dollars, fresh from the mint into dirty crucibles, and melting them up into solid ingots. These are rolled out to the required thickness, and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of any required size. A solid metal bar of the size of the inside of the intended thimble, moved by powerful machinery up and down in a bottomless mold of the outside of the same thimble, bends the circular disks into thimble shape as fast as they can be placed under the descending bar. Once in shape, the work of brightening, polishing and decorating them is done upon a lathe. First the blank form is fitted upon a rapidly revolving rod, A slight touch of a sharp chisel takes a thin shaving from the end, another does the same on the side, and a third rounds off the rim. A round steel rod dipped in oil and pressed upon the surface, gives it a lustrous polish. Then a little revolving blank, prints that ornament just outside the rim. A second wheel prints different ornaments around the centre, while a third wheel with sharp points makes the indentations on the lower half and end of the thimble. The inside is brightened and polished in a similar manner, the thimble being held in a repolving mold. All that now remains to be done is to boil the completed thimbles in soapsuds to remove the oil, brush them up and pack them for the trade.

☞ An honest old man, rather ignorant of the usual method of abbreviation, occasionally found charges like the following: "To 1 lb. tea; to 1 lb. ditto; to 1 lb. ditto."

"Wife,' said he,' "here is a pretty business! I should like to know what you have done with so much of this here ditto?"

"Ditto? ditto?" said the old lady; never had a pound of ditto in the house in all my life!"

So back went the old man, in high dudgeon that he should be charged for things he had never received.

"Mr. B——," said he, "I shall not stand this! Wife says she ain't had a pound of this tarnal ditto in the house in her life."

☞ A poet asked a friend what he thought of his last production, 'An Ode to Sleep.' The latter replied, 'You have done such justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight.'

ILLUSTRATION OF LAW.—The Lawrence Eagle furnishes the following illustration of the saying that "possession is nine points of the law," which recently occurred in that city:

A is rather a sharp lawyer, and resides next door to B. The houses A and B occupy are similar in appearance and as they adjoin, are easily mistaken by a comparative stranger. B, being out of coal, walks to the coal market, purchases a load for $3 00 and sends it home. The man of whom he purchased mistakes the residence of A for that of B, and dumps the coal in A's yard. The lawyer's man sees the coal in the yard, gets a wheelbarrow and shovel and puts it into the cellar. B is in a "peck of trouble" that his coal does not come, and goes out to find the man from whom he had purchased it.

'See here, my country friend, I bought a load of coal of you, and you have not delivered it," said B, when he found the collier.

"You bought the load and paid for it, and I delivered it," returned the dealer.

Here the thought struck B that he saw coal in his neighbor's (the lawyer's) yard, and he immediately divined the mystery. He starts for the lawyer's office, and finding him in thus accosted him—

'Mr. A, suppose you should buy a load of coal and the man should put it in the wrong yard, what would you require of the gentleman who appropriated the coal?"

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "I should either make him return the load, or else pay the amount I paid for the coal."

"Very well," said Mr. B, "just give me $3 30, and you can retain my load of coal in your cellar."

The lawyer quietly drew thirty cents from his pocket and handed it to B.

"What does this mean? Mr. A, you owe me three dollars more," said Mr. B.

"Not at all," said the lawyer. "I charge *three dollars for my advice!*"

A NOVEL ORDINATION.—Some ten years since there came to this port in a Boston ship, from Manilla, a Japanese youth, then about nineteen years old. He had left his country at the risk of his life in search of a "Christian education." His limited knowledge of Christianity was obtained from a portion of the Bible translated into Chinese by an American missionary. From a book translated by the same person he had read of our form of government, of our material, educational and religious advantages; these he craved, and penniless and friendless, he plunged into the uncertain future, trusting Him whose hand he had grasped when he forever turned his eyes and his heart from idolatry, for aid, friendship and guidance. An American sea captain aided him in his escape, another accepted him as cabin boy, and brought him to this port, where he found friends who have supported him through all the usual courses of study to the Christian ministry. In Japan he was an officer in the employ of one of the native princes, and as such was known to the central government. When the late embassy from Japan came to this country, they brought to him the Emperor's pardon for leaving his home, a passport to travel and obtain an education, and by the commissioner of education he was employed as his secretary and translator. With the commissioner he labored a year in this country and Europe, and from his hands alone the Japan government has received the information upon which their whole system of religion is based. On Thursday evening at half past seven, he is to be ordained in the Mount Vernon Church in Ashburton place, as a Christian minister, and early in October he takes his departure from his American friends and home to labor among his own people. We believe an occasion of like character has never before occurred in this country.

☞ An important new enterprise is the United States official Postal Guide, which Hurd & Houghton are to issue on the first of October. It will be a book that will save merchants and others a great deal of time and labor. It will give a complete alphabetical list of all the Post offices in the United States, and another list of all the Post offices arranged by counties, in the respective states; a list of domestic and international money order offices, the chief regulations of the department, full and explicit information as to rates of postage, both in America and to foreign countries, schedules of the arrival and departure of foreign mail steamers, and, in brief, whatever it is desirable for one to know who writes or receives a letter, or has occasion to send any article through the mails. The English have had such an official Postal Guide for some time, but this is the first time one has been issued in America. Congress provided for the issue, and authorized the Postmaster General to make a contract with a responsible publishing house. The department makes up the number, which is manufactured at the Riverside Press, and published quarterly by Hurd & Houghton.

ADAM DEFINED.—There must have been some curious specimens of Scottish humor brought out at the examination or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the communion. Thus, with reference to human nature before the fall, a man was asked,

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Oh, jist like ither folk."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was jist like Joe Simpson, the horse couper."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, naebody got ony thing by him, and many lost."

A NARROW ESCAPE.—One evening, before Wichita, Kansas, had realized its hopes of securing a permanent place upon the map—so long ago, in fact, as the spring of 1871—a gentleman from New York registered his name at the Harris House, and announced his intention of stopping a few days in order to see the country, and perhaps to buy some land in the neighborhood. After dinner he sought out the landlord, and made a special request that as he was an Eastern man in search of experience, he might have a buffalo steak served for his breakfast next morning.

"Buffalo steak?"

"Yes. It is obtainable, isn't it? You can get it here. I'd be willing to pay for any extra trouble, you know."

"Oh, no trouble. Fact is, I've not been able to get anything else for a week or two past. I was just going to apologize for having given it to you at dinner."

The eastern man looked as if he thought himself sold, but still stuck to his request, because he wanted to know how buffalo meat tasted when he was not wrestling with it under the impression that it was Texas cow. And then, finding his host sociable (for no more genial landlord than Rouse ever made his house pleasant for his guests at his own loss), he asked if the town was quiet and orderly.

"O yes, perfectly. You eastern men fancy that we are overrun with desperadoes out here, but you'll find Wichita just as peaceful as a man could wish."

At this point the conversation was brouget to a close by the irruption of a party of noisy men, of whom the landlord explained to his guest, as he went to attend them, that they were "some of Curley Marshall's boys."

"And who is Curley Marshall?" asked the eastern man of a bystander, as he sat down in a vacant chair.

"Curley is one of our celebrties," was the reply. "He is to Wichita very much what Buffalo Bill is to Abilene. Fine fellow he is too."

But "the boys" approached, and the bystander incidentally moved away without finishing his eulogy, while the newcomers surrounded the sitter before he was well aware of the situation. And then he thought he would not seem in a in a hurry to get away. When, however, two of them began to practice broadsword parries over his head with loaded revolvers of the "navy" pattern, he changed his mind about the order of his going, and slipped out from between them just as "Long Dan," growing tired of the fun, cocked his revolver, and leveling it at his friend's head, said briefly—"You git out of this! That's the door.'

The other weakened a moment, and looked at Dan doubtingly.

"I mean it, by G—! You git, or I'll plug you."

He did "git."

There was laughter from the boys as Dan looked grimly triumphant, and invited them into the bar room on his "shout." "Come on, stranger," said he to the eastern man, seeing that the latter did not start forward. But the eastern man asked to be excused, pleading that he did not drink.

"Don't drink? You won't drink with me! Do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh, no, sir, no; surely not. But I *never* drink."

"Look here, stranger, I don't like to have a man say he's too good to drink with me. I'm Long Dan Cowee;" and the speaker looked dangerous.

Eastern man thought he had better drink.

He lagged last in the crowd, however, and satisfied that his absence would not be noted, stole out of the back door, and hung round behind the kitchen, until the "boys" should have gone. Presently he thought he heard them in the street, and looked around the corner of the house to see. There came a bright flash right in his eyes, a report, and a handful of shot rattled against the fence near him, while with a yell, the boys went down the street, discharging their pistols in the air. —*Lippincott's.*

FOND OF THE STREAM.—"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to an Irishman, whom he observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a fine stream for trout."

"Faith, and sure it must be that same for I have been standin' here this three hours, and not one of them will stir out of it."

☞ "How are you getting on at your new place?" said a lady to a girl whom she had recommended to a situation. "Very well, thank you," answered the girl. "I am glad to hear it," said the lady. "Your employer is a nice person, and you cannot do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

☞ "May heaven's angels whisper golden words as they kiss your darling cheeks," wrote a La Crosse man to his Betsey only last spring; and now he wishes heaven's angels would whisper to him how his breach-of promise suit is coming out, as his lawyer is doubtful.

☞ Have you damp sheets in your hotel?" asked a fastidious guest of the clerk of the —— House, the other evenin, as he registered his name. "No," replied the clerk, but I'll have a pair dampened for you, if you wish." The stranger silently retired.

A HAT.—A Pittsfield man recently borrowed a neighbor's Sunday hat to wear to his sister's funeral, and after that melancholy occasion was over, pawned the beaver for sundry drinks, and the lender had to pay the shot before he could recover his chapeau. No more mourners need apply for that hat.

IT DON'T PAY.—It don't pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged, in order to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money.

It don't pay to have these fifty working men live on bone soup and half rations, in order that one saloon keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dress in rags, starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecrows, and live in hovels, in order that the saloon keeper's wife may dress in satin, and her children grow fat and live in a bay window parlor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sells him liquor.

It don't pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active and intelligent boys transformed into hoodlums and thieves, to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to give one man, for fifteen dollars a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend a thousand dollars on the trial of Tip McLaughlin for buying that liquor, and then committing murder under its influence.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of disorder and misery, in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune. It don't pay to keep six thousand men in the pententiaries and hospitals, and one thousand in the lunatic asylum, at the expense of the honest, industrious tax payers, in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey.

It don't pay to permit the existence of a traffic which only results in crime, poverty misery, and death, and which never did, never does, never can, and never will do any good.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—The Lawrence *American* asks if it isn't a cruel and inhuman practice to seize upon little children of seven and eight years of age and incarcerate them in the gloomy cells of the station house, behind bolts and bars, for the trifling offence of remaining away from school. In that city Thursday, a boy of eight years of age named Eddie Ryan, was locked in a cell in the cellar of the station house for being absent from school, and, with tears streaming down his face, crying, as if his little heart would burst, he piteously begged, "Please, mister, don't put me in there; I'll never do so again!" but he was shoved in the cell, the door shut with a loud clang, the bolts driven home, and there he was left alone, his face pressed against the bars, and his tender feelings suffering the most intense agony.

FORGOT HER BABY.—As the cars were moving away from the Groton depot on the Stonington Railroad, the other day, a pretty young woman came rushing into the smoking car and frantically appealed to everybody to stop the train. Catching sight of the conductor, she exclaimed, piteously: "Mr. Conductor, do please stop the train! I've left my baby!" The train was stopped and the baby recovered amidst the hearty cheers of the people on the platform and the passengers; and while the mother laughed and cried and hugged her little one, she tried to explain how the baby was such a new one she hadn't got used to it.

☞ "Dear George, how sweet and wavy that wheat is!" exclaimed a fair young lady, looking languidly from a car window. "Yes love, how beautiful!" says dear George, more intent on insinuating his arm around a twenty-four bone corset; "how like a—a—how like a dream!" "How like oats!" retorted a disgusted Granger; "them's oats, young man."

☞ The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which prides itself on the accuracy of its local items, says: "A stranger from Louisville got his ear between the sun and the insurance building, yesterday. The signal officer ran up the storm flag, and sent a despatch bounding over the wires to Washington that a heavy storm cloud had overspread the sky."

A PENMAN.—"What is your business!" asked a lawyer of a rough-looking witness. "I'm a penman," was the reply. "A penman!" exclaimed the judge, looking sharply at the witness. "Yes, sir; I pen sheep in a cattle market," was the conclusive answer.

☞ "My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the neat reply.

☞ When occasion requires, one of the Milwaukee policeman can move with astonishing rapidity. Night before last he ran a mile in three minutes under the belief that a burglar was after him.

☞ "Is them the common dog sassage?' inquired a venerable looking lady as she surveyed a bunch of bananas over her spectacles, the other day.

☞ Why are clergymen like railway porters? Because they do a good deal of coupling.

☞ Never deal with an undertaker if you can possibly avoid it. They are a mean set, always wanting to screw you down.

☞ "Well, if a haitch hand a ho hand a har hand a hess don't spell 'orse, then name hisn't 'Enry 'Ill.

☞ The only industrious *loafers* are the bakers.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention was held at Worcester on Wednesday. The fight was substantially over before the Convention met, and it hardly surprised any one to learn that Hon. Thos. Talbot was nominated for Governor by a vote of 755 out of 1042. Hon. Horatio G. Knight of Easthampton, received 443 votes for Lieutenant Governor, and was then nominated by acclamation. The rest of the State ticket was renominated by acclamation. It was a victory for the Prohibitionists which is quite gratifying. The Boston *Advertiser* which is anti-Talbot, says:—

The nomination of Mr. Talbot being inevitable, there was in the convention a disposition to acquiesce without a contest. He was accordingly nominated on the first ballot by a majority quite large enough to gratify the pride of a successful candidate. There are very few men in Massachusetts who could have shown such independence of judgment and action as he has shown, and at the same time have received a support so cordial and so complimentary. The result is to be taken as an expression of confidence in his uprightness as a magistrate, which those who doubted the wisdom of his nomination will be the last to question. While differing widely from him on some points of accidental importance, which in our view should be kept out of politics, we shall support him cordially as a representative of the political faith of the Republican party, and do what lies in our power to secure his election by an old-fashioned Republican majority.

The *Globe* speaks of the proceeding as a "Surrender," and mournfully struggles with the dreadful fact that the Liberals were beaten. It gives the following:—

Now, the question for the Republican party is, Can it carry its load? The position of those who do not believe in the wisdom of the prohibitory policy is not an easy one. They cannot bolt, for there is nothing to bolt to without leaving their own party, and as we have constantly declared, that party is something more than an organization to regulate the liquor traffic. It has other and higher purposes, and until some other organization is formed which promises to carry out those purposes more effectively, it must be the reliance of those who seek for the advancement of the true interests of the people.

The *Journal* came over to Talbot early, its instinct pointing to the winning man. Its license proclivities were set aside for the time, and now they say

In Thomas Talbot the people of Massachusetts have confidence. They have tried him in the office of Governor, and, without regard to special points of his record, they find in him the sterling qualities which insure a worthy and successful administration. They like the man, and they will give him a handsome majority. Of course there will be need of vigilance and faithful work to attain that end, but the same causes that have led to his nomination, together with the broader influences belonging to the national exigency, will crown it with triumph at the polls.

In the committee on Resolutions we find the name of John Cummings, Esq., of Woburn, and in the fifth resolution our readers will find an expression of his feelings as frequently expressed at home and in the Legislature. We append the resolutions.

The Republicans of Massachusetts, proud of the record of their party, reaffirm their devotion to the great principles of justice on which it was founded, and they pledge their best and constant endeavor to the maintenance of those principles in the future. Be it therefore

Resolved, First, That a sound currency is indispensable to national prosperity, and that to this end the nation must make its promises to pay equal to gold, which is the recognized standard of value in the whole civilized world, and that it is further the duty of Congress to adopt such measures as shall safely and speedily tend to this realization of value, and that no inflation of the currency, by adding to the Government issues, should be permitted. (Applause.)

Second, That Massachusetts has seen with abhorrence the attempt through banded leagues to deprive whole classes of our population of their Constitutional prerogatives, and as the amplest protection of the individual in his civil rights and privileges is the first duty of national government, therefore, as Republicans, reaffirming our abiding faith in the fundamental rights and the exact quality of the citizen before the law in its largest sense, we express our gratitude to the President of the United States for his prompt interference against an effort at usurpation over a recognized State Government, and for his determined opposition toward all movements and combinations seeking to abridge, limit or restrain the rights of any portion of the American people. (Applause.)

Third, That the Republican party of Massachusetts demands and will require of all persons holding office, whether National, State, or Municipal, an administration of the Government which shall conform to the high standard of honesty, integrity and economy, to the end that the public indebtedness may be honorably and speedily paid, and the burden of taxation lightened.

Fourth, That the record of the Republican party of Massachusetts is a sufficient guarantee of its continued sympathy with that legislation which will promote the best interests of labor and tend to the moral and intellectual elevation of all persons engaged in industrial pursuits.

Fifth, That the Republican party has proved itself under all circumstances, the party of progress and reform; that it has shown itself ready and prompt to correct all abuses and bring its own servants to strict account for unfaithfulness in official conduct; that it denounces all law and practices that open a way for corruption in the public service; and that it will demand of all its servants that their official position shall never be made subservient to their personal aggrandizement.

Sixth, That in the nomination of the Hon. Thomas Talbot as Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, this Convention expresses its appreciation of the character and ability of a distinguished public servant, and relying upon his administrative experience, his personal purity and sterling integrity, we feel confident of his triumphant election by our loyal and law-abiding people (applause), and we heartily commend him and the other nominees of this Convention to the suffrages of our fellow citizens.

The convention finished its business at an early hour, and adjourned. The following are the Middlesex members of the State Central Committee:—

First District, Andrew J Bailey of Charlestown. Second District, J S Potter of Arlington. Third District, S C Knights of Cambridge. Fourth District, Francis M Johnson of Newton. Fifth District, J A Harwood of Littleton. Sixth District, John Cummings of Woburn. Seventh District, George W Coburn of Lowell.

PRESENTATION. — Last Saturday the fellow workmen of Mr. E. S. Bell, who has had charge of the wood work on the new brick school house, surprised him with the present of a silver stem-winder watch of Waltham manufacture. Mr. Bell is quite popular as a foreman, and this present expresses the good feeling of the donors. The watch was procured at the well known establishment of G. F. Smith & Co., 187 Main street. The presentation speech was made in the new school-house by Mr. John Kelley.

Mr. Bell:—After labouring some time under your charge, we take it upon ourselves to rebel against your ruling power for a few minutes, and become ourselves masters of the situation. As this job is about finished, and we must soon separate, some of us probably never to meet again, I have the honor of performing a duty enjoined upon me by my fellow workmen, in presenting to you in their behalf, a token of their esteem and also of thanks for the impartiality with which you have exercised your duty over us as overseer. This is the present, and although it is an article more useful than ornamental, we hope you will accept of it, and prize it less for its intrinsic value than for the good will with which it is given. And we hope that every time you look on its emotionless face, it will brighten your own with the thoughts of the many happy days which we have spent together, and of the good will we bore you.

To which Mr. Bell replied:—

Gentlemen:—If you had called me up into this hall to take my life, I would not have been more surprised than I am at this moment. It is seldom in an affair of this kind but what the recipient receives some hint or other of what is going to take place; but when brought up here this evening I had not the slightest idea of what was going to occur. But I accept it in the same good faith with which it is given, hoping that it may have a tendency to cement the good feeling already existing. I have had charge of a number of jobs and amongst them there were none where the men gave better satisfaction from beginning to end, than on the present. It is needless for me to try to explain my feelings on this occasion, but hoping we shall be together for some time to come, I assure you I shall be as impartial in the future as I have been in the past.

GOUGH'S LECTURE.— Mr. Gough's lecture was attended by between three and four hundred, and as is the case with a small audience, were not so enthusiastic as the theme and the orator deserved He remarked in opening that he had purposed preparing a literary lecture, but on the advice of friends, had prepar a series of four lectures on temperance. The first of which under the title of "Man and Masters," he proceeded to deliver. As a lecturer upon the subject of Temperance Mr. Gough has no equal. He spoke of physical slavery, and its dreadful evils, and compared it with the slavery to appetite. He portrayed this slavery to the Master Drink in all its horrible phases; combatted the idea that the slaves of drink were brutes; ridiculed the moderate drinking idea; alternately drew tears and laughter from his auditors. There may have been some who would not have gone to hear him on temperance, who felt about it as he did when in Worcester he sneeringly watched a procession of the cold water army. But it must have done them good, whether they liked it or not, and if drinkers, whether of the "comfrable" type, or of the kind whose every nerve is thrilled and fired by the poison, they could see themselves portrayed as by the pencil of an inspired artist, and to continue slaves to the Master of Drink proves them either deadened to a sense of their condition, or lost to hope, Mr. Gough remarked that his lecture ought to have been advertised as a temperance lecture. Undoubtedly had it been so the house would have been better filled.

The next lecture will be by Hon. Wm. Parsons next Tuesday evening.

BEECHER.—We notice that Rev, H. W. Beecher has been obliged to cancel his engagements this week on account of his lawsuits, and consequently his lecture in the First Congregational Church next Monday evening will be his first lecture this season. This will be the only opportunity to hear the great preacher, as he lectures only once in Boston. Tickets are selling in Stoneham, Winchester, Arlington, Woburn and Boston, and the probabilities are that there will be a good house. Secure your tickets of Fosdick and Buss.

RELIEF ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of the board of management of the Woburn Relief Association was held last Friday evening, when all its members were present. The prospective wants of the association were discussed, when it was thought best to increase their funds the present season by giving a concert in the course of a few weeks, that will be worthy of a general patronage from a generous public.

OLD FARMER.—The Old Farmer's Almanac for 1875, being the 83d number of the series, is at hand from the publishing house of Brewer & Tileston. Everybody knows what it is, and everybody who has a house must have one to hang up in the kitchen. No. 45 for the year 1837 lies before us, and the Old Farmer proves by comparison "just as young as it used to be." Be sure and buy one.

FALL.—Four of the workmen employed on the coal sheds of C K Conn & Co, at Horn Pond station, on Monday, had a very narrow escape from serious injury. The staging on which they were working gave way and precipitated them to the ground. Mr Q R Ward was considerably hurt, being confined to the house for some days. Mr David Hunt and the others were slightly injured.

FIRE ALARM.—Last Wednesday afternoon the whistles on Cross street, and smoke rising in the air in that direction, alarmed our firemen, and the apparatus in the Center went down to Richardson Row, where learning that the fire was in Winchester, the companies returned to their houses.

CONCERT.—One of the finest literary and musical entertainments ever held in Woburn, was given in Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening of this week, by the Adelphi Quartette of Boston, assisted by Miss Carrie E Barr, soprano, Mr W E Taylor, pianist, and Mr W B Jones, reader. At eight o'clock the Quartette, consisting of Messrs Gates, Skinner, Titus and Webb, made their appearance, and opened the concert with the quartettes "I long for thee," and "Champagne Song; Miss Barr followed with a Swiss song, which was finely executed; Mr Jones read "How he saved St. Michael's," and "The Showman's Courtship;" Mr Skinner was obliged to omit his solo on account of a throat difficulty. Mr Titus gave a bass solo "There's nothing like a freshening breeze," which was well rendered, and was followed by the miserere Scena from Il Trovatore, the solos being sung by Miss Barr and Mr. Gates assisted by the Quartette. This was finely rendered and was encored and closed the first part of the programme. Part second was to have opened with a piano solo by Mr Taylor, but was omitted. The Quartette sang "In Absence" and the query and answer "Which is the properest?" which was followed by the "Milkmaid's Marriage Song," by Miss Barr; Mr Gates sang a tenor solo entitled "Maid of Athens," which showed that he has a voice of great purity and compass. Mr Jones read "How Farmer Gray got photographed," and "Tobias Turmptop in the General Court," and the concert closed with the quartette "King Witlat's Drinking Horn." The singing of the Adelphi is of a first class order, and shows that they rank high among the organizations of this kind in the country. They propose taking a Western trip soon, and we have no doubt but what we shall hear of their being favorably received wherever they sing. The singing of Miss Barr was excellent, and she is coming into prominence very fast. Her rendering of the solo in Il Trovatore was nearly equal to that of a professional. Mr Jones' readings were very good, his reading of "How he saved St Michaels," being very nice. He will accompany the Quartette on their trip. It is to be regretted that so few were present, as a concert of this kind in Woburn, where there are so many musical people, ought to be well patronized. Those who did attend, however, were well paid.

A STRONG PULL.—Mr. O. Scarbuck calls himself a strong man, and when he pulls on anything he expects it to come. He is familiar with a good many kinds of vehicle, but hacks are somewhat new to him, as he only sees one on his occasional visits to the city. One of the peculiarities of a hack is that the pole is not fastened in its place, but simply pushed into a V shaped holder, and the pole strap attached to the collars of the team keep it from slipping out. Mr. Scarbuck is a good sized man, and when a little older will be corpulent, but as we previously remarked, he is very strong. Strolling into Jones' stable yard, it occurred to him that there was a good chance to show his strength by moving one of the hacks that was out of place. Seizing the pole he moved it around in the direction he wanted it to go, and finding it heavier than he at first supposed, made up his mind to exert his immense power and show the stable boys what he could do. Getting a firm hold, he pulled with all his might, when to the surprise of the herculean Scarbuck, the pole came out, and he started backwards with it at a terrible pace. Retaining his hold in the vain hope that it would aid him in regaining his balance, he came half way across the yard. One hand grasped the pole, the other waved frantically, as if trying to clutch what was not there, while his heels alternately tripping and lifting bore him inevitably to his doom. Dropping the pole he gestured with both hands, still pursuing his retrograde movements. As he tumbled backward, digging up the concrete, he wished he had not been born strong; wished he had never seen a hack; wished he had let this one alone; wondered why they didn't fasten the confounded thing; wondered what folks would think who saw him; wondered if he would ever stop, and if he would get much hurt. All these and a thousand more thoughts rushed through his mind during the few seconds he was rushing backwards across Jones' yard. But do what he would, he couldn't regain his balance, and he landed at the doorsteps with a thump like the descent of a bale of hay. He was helped to his feet, and departed a wiser but a saddened man. He does not brag of his strength now for fear some one will ask him to pull a hack.

TOOTHACHE POETICALLY DESCRIBED.—An esteemed physician of Woburn, now deceased, received once from a patient in this town, the following poetical call for his services:—

Doctor Dear,
If a friend is in need,
It is a friend indeed;
I pray then for my sake;
Send drops for the toothache;
It bites like a serpent,
It stings like an adder—
Only it is badder!
Send it by the bearer, if you please,
Unless it comes again, M—'ll not tease.
Good night!

Burlington.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans of Burlington held a caucus Saturday evening. Deacon John Marion presided and Marshall Wood was secretary. The following delegates were chosen:—

State.—John Winn.

Congressional.—J. Remick.

County and *Councillor.*—Elijah Marion.

Senatorial.—Marshal Wood.

☞ Rev. George L. Hunt of Mystic River, Conn., has been invited to the pastorate of the Broadway Baptist Church in Baltimore. Mr. Hunt now presides over the largest Baptist Church in Connecticut, and his friends will be glad to hear of this mark of appreciation which has been accorded to him.

RUPTURE.—Those necessitated to the use of Trusses, can have the kind best suited to their particular case, carefully adjusted at Dodges' Drug Store, 165 Main street.

LAWRENCE.—This school house will hereafter be devoted entirely to primary schools. The teachers are Misses Neville, Ingalls and Murdock.

THE NEW BRICK SCHOOL HOUSE.

The new brick school house on Main and Warren streets having been completed will be occupied next Monday On the Main street side a bank wall has been put in, capped with granite, and granite steps lead from the center to the path by which the main entrance is gained. The house is an imposing structure, three stories in height, built of brick, with freestone trimmings. The interior is finished in hard wood, arranged with gas, water and steam pipes. There are four school rooms on the first, and the same number on the second floor, while the third is finished as a hall for examinations. Call bells and speaking tubes connect the several rooms. The cellar has a cement floor and is furnished with heating apparatus, coal bins, water closets, &c. The house taken as a whole is a monument of the enterprise of the town. The grounds are being rapidly put into shape, and the grading will probably be completed this week. The grammar schools have three days' vacation while the seats and desks are being moved.

Seven of the rooms will be occupied on Monday. No. 1 by Mr. Fowle and the first class. No. 2 by Miss E. J. Norris and the second class. No. 3 by Miss C. A. Wheeler, and the third class. No. 4 by Miss Mina J. Wendell and part of the fourth class. No. 5 by Miss S. E. Eastman and part of the fourth class. No. 6 by Miss M. H. Bowers and an intermediate class. No. 7 by Mrs. E. H. Boyd and an intermediate class.

The house will be dedicated some time next week when it ought to be named. As the committee seem to be at a loss for a name, we will suggest "Coolidge," after Master Coolidge who taught the first grammar school in Woburn.

POLICE COURT.—Sept 26, J Dwyer, S Murray, L Finn, J McTeague, J Murphy, P Scanlan, O Kerrigan, disturbing the peace in Winchester, $5 and one-seventh the costs each. 28th, Thomas Dolan, Mary Dolan, Michael Coney, J McNamara, single drunks, $3 and costs each. Bridget Granfield, illegal keeping liquor, $10 and costs. S Pierce, A D Osgood, A Dyer, G H Maxwell, J Burke, truancy, cases continued. Hugh Rooney, gambling on the Sabbath, $5 and costs. James Bouvaird, illegal keeping liquor, $10 and costs. Oct 6, Henry Ferrin and Thomas McGovern, drunk, $3 and costs, Richard Hussey, larceny, $10 and costs, committed for non payment. James Bouvaird and J O'Brien, liquor nuisance each bound over in $400 to Superior Court. James Bigelow assault on a boy ninety days in House of Correction. P C McMurray for illegal keeping, brought witnesses who swore that his wife sold the liquor. He escaped, but she was arraigned as a common seller and fined fifty dollars and costs from which she appealed.

☞ We have been shown a copy of the following letter:—

REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU, }
Oct. 7, '74 }

C. M. Rust, Esq, DEAR SIR:—Mr Beecher has cancelled his engagements for one week only. This week there is no reason why any future engagement should be either cancelled or postponed. He will lecture for you, therefore, next Monday, Oct, 12, at Woburn.

Yours truly, JAMES REDPATH.

On Friday, October 23d, there will be a grand concert by Mr and Mrs Heine, and the Alpine Quartette, which will be free to holders of tickets to the Lyceum Course. Tickets for the balance of the course $2 and $2 50, for sale by Fosdick and Buss.

NARROW ESCAPE. — On Thursday, Willie Nichols, employed at A J Parker's planing mill, had a very narrow escape. He was running a moulding machine when one of the revolving knives, which turns about 2000 times a minute, flew from the machine, striking him in the arm, cutting it slightly, and in the abdomen, cutting through his clothing, but fortunately not injuring him to any great extent.

North Woburn.

S. OF T.—The following are the officers of Rumford Division, S of T, for the quarter:—W P, Chas T Dearborn; W A, Mary Brown; R S, B M Field; A R S, Mary Merrill; F S, Geo Dickson; T, Susan Hosmer; Chaplain, Harriet Page; C, G O Gleason; A C, A M McFarland; I S, Kate Warland; O S, Geo Tuttle.—*Adv.*

LECTURE.—Mrs. St. John, author of "Bella; or the Cradle of Liberty," will give an address on Mental Diseases, or the Use and Abuse of Insane Asylums, in the Methodist Chapel on Thursday evening, October 15, at a quarter before eight. The lecture is free, and it is hoped all thinking people will be present.

CUT.—William Mooney employed at Simonds's shop, caught his hand in a brushing machine on Thursday, cutting the forefinger of the left hand severely.

A girl from Winchester, employed in the same shop, cut two fingers slightly, one day last week.

THE OTHER SIDE.—Julian Smith informs us that the man referred to last week run into Smith's team, instead of Smith running over the man. That he, (Smith,) was well out on his side of the road, and the man's forward wheel struck Smith's hind wheel.

CHESS CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Chess Club occurred last Tuesday evening. G W M Hall was chosen President; John L Parker, Vice President; George E Kimball, Secretary and Treasurer.

☞ The Ladies' Social Benevolent Society elected officers on Thursday as follows:— Pres. Abijah Thompson, V. Pres. Emily F Pollard, Sec. M. Louisa Bacon, Treas. B E Bond.

ASSEMBLY.—Perham Hose will indulge in a social hop at their house on Winn street, on Wednesday evening Oct 14.

GONG.—The steam gong is to be blown as a signal for one session in the schools. It will be blown on such days at 11:45 A. M. See notice.

G A R.—Post 33 goes to Waltham next Wednesday in the 7:40 train. Comrades are requested to appear at headquarters with caps and belts as early as 7:30 on that day.

THE SIXTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

The Boston *Globe* last Tuesday had the following:—

The Sixth Senatorial District is well provided with candidates. Prominent in the list are ex-Senator Bacheller of Lexington, whose record speaks for itself; A E Scott, also of Lexington, who is a young lawyer of some promise, with an office in Pemberton Square here; Colonel Carroll D Wright of Reading, whose labors already in the State Senate give him position; and Cyrus L Carter of Wilmington, a citizen and manufacturer of eminent ability, having the requisite qualifications to make him a most thorough representative man for the position. Woburn brings out Charles Choate, a retired leather merchant, who at one time was in the Governor's Council, as also his late partner, John Cummings, both good citizens. Stoneham produces Colonel Dike, a prominent shoe manufacturer well known in the district. Tewksbury presents a Mr Clark, who has seen service in the Legislature and a man of respectability, also Richard Britton, a gentleman of respectability of Wakefield.

A correspondent of the *Globe* writing from Tewksbury on Thursday says of Hon O R Clark:—

Knowing the gentleman, I do not think he would allow the use of his name in opposition the renomination of the Hon Brooks T Bacheller, though the delegates chosen to the convention are his personal friends. Had the matter been brought up in the caucus, I have no doubt that the delegates would have been instructed to have used their influence to secure the renomination of Mr Bacheller for the second year, as is the custom. Of him you truly say "his record speaks for itself," and is in accord with the Republicans of this town. Why should not the usual courtesy of a renomination be extended to a faithful servant?

Another correspondent in Friday's *Globe* says it failed to name all the men who might be candidates, and you name some who were never named before in that connection. Dr Azel Ames, Jr, of Wakefield will be brought forward at the proper time, and S W Twombly of Winchester was a strong competitor for the nomination last year. Daniel Russell of Melrose was also presented to the convention last year. The present incumbent of the office, the Hon B T Bacheller of Lexington, proved himself, last year, worthy of the trust, and while faithful to his official duties was alive to the interests of his district. No Senator goes before his district for re-election with a better record. A E Scott, Esq, of Lexington, is put forward by some disaffected citizens of the town, not with the expectation that he can be nominated, but in the hope that it will compass Bacheller's defeat. Colonel Wright has been in the Senate two years, and is now comfortably situated as head of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Mr Carter of Wilmington is not known as aspiring to the place. Mr Cummings of Woburn does not want the position, preferring to go back to the House, as he is very likely to do, where he will be heard from as Chairman of the Invnstigating Committee on county affairs, which has been in session during the recess. Mr Choate takes very little interest in political affairs, and his name is not likely to be any hindrance to the other candidates. Colonel Dike of Stoneham is well known as favoring the return of Mr Bacheller for another term. The Hon O R Clark of Tewksbury has been in the Senate and will not oppose the re election of a brother Senator. Mr Britton of Wakefield has had legislative experience, and will undoubtedly make a fight for the nomination. Dr Ames is now in Europe and has been flanked by his stay at home neighbor. What the doctor will say when he returns, the delegates will be likely to know The fight in the convention will be between Bacheller and Britton. Meantime the friends of the two men are active, and all the means known to political warfare are brought into play. Bacheller has the prestige of being in office, and many dislike to refuse a Senator his second term. A careful estimate gives Batcheller a majority of the delegates.

THE GOOD WIFE.

Happy is the man who, possessing that heaven-sent blessing, a truly good wife, knows how to care for, help and protect the priceless treasure. To do this and do it right, while it may be no small task, is certainly a duty which no man can count anything short of the most sacred, and in the fulfilment of which lies his truest happiness. However high his position in life, neglect on this point will surely prove the cause of much trouble, diminish his opportunities for the enjoyments of the highest pleasures ever centered in that loveliest spot of earth, a well regulated home, and ere long show him the error when perhaps too late to reform. Let the cares and trials of business, the ups and downs he may experience in encounter with the rude elements of society, never show in his countenance as he enters the sacred home. Let her who during his absence has borne the heat and burden of the wearying labors of the day, taxed perhaps beyond her strength in her efforts to make home doubly attractive on his return, be met with that smile which will tend greatly to repay for all her toil, and secure a heartfelt welcome.

No matter how hard your path in life, all may look dark and dreary outside, but you have no right to add sorrow and fear to the many ills the good wife must of necessity bear. Be ever cheerful, and in all possible ways show your interest in her welfare by providing the comforts and conveniences of life so far as you are able, and strive to diminish her labor by your own. Make her your confidant, and she will ever prove a wise counsellor and true friend. Happy is the man who can do this. Let the storms of adversity beat as hard as they may, friends prove false, and the whole world seem bent on his ruin, with a clear conscience and a firm reliance on Him who will in His own good time bring all things right, he may defy the power of all to take from him the peace, happiness and pure love, centered no place so strong and abiding as in that home where the wisdom, goodness and purifying influence of the truly good wife is fully appreciated. TRAVELLER.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION.—Mishawum Division, No. 59, Sons of Temperance, held a public installation, Tuesday evening, at Temperance Hall. There was quite a number present that were not members of the Division. The following officers were installed for the current quarter by Deputy G W P, W B Wadman, of Boston:—W P, S H Greenleaf; W A, Olive King; R S, Lizzie Maxwell; A R S, Emma L Clapp; F S, James Rogers; T, R F Ellis; C, Joseph L Hunt; A C, Nellie King; I S, Michael Harney; O S, George L Hunt; Chaplain, Robert Harper.—*Adv.*

VISITATION.—W. Bro. Smith B. Harrington, D. D. G. M., of the 7th Masonic District, paid an official visit to Mount Horeb Lodge of Masons last Wednesday evening. There was a large attendance of visiting brethren from the neighboring towns. After the work, a collation was served in the ante-rooms.

BROKEN.—A little daughter of the late John Russell fell from a wagon on Monday and broke her elbow.

MEDFORD FIRE PARADE.

Last Tuesday the red jacketed boys of old Medford were out in their very best shape, the occasion being that of their annual parade. The citizens take a just pride in their department, and contribute liberally to its support. The day was comfortable and there was a large turnout of spectators and firemen. The line was formed about three o'clock as follows:—Platoon of Police; Medford Band, Frank Hersey, leader; Board of Engineers; Police under command of Capt. J. J. Frost; Mystic Hose Company, Capt. Blake, 24 men; Henry Hastings Hose Company No. 2, Capt. Sprague, 19 men; J. W. Mitchell Hose Company No. 3, Capt. Aldon, 21 men; Geo. O. Brastow Hose Company, Somerville, Capt. Dodge, 10 men; Medford steamer, Capt. Libby; Washington hook and ladder truck and company, 31 men, Capt. Newhall, in a barge; carriages containing invited guests among whom were Assistant Naval Constructor J. F. Hanscom, Maj. J. Homer Edgerly, Wm. Carleton, Esq, of Charlestown, Medford Board of Selectmen, Chief Engineer Brewster, and Assistant Engineer Annan of Lawrence, Assistant Engineers Arien and Taylor of Lowell, Chief Engineer Hopkins, Assistant Engineers Bean, Ring and Joselyn of Somerville, Chief Engineer Hobbs, and Assistant Engineer Sinclair of Arlington. The route of procession was down Salem street to Cross street, Riverside avenue, Pleasant, Park, Washington, Franklin, Park, Salem, Fulton, Water, Oakland, Salem, Main, South, Cotting, Auburn, Prescott, Canal and High streets, to West Medford square, where the procession was dismissed. The houses of the companies were finely decorated with flags and streamers, and the residents along the route also decorated their houses, and greeted the firemen with pleasant smiles and cheers as they passed. After the dismissal of the procession the different companies proceeded to their houses and had dinner. By invitation of the Board of Engineers, the invited guests dined at the Medford House The Henry Hasting Hose furnished an excellent collation to the band and a few of the visitors. Their house is beautifully furnished and was finely decorated, the boys evidently having a taste for ornithology. 1st Assistant Engineer D. K. Richardson knows what firemen want, and No, 2, which is under his immediate supervision, does not seem to need for anything. Capt. Sprague has a good looking set of men, and fires stand no show before them.

The festivities of the day closed with a ball in the Town Hall, which was participated in by a large number of ladies and gentlemen. The parade was a success, and the efforts of the firemen to make a parade worthy of the town seemed to be appreciated by the citizens.

MECHANIC'S FAIR.—We have looked through the official list of contributions to the Mechanic's Fair, in Boston, and find the following from this vicinity;—

35 Arnold & McLean, Winchester. Elliptic Spring Bed.

49 Schayer Bros, Winchester. Alligator Boots and Shoes.

96 N. J. Simonds, Woburn. Moulded Heel Stiffening.

148 White, Osborn & Co. Leather.

187 Mrs. Wm. Proctor, Arlington. Rag Rug.

217 Wm. H. Pearson & Co. Case Boots and Shoes.

245 Russell, Johnson & Co., 97 High street. Shoe Stock.

304 William B. Ward, East Woburn. Brackets.

321 Miss Katie Tripp, Arlington. Rag Rug.

328 Mrs. B. F. Woods, Arlington Rag Rug.

330 Mrs. William Proctor, Arlington. Rag Rug.

503 H. Leach. Carved Heads.

761 Holden Brothers. Lightning Churn.

1459 Emmons Hamlin. 2 Violins.

1460 Guild, Church & Co. 2 Piano Fortes.

816 Wm. T. Woods & Co., Arlington. Ice Tools.

902 Woodrough & Co. Saws.

980 A. M. Bowers, Woburn. Bush Hammer.

1367 Munroe & Harrington. Machine Cut Corks.

1289 Benj. Millett, Woburn. Boot Cutting Machine.

M. C. M. A. EXHIBITION.—We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers, that the Mechanical and Art Exhibition now in progress in Boston, has met with such success as to demand an extension of the time until the evening of Oct. 17th, and that all the railroads centering in Boston will unite in giving reduced fares to those who desire to visit the Exposition.

New Publications.

AGRICULTURIST.—The October number has arrived, Now that dog days are over we can look on the frontispiece with calmness, The number is full of suggestions for fall work.

The *Traveller's Official Guide* for October is at hand. This work has the official endorsement of the railroad companies throughout the country, as represented by their officers in the General Passenger and Ticket Agents' Association. It is also endorsed by the Quartermaster's Department of the United States, and is used in all departments of the General Government as the standard of information for all matters relative to railroads. The latest changes in time are announced, the time table of all roads given, and the very full lists of officers of roads corrected up to date of issue. The work is profusely illustrated with sectional maps, and has a general railway map of the United States bound in with it. No one should travel without it, as the information it gives may be relied upon. For sale on trains and at news stands. Price, forty (40) cents per copy. Subscription price, $3.00 per annum. National Railway Publication Company, No. 233 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY OPINION AND BETSEY BOBBETT'S. Designed as a Beacon Light to guide women to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but which may be read by Members of the sterner sect, without injury to themselves or the book. By Josiah Allen's Wife. Hartford. Am. Publishing Co. 1874. pp. 432. Price $2.50.

This book is at once droll and instructive. The author is a keen observer and shrewd in her opinions. The style amuses at the very start. The plan is that Josiah Allen's Wife, who believes in women's rights, determines to write a book. She strings a number of incidents together which illustrate and exemplify her views in a very interesting manner. The spelling is of the Josh Billings variety, but the humor is more quaint, and the wisdom fully as conspicuous.

In the preface Mrs. Allen discloses how she came to write a book. The effect upon her husband of the making known of her determination to write it is thus described:—

"I well remember the day I said it, for it skairt Josiah almost to death. It was night and we was both settin' by the fire relapsted into silence, and he—not knowing the conversation goin' on inside of my mind, thought I was crazy, and jumped up as if he was shot, and says he in tremblin' tones—

"What is the matter, Samantha?"

"Says I, 'Josiah, I am goin' to write a book.'

"This skairt him worse than ever—I could see, by his ghastly countenance—and he started off on the run for the camfire bottle.

"Says I, in firm but gentle accents, 'camfire can't stop me, Josiah, the book will be wrote.'

"He see by my pale but calm countenance that I was not delerious any, and (by experience) he knows that when my mind is made up, I have got a firm and almost cast iron resolution. He said no more, but he set down and sithed heavily. Finally he spoke out in a despairin' tone, he is pretty close (but honest)—

"'Who will read the book Samantha? Remember if you write it you have got to stand the brunt of it yourself. I haint no money to hire folks with to read it.' And again he sithed two or three times. And he hadn't much more than got through sithein' when he asked me again in a tone of almost agony—

"'Who will read the book, Samantha, after you write it?'

"The same question was fillin' me with agonizin' apprehension, but I concealed it and answered with almost marble calm—

"'I don't know, Josiah, but I am determined to put my shoulder blades to the wheel and write it.'

Mrs. Allen, whose maiden name was Samantha Smith, thus gives her reasons for marrying Josiah Allen:

"If anybody had told me when I was first born that I would marry to a widower, I should have been mad at them. I lived up to this idea quite a number of years; how many, is nobody's business, that I will contend for. I laughed at the idea of love in my blindness of eye. But the first minute I set my grey eye onto Josiah Allen, I knew my fate. My heart was a prey to feelin's it had heretofore been a stranger to.

"I married Josiah Allen (in mother's parlor, on the fourteenth day of June, in a bran new silk dress with a long bodlis waist) from pure love. Though why I loved him I know n t. I looked at his mild face beamin' on me from above his black silk stock, which kept his head kinder stiff, and asked myself this question 'Why do you love him?' I recollected then, and I have recalled it to his mind several times since in our little differences of opinion, which occur in the happiest of families—that I had had offers from men handsomer than him, with more intellect than him, more riches than him, with less children than him. Why didn' I love these various men? I knew not I can only repeat in the immortal and almost deathless lines of the poet, 'Love will go where it is sent.'"

Speaking of her married life and present views, she says:—

"And that love has been like a beacon in our pathway ever since. Its pure light—though it has sputtered some, and in tryin' times such as washin' days and cleanin' house times has burnt down pretty low—has never gone out.

"There hain't a man on the face of the earth that looks so good to me as Josiah Allen. I don't tell him this, mind you, 14 years experience of married life has taught me caution. Josiah is as good as they'l average generally, but no man can stand too much flattery, men are naturally vain.

As a second wife, she managed Josiah when he drew comparisons, in a way that perhaps may be interesting to some others. She says:

"As I said in the commencement of this plain and unvarnished history, I had almost a deadly objection to widowers, owin' to their habit of comparin' their second wives to their first relict, to the disadvantage of the first named pardner. Josiah tried it with me when we was first married. But I DIDN'T ENCOURAGE HIM IN IT. He began on several various times, 'It seems to me, Samantha, that Polly Ann used to fry up her meat a little crispier,' or 'It seems as if Polly Ann used to make my collers a little stiffer.' He stopped it before we had been married a year, for I DIDN'T ENCOURAGE IT IN HIM."

We have no room for further extracts, but we advise everybody to read it. It is profusely illustrated.

Winchester.

WATER SERMON.—At the Unitarian church next Sunday morning, the pastor intends to preach a sermon upon the introduction of water into the town. It will not be a dry sermon.

G. A. R.—Rev. G. C. Lorimer's lecture on the Uneducated Poets of Scotland," will be given on Thursday evening, Oct. 15, instead of the time incorrectly given last week. The lecture is said to be very interesting. Single admission 25 cents.

HARVEST CONCERT. — The Harvest Concert at the Unitarian church last Sunday evening was very fully attended, and quite interesting. The decorations of autumn leaves, fruits and flowers of the season about the pulpit and platform were very fine. The services were peculiarly appropriate, and remarks were offered by R C Metcalf of Boston and the pastor.

CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus last Friday evening elected delegates as follows:—

State,—J C Mason, C H Dunham, W H Bailey.

Congress,—S W Twombly, J F Dwinell, D W Kimball.

County & Council,—F H Nourse, L S Quimby, C O Billings.

Senatorial,—C F Lunt, Salem Wilder, I S Palmer.

SETTLED.—The suits brought by C. M. Rust against S. C. Small, H. C. Miller and B. W. Williams, have been withdrawn, the cases having been amicably adjusted. The following letter explains itself:—

BOSTON, Oct. 5th, 1874.

C. M. Rust, Esq.—DEAR SIR:—Under date of July 28, 1874, I wrote a letter to you containing a reference to some reports that I had heard relating to your engagement with Prof. J. W. Churchill to give a reading in your course of lectures in Winchester, last year. Have since learned and become satisfied that there was nothing wrong on your part with reference to that transaction, and am glad to be able so to state to you; and trust this statement will tend to remove any false impression relating to this matter that the public may have received.

Yours &c.,
B. W. WILLIAMS.

FIRE.—About 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, fire was discovered in the barn belonging to Patrick Crowley on Cross street. An alarm was given, which was responded to by the Waldmyer Hose, the H. & L. truck, the Dwinell chemical, and the Moseley steamer. The extinguisher, J. F. Dwinell, was the only one that played on the flames. The barn was small, and as it contained about three tons of hay, it was soon levelled to the ground. The house received a severe heating, but was saved. The fire was probably the work of an incendiary. There is no insurance. After the fire was nearly extinguished hose was procured to reach the fire from the nearest hydrant, which was 1800 feet distant, with the design of testing the new water works.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.—For last Sunday morning the pastor of the Unitarian church had arranged to have his pulpit here supplied by a brother clergyman from a neighboring town, while he preached in Roxbury. The supply forgot his engagement here and the congregation in large numbers waited patiently for half an hour after the appointed time when there being no prospect of any minister and it appearing that Prof Fay of Tufts' College was in the audience, he was invited to go into the pulpit and conduct a few simple services. He kindly consented and read selections from Scripture and gave out several hymns, all of which were very appropriate. After spending thus a short time, the congregation separated, feeling assured that though they had lost a sermon they had gained much good from the services.

TOWN MEETING. — An adjourned meeting of the voters of Winchester was held last Tuesday evening at Lyceum Hall, T P Ayers, Esq, acting as moderator. The articles to see if the town will authorize the Selectmen and Engineers to buy or hire a piece of land on or near the Plains, on which to build a suitable house for a hose carriage; to see if the town will authorize the Selectmen and Engineers to build a house for a hose carriage on the Plains, and to see if the town will authorize the Selectmen and Engineers to hire a room in which to store hose carriages at each of the locations, at Symmes' Corner and on the West Side, were referred to the Engineers and Selectmen, to be reported upon at the November meeting. It was voted to instruct the Selectmen to appoint a night police. The Treasurer was instructed, under the direction of the Selectmen, to execute a proper deed of the pound lot on Bacon street to Marshal Symmes for land taken for a water course to the bridge. It was also voted to discontinue Cedar street.

MRS. LIVERMORE. — The Winchester Lyceum course of lectures was opened on Monday evening, by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who talked "Concerning Husbands." She began by describing the model husband and wife of the fourteenth century, when the former was all powerful to command, and even whip into obedience, his wife, who was to all intents and purposes a mere slave; when it was a common proverb, that, "He that hath a fair wife needeth more than two eyes." Although the cases are now the exception where a wife is treated as a slave, yet it was a great grievance, in the eyes of the speaker, that married women of the present day are not allowed the rights to hold and use property, which they themselves have earned; and that they are not allowed equal ownership with their husbands of their own minor children, since she who gives them birth has much more to do with their early training and education than does the father. Then she spoke against the law which gives the husband a right to all the property his wife may have; she thought the rule ought to work both ways, and when the wife gives herself entirely to her husband in marriage, he in return, ought to give himself entirely to her. There was much talk, she said, about the "tender vine" twining about the "sturdy oak," and there were many wives who would be glad to be vines, if their husbands were only oaks; but the trouble was that many were only slender saplings. Speaking of the difference in the training of sons and daughters, she said if we should read in the papers that the young ladies of Vassar College had had a champagne supper, and got gloriously drunk, we should be horrified beyond description; but a literary society from Harvard College might go over to Young's Hotel, carouse all night and be helped back by policemen in the morning, and people would say, "Boys will be boys; let them sow their wild oats, and then they will be steady." But no! Whatsoever seed they sow, that shall they also reap. Let us have but one standard of morality for both man and woman, and let that be God's standard. The attendance at the lecture was fair, and we hope the course will prove a success. The next entertainment of the course will be a concert by the Temple Quartette on Friday evening, Oct. 16th, when a pleasant time may be expected.

Lexington.

☞ It was George O. Davis who served as secretary of the Republican caucus instead of F. E. Wetherell.

☞ We hear rumors of coming theatricals. Lexington always does well in that line.

THEFT.—A party of house thieves entered the house of Mr. H. B. Davis a few nights ago, and removed the copper boiler and a lot of lead pipe.

☞ We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that the mechanical and art exhibition now in progress in Boston has met with such success as to demand an extension of the time until the evening of October 17th, and that all the railroads centering in Boston will unite in giving reduced fares to thos who desire to visit the Exposition.

☞ A number of our citizens have adopted the concrete walk in front of their estates, and in the paths from their doors to the sidewalk. These walks are prized by all who use them. Those that were lately placed in our streets and depot yard have already paid for themselves in convenience, and it is pleasant to think of them in the coming winter and the succeeding spring. We should like to see them universally adopted. The cost is trifling, and the benefit and convenience is great.

RE-UNION.—The society known as the Lexington High School Association we are pleased to learn, are to have a reunion. It will be held this year the night after Thanksgiving, and cannot fail to bring together a very pleasant party. Such gatherings always carry with them the elements of success. Old friends, classmates and teachers here revive old scenes and reminiscences, exchange

notes and renew their associations. Naught can mar the perfect enjoyment, but the memory of some face that is absent; but even this only serves to rivet closer the ties that bind together those that are present. We presume that the Association will have an enjoyable meeting, and we trust that many similar ones are in store for the members.

☞ Show your tickets. The season of punches is come and the reign of bother and inconvenience is upon us. The questions arising from the new system are numerous, and may prove quite interesting at the commencement of a new quarter. Our season tickets are being ornamented with a variety of devices such as horse's heads, turtles, semi circles, oblongs, etc. In after years we can imagine the antiquarian busily engaged in studying over one of these skeletons, vainly endeavoring to make out the meaning of the symbols. At present, their meaning is not likely to escape us, being reminded of it twice a day. Some humorous features are connected with the system. Only a day or two ago, we saw one man in the depot with his season ticket suspended by a string from his neck and worn outside his overcoat. He said he did not know when they might want to see it, and so he would be ready. Another person evinces an economical disposition, and picks up the piece punched out, and after having moistened the edges with mucilage, inserts it in its place, and it is punched out again, thus saving a square, and securing the right to an extra ride. So people always evade law. This particular one just adopted is one which makes great trouble both for the passenger and conductor. We have only seen one or two instances of the payment of increased fares, and have noticed no greater objection than a grumble, sometimes emphasized. It is not popular, and we doubt its being of a very long life.

Arlington.

☞ The recently painted hydrants look much better than formerly, with their fresh white caps on the bright, black bodies.

LECTURE.—Hon. Wm. Parsons will open the Arlington Lecture Course, Friday, Oct. 9, 1874, and Judge Parmenter has kindly consented to introduce the speaker on that occasion.

DIRECTION.—The following direction was on a letter received in this town a short time ago:—

Now, Uncle Sam, please saddle your ass,
And carry this letter to Arlington, Mass,
And deliver the same to a bit of a boy
Named Lucius L. Harris in S. Fowle's employ.

☞ Judge Carter said he was returning good for evil when he presented us with a large basket of fine pears this week.

☞ The new brick walk in front of the Savings' Bank building is not the first one of the kind ever laid in town as has so often been asserted this week. There is another one laid years ago, in front of W H Pattee's estate on the avenue.

G. H. A. BALL.—Those who have not as yet secured tickets for the above ball, better get them at once, as the number of tickets are limited, and are mostly all sold. They can be had of any of the committee. Arrangements are all completed, and those who go may depend upon having a good time. Don't forget Friday evening, Oct. 16.

CITIZENS' COURSE.—Rev. Mark Trafton, D. D., opened the lecture season on Wednesday evening in the Town Hall. His lecture, "Birch Canoe," was listened to with much pleasure by the audience, which was smaller than it should have been. Gen. Banks is the next lecturer on the programme, set down for Oct. 17, and he will doubtless draw a crowded house.

ASSAULT.—On Thursday, Oct. 1st, Mr. John F. George was driving down the avenue, and in the upper part of the town, a man who was afterwards identified as Charles Howe, who was evidently crazed by drink, jumped into the wagon from the rear, and knocked Mr. George out under the horse's feet, and pursued him to a house where he found shelter. Last Tuesday Howe was brought before Judge Carter, fined $10 and costs, and $200 bonds to keep the peace.

TOWN MEETING.—Next Tuesday afternoon a town meeting will be held, to decide on the matter of widening Warren street its entire length; to take action in regard to supplying the town with pure water; on the acceptance of Appleton Court as a public way; and to act on the petition of J. T. White and others to the County Commissioners to lay out a county road from Arlington Heights' Station, over Park avenue to a point in Belmont. Most of the articles are mainly of a private nature, but it is to be hoped that good feeling will prevail, and harmonious action be the result. The meeting is called for 4:30 o'clock.

ACCIDENT.—Sunday evening, about half past ten o'clock, two gentlemen from Newton were driving down the avenue from East Lexington, and when near the Arlington Heights' Station the horse became frightened at some market wagon covers, and making a sudden turn toward the sidewalk, the forward wheel struck into the gutter, throwing both the occupants out, and one of them received a severe sprain of the right knee. The horse ran with the forward wheels, and some two hours after was captured and stabled. The unfortunates were conveyed to their homes by a gentleman in the vicinity of the place where the accident occurred.

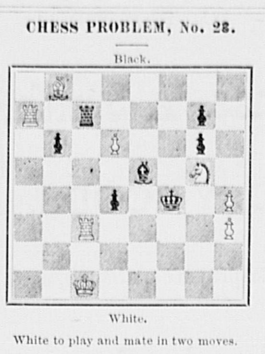
A AND H. A.—The "Ancient and Honorable Artillery" has some half a dozen or more members who are citizens of Arlington, and they went with them on their annual fall parade. This year the visit was to Manchester, N. H. The reception they received was very flattering, but the pleasure of the parade was seriously marred by the nearly fatal accident to one of our townsman, Mr. Thomas E. Thorpe. He was passing a building in process of erection, when a large piece of timber fell from a staging, striking him on the head. He was taken up insensible, and conveyed to the hotel, where he remained insensible up to Wednesday evening, when he partially recovered. Had he not worn the heavy regulation chapeau of the corps, his death would probably have been instantaneous. It will be some days before he will be able to be moved.

A BOOT STORY.—A citizen of this town having failed to get a pair of ready made boots to fit his wife, on account of her having rather "large ankles" and wearing number "sevens" made up his mind to get a pair made to order. One day last week he called at Bany's shoe shop, and asked him if he would undertake the job, and, at the same time telling him what kind of leather to use. The man of "soles" said that he would guarantee to make a pair that would fit her in every respect. The boots were made on the time appointed, and the parties called, tried the boots on, which were found to fit her splendidly, but her husband refused to take them, assigning no reason why he would not take them. The shoeman becoming indignant at the state of affairs, went and had a consultation with his fellow tradesmen down town, stating to them the way he was ordered to make the boots, that he made them according to order, and that the man refused to take them. His brother workmen pronounced the boots made as ordered, and that he could be compelled to take them. Bany at once went to Lawyer Carter, stated his case, and told him to send the man a letter, which was accordingly done. This mean man the day after he received the lawyer's letter, called at Bany's shop, paid for the boots and took them away. He had the boot on the wrong foot that time.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 28.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

WOBURN, Oct 31, 1874.

MR EDITOR,—DEAR SIR:—I give the following as solutions of Problem No 22:

White	Black
R to R8	P to Q3
B to Q5	P x B
R to QB8 mate.	
R to R8	P to Q4
B to P	P x B
R to QB8 mate.	
R to R8	P to Q3
B to Q5	K x B
R to R5 mate.	

Yours truly, H F SMITH.

Married.

In Woburn, Oct. 5th, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. William F. Davis and Miss V. Nettie Barker. No cards. At home Tuesday and Thursday evenings after Oct. 26th.

In Woburn, Oct. 6th, by Rev. C. A. Merrill, assisted by Rev. John H. Mansfield, Rev. Moseley Dwight, of Chelsea, to Mrs. Diantha Harvey, of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Burlington, Oct. 1st, Margaret Keefe, aged 22 years.

In Winchester, Oct. 1, Lavina B. Cameron, aged 3 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 5, Mrs. Mary, wife of Alpha E. Thompson, Esq., aged 55 years, 2 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 5, Mary A. King, aged 62 years.

In Woburn, Oct. 5, Alice E., wife of William H. Burgess, aged 27 years, 7 months,

In Lexington, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Abigail Wright, wife of L. W. Wright, aged 55 years, 10 months.

Special Notices.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The firm of Perry & Eaton is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be settled by J. M. Eaton.

J. M. EATON.
GEORGE PERRY.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1874.

The business will be continued at the old stand by J. M. Eaton. 103.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines,

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, we are now prepared with an entire stock of New Goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library and Dining-Room

FURNITURE.

Draperies & Interior Decorations

At prices that defy competition.

HALEY, MORSE & Co.

411 Washington St. 122

A. A. WALKER

Importer, and dealer in

ARTISTS MATERIALS.

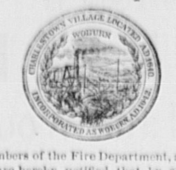
Oil and Water Colors, Canvass Brushes, Drawing Materials, Wax Flower Materials,

STATIONERY, &c.

Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.

127 TREMONT STREET, Boston,

Fire & School Departments.



The members of the Fire Department, and citizens generally are hereby notified that by an arrangement with the Chief Engineer, the steam gong on Simonds's shop will be blown on and after Oct. 18, at precisely quarter before twelve noon, on stormy days when it is desirable to have but one session of the public schools. This notice is given to prevent the signal being taken for a fire alarm. The signal will be one long blast and six short ones.

E. H. DAVIS, Supt. of Schools.

Woburn, Oct. 9th, 1874. 130

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF—

The First National Bank of Woburn,

at Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, at the close of business, October 2d, 1874.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$403,629 79
Overdrafts	8 90
U. S. Bonds to secure Circulation	300,000 00
Other Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages	3,825 00
Due from redeeming & reserve agents	14,937 79
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	25,855 91
Current expenses and taxes paid	16 00
Checks and other cash items	10,745 71
Bills of other National Banks	7,088 00
Fractional Currency (including Nickels)	752 06
Specie (including gold Treasury notes	171 00
Legal Tender Notes	13,419 00
Five per cent Redemption Fund	13,500 00
Total	$793,949 16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$300,000 00
Surplus Fund	87,551 06
Other undivided profits	132 66
National Bank notes outstanding	261,350 00
Dividends unpaid	11,676 28
Individual deposits	128,892 26
Demand Certificates of deposit	4,346 90
Total	$793,949 16

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS—COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, SS:

I, J. R. Green, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of October, 1874.

E. D. HAYDEN, Justice of the Peace.

Correct. Attest,

E. D. HAYDEN,
JOHN JOHNSON, } Directors.
E. N. BLAKE,

Tenements To Let.

INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline A. Coffin, late of Winchester, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by James B. Coffin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October inst, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal* printed at Woburn the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy four.

120 J. H. TYLER, Register.

Hearth and Home

1875. LADIES WANTED As Agents.

A MODEL WEEKLY PAPER FOR THE HOME. The Choicest Literature, Superb Illustrations. Twelve GRAPHIC ETCHINGS, copies of celebrated works of art, presented *at once, free,* to every subscriber. AN UNRIVALLED PREMIUM! Twenty pages weekly, only $3.00 a year, postage prepaid on the paper. See it at news stands. Ask your Postmaster to show you HEARTH AND HOME and the Etchings, and give him your order.

Ladies at Home and men who have other business wanted as agents. Novel plans, pleasant work, GOOD PAY. Send 3 cent stamp for full particulars, or $1.50 for outfit, including the twelve Etchings in elegant Portfolio, and the paper six months to your address. THE GRAPHIC CO., Publishers, 39 and 41 Park Place, New York. 124

FROM $15 TO $50 Per week can be made by either sex, Soliciting for our vulcanized RUBBER STAMP. The Stamps and Ink are first class, best made. We want Local Agents in every town and city throughout the United States. Send stamp for samples and terms, (no postal cards) to

BELKNAP & FITTON, 123
3 School Street, BOSTON.

Collector's Notice.

The Collector will be at his office, Bank Block, every afternoon and evening until Oct. 15th inclusive, to receive taxes.

N. B.—Interest at the rate of 12 per centum per annum will be charged on all taxes not paid on or before that date.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

THE ORIENT OR VEIL NUBIA,

(PATENTED.)

The demand for SOMETHING NEW to take the place of the Nubia, so long worn, has resulted in the production of this stylish Article for Ladies' wear, called the

ORIENT OR VEIL NUBIA.

For sale by Retail Dealers in Dry and Fancy Goods. 131

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To George H. Conn, of Woburn, Mass., and to any and all other persons having an interest in the hereinafter described premises.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said George H. Conn to Thomas J. Porter and Benjamin T. H. Porter, dated September 29th, A. D. 1869, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds in the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1096, fol. 416, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 26th day of October instant, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated about half a mile southeasterly from the common of and in said Woburn, being lots numbered three, four, and five on a plan of lots drawn by Cyrus Thompson, May 30th, 1856, containing forty-two thousand one hundred and sixty square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on a private street, leading southerly from Fowle street, at land of Horace Collamore, thence the line runs southerly on and by said private street, about two hundred forty-two and four-tenths feet to land formerly of John Couillard;—thence easterly by said last named land, one hundred and seventy-five feet to land of Peter McGoff;—thence northerly by land of said McGoff and land now or late of John Robbins, about two hundred forty one and nine-tenths feet to land of said Collamore;—thence westerly by said Collamore's land one hundred seventy-nine feet to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Conn by James D. Taylor, by deed dated February 23d, 1869, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1066, Page 416, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said George H. Conn, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

THOMAS J. PORTER, }
BENJAMIN T. H. PORTER, } Mortgagees
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Oct. 8, 1874.

A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in Sealed Envelope. Price six cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers.

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York
Post Office Box, 4586. 128

819. TAPEWORM 819.

REMOVED in a few hours. No fee asked unless the entire worm with head is expelled, and a perfect cure is effected. Cancers, Ulcers, Tumors, Eliptic Fits, Blood and Skin Diseases, and all Chronic Complaints successfully treated. Cures guaranteed. Consultation free.

Circulars containing names of many prominent citizens whom we have cured, sent free to any address.

52 Drs. CHERRY & BOWLSBY,
819 Washington Street, Boston.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

Nos. 44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

JOHN B. SOUTHER

Successor to Souther, Flint & Co.

MANUFACTURER,

offers for sale at prices from 15 to 25 per cent lower than usual retail prices, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of all articles usually found in a furniture establishment, and as he manufactures most of his goods he is enabled to warrant them to be faithfully made.

All those who are about to replenish their furniture, or to furnish their houses entirely new, are invited to call and examine his stock and compare prices with those of other dealers. 121

JOHN B. SOUTHER,
44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS. PROBATE COURT.

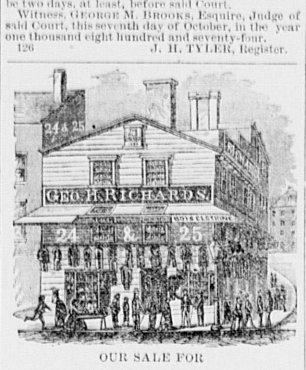
To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph F. Barber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nancy Barber, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

126 J. H. TYLER, Register.



OUR SALE FOR

AUTUMN, 1874.

Promises so much encouragement that we have enlarged our extensive premises, and have laid in upwards of 47

$50,000

Worth of Fresh Goods of every description, in Novelties this Season!

At the "OLD CORNER" 24 and 25 Dock Square

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Is replete with every new pattern and style, and we can now fit and suit

YOUTH or CHILDREN

Of all ages and sizes, with substantial

CLOTHING

For the Fall of 1874, from the best

SELECTED STOCK

We have ever had in our popular establishment.

MENS' SUITS

Also, IN GREAT VARIETY—NOW READY.

☞ Buyers who may visit Boston this Fall to attend the great **Fair at Faneuil Hall**, or otherwise, will find our establishment near the MECHANIC'S EXHIBITION ROOMS, and those in search of substantial Clothing, well made, at moderate charges, will do well to call at the "OLD CORNER," this month. REMEMBER THAT OUR

PRICES ARE

Invaribly the Lowest!

25..........DOCK..........24
24..........SQUARE..........25

Geo. H. Richards

THE

BRYANT & STRATTON

Commercial School,

BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete *Commercial Education.*

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

Collector's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Collector of Taxes for Winchester, will sell at public auction, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on SATURDAY, October 17th, 1874, at the Selectmen's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winchester, for non-payment of taxes for the year 1873.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, taxed to Benj. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 14, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 16,333 sq. ft., and the sum of $10.25 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town Tax and is unpaid.

Also, One other lot of land with building thereon, taxed to said B. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 20, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 10,000 sq. ft., and the sum of $5.63 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town tax, and the same is unpaid.

MIAL CUSHMAN,
Collector of Taxes.

Winchester, Sept. 25, 1874. 18

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 35

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. 33
J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

AGENCY

—FOR—

BARRETT & BROTHER'S

DYE HOUSE,

BOSTON,

At "Horton's Bookstore."

Clothing, &c.

Cleansed

or Dyed

in the best manner. Now is the time to

ECONOMIZE

AND MAKE

Old Clothes NEW!

BRING THEM ALONG TO

195 Main Street, Woburn.
20

FROM THE

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE

17 SEPTEMBER, 1874.

Speaking of the Mechanics' Fair now being held at Quincy and Faneuil Halls, it says:—

"In Section X., the proprietors of 'Oak Hall,' G. W. Simmons & Son, have in operation machines capable of cutting nearly a thousand garments daily—a simple attachment for doing the work of many hands in making button-holes; sewing machines run by new application of steam power, and all the requisite machinery of a first-class clothing manufactory. The cloth-cutting machine, a most ingeniously constructed piece of mechanism, works by steam, cutting from ten to twenty thicknesses of woolen goods at a time, smoothly and evenly, the knife guided by the operator, gliding swiftly through the cloth. Two hundred yards can be traversed in a minute, and the whole apparatus is as remarkable for its simplicity as for its completeness. Then comes the machine for cutting trimmings. From thirty to ninety thicknesses of cambric or other material are cut (the patterns being used as in shoe work), packed by sizes and found ready for use when wanted. The button-hole machine, a very ingenious device, is a small, compact affair, occupying space not more than six inches square. It does it work in a neat and uniform manner, and can be attached to any sewing machine for a trifling sum. All the cumbersome and expensive button-hole machines now in use are superseded by this little affair, which originated in 'Oak Hall,' as did the two machines before mentioned. It is in operation on the 'Remington' machine (which is now commanding great attention) and is applicable to all. This machinery is in almost constant use, and attracts great crowds, who are loud in their praise of 'Oak Hall's' enterprise. Be sure you do not fail to see that portion of Section X, which contains the 'machinery used in manufacturing clothing at Oak Hall.' If you do, you will miss a very interesting portion of the exhibition."

When you visit Boston examine the complete stock of GENTLEMEN'S and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING at

"OAK HALL,"

32 to 38 North Street, Boston.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

ODELL & HUDSON'S

Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55

Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,

WINCHESTER, MASS:

A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY.

☞ Orders by Mail Solicited.

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage given by Albert Willey and Edwin Whitford to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated June 24th, 1871, and recorded in Woburn Town Records, Book 6, Pages 609 and 610, will be sold at public auction, for breach of condition of said mortgage, at the barn hereinafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the property conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A Stable, Barn and Shed, situated on Union street in said Woburn, on land now or formerly belonging to Patty Parker and others, and now or formerly leased to said mortgagers. Said stable, barn and shed is the third building on the southwesterly side of said Union street, is the same building formerly occupied by said Whitford as a Livery Stable, and is now occupied by said Whitford and John C. Plummer, as a Beer Factory.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn, Oct. 2d, 1874. 115

MRS. W. T. AYERS

Will attend to

Dress and Cloak Making,

at her residence, 39

COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.

Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

"A thing of beauty is a Joy forever."

☞ 3,780,064 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM

AND

BARBER SHOP.

5 Railroad St., three doors from Main

WOBURN.

WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.

Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

VISITING CARDS—50 real neat Bristol board cards with your name beautifully printed and a sample sheet of 50 different designs for printing for 20 cts. AGENTS wanted. Have not sold "500,000 within 6 weeks" neither can I warrant $50 a week, but I will send a plain, truthful circular, with full particulars for one 3ct. stamp. I don't say my cards are the best in the world, but one experienced agent says he has seen "NONE that will come up to mine." I furnish more than 40 kinds of visiting cards, have the largest assortment of designs for visiting-card printing, and the prettiest styles ever shown, and no finer impression can be made than from my NICKEL SILVER PLATED TYPE. Nearly all say, "more than pleased." I could fill this paper with compliments my cards have lately received. Address, W. C. CANNON, 15 Box 4863, Boston Mass.

VARIOUS STYLES

New and Pretty

Initial

Stationery!

Assorted Tints.

Legal Fold,

Baronial Envelopes

Handsome Boxes,

25 or 30 cts. each

AT

HORTON'S

Next door to Post Office,

WOBURN.

25

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Terance McGowan to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated December 31st, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex County South District Deeds, Libro 1196, Folio 217, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, on the premises hereafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated in the centre village of Woburn, in said County, containing seven thousand five hundred square feet, more or less and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Gallilee street so called formerly, (now known as Centre street) at land now or formerly of George Flagg; from thence the line runs westerly by land of said Flagg about fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence northerly by land of said Flagg, one hundred and fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg, fifty feet to a stake at said Gallilee street; thence southerly on and by said Gallilee street, one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn, Oct. 2d, 1874. 114

Mrs. L. M. DALTON,

TEACHER OF

Piano & Reed Organ.

Pupils instructed at their homes, or at the residence of the Teacher,

VERNON PLACE, WOBURN.

Orders left with G. W. Pollock, 213 Main St., or Miss M. Clementine Stearns, 224 Main Street, will receive prompt attention. References given if required. 101

REDUCTION

In PRICES of COFFEE!

Old Gov't Java,	-	44c
Maleberry Java,	-	48c
Mocha,	-	52c
Rio,	-	37c

Woburn Tea Store,

190 MAIN STREET,

Opp. Post-Office. H. F. SMITH.

To Let.

Two houses of four rooms each, also three rooms in block corner of Main and Everett Sts. Apply to JOSEPH KELLEY.

For Sale.

A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

For Sale Cheap!

A Melodeon in Piano Case of Rosewood. 99

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad Street.

STOVE FOR SALE.

A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

MUSIC BOOKS for SCHOOLS

AMERICAN

School Music Readers

In 3 Books. By L. O. Emerson & W. S. Tilden.

In **Book I**, which is for **Primary Schools**, we have a 3 years course of study, very plainly laid out, with abundant directions to teachers, and a large number of sweet songs, for the little ones to sing by rote and by note. PRICE 35 CENTS.

In **Book II**, the course above indicated is continued, and becomes a little more theoretic. The Book is fitted for use of the younger scholars in Grammar Schools. PRICE 50 CENTS.

In **Book III**, part singing is introduced, and the ear is trained to harmonic singing. For Higher Classes in Grammar Schools. PRICE 50 CENTS.

The music in these charming and useful books was selected and arranged by the practised hand of Mr. L. O. Emerson, and the theoretic part has been well tested by Mr. Tilden before placing in the Readers.

For HIGH SCHOOLS, nothing succeeds the above Readers better than "**THE HOUR OF SINGING**," ($1.00), already in extensive use. If that has been used, try "**CHOICE TRIOS**," ($1.00) a collection of the best 3-part music.

The new Singing School Book, "**THE SONG MONARCH**," (75 cts.), is attracting general attention as one of the Best Books ever made for Singing Schools.

The above books sent post-paid on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Boston, Lowell & Nashua R R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 4th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7.00, 8.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.

Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 5.00 P. M.

Nashua, 7.00, 8.00† 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00† P. M.

Lowell, 7.00, 8.00† 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.

Billerica and Wilmington, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 6.00 P. M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.

Stoneham (Branch), 8.00, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

East Woburn, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Northern Depot.

‡ A train will leave Boston for Stoneham on Wednesdays 11.15, on Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.

Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.

Nashua, 7.30, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 3.45, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.

Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.

‡ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.

East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20† P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25† P. M.

West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35† P. M.

* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

† Northern Depot.

‡ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.

‡ A train will leave Stoneham for Boston on Wednesdays at 10.05 and Saturdays at 8.10 P. M.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

New Goods! New Store!

Cheap for Cash!

JUL. COHEN would announce to the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken the new store

199 MAIN STREET, 3 doors above Post Office,

where he keeps for sale a large stock of

Gent's. Furnishing Goods,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, etc.

At Very Low Prices!

Please give us a call,

JUL. COHEN, 199 Main St., 3 doors above Pos Office, Woburn Centre, Mass. 30

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at MRS. JOHNSON'S,

31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Soles's Market.

E. O. Soles,

Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store

Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.

where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c.

E. O. SOLES,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

Established in 1861.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The best and largest Stock of

Pianos & Organs

Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly

Reduced Prices for Cash

OR INSTALLMENTS.

Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann,	New York
McCammon,	"
Guild, Church & Co.,	Boston
W. P. Emerson,	"
Vose & Sons,	"
New England Organ Co.,	"
&c.,	&c.

STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties,

Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,

FOR SALE CHEAP.

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,

16 WOBURN, MASS.

House For Sale.

A HOUSE on Franklin street, containing ten rooms, in good repair, to be moved away. Inquire at Mrs. CUTTER'S, corner Winn and Franklin streets. 34

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.

WILMOT'S.

121 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.

☞ The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand,

No. 9 Railroad Street,

where may be found at all times,

Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.

Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention. JACOB R. CURRIER.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,

CLOTHES DRYERS!

AND CLOTHES HORSES.

Thompson's HARDWARE STORE

BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in 40

Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.

Miss Alice E. Bancroft,

would invite the Ladies to call at

No. 138 Main St., Woburn,

where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.

Ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.

Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.

NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

For Sale.

A House in center of Town,—Eight Rooms. For terms apply to

44 C. P. JAYNE,
No. 2, Wade Block.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean, Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,

213 Main Street, Woburn.

Carpets at Low Prices

One Dollar Superfines at 70 cts. per yard.

We have just purchased of the administrator the product of a factory of a late Philadelphia manufacturer, comprising 250 rolls all wool Superfines, modern styles, dollar quality, which we shall sell for 70 cents. These are the cheapest carpets that have ever been offered in this market.

Also, 200 rolls Tapestry Brussels, at $1.10; sold everywhere at $1.50.

Also, 150 rolls 5-frame English Brussels, at $1.50; $2.25 being the former price.

Also 250 rolls good Ingrains, at 45 cents.

Also, an invoice of Stair Carpets, at three quarters value.

Also, 400 rolls Oil Cloth, from 30 cents up to the finest enamelled finish for less than the cost of production.

The above special lines of Carpets our customers will find to be very much under value, presenting an opportunity rarely offered at such low prices. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston

Removed to 85 Hanover St., opp. American House 50

"Chase's" Spring Bed

Patented Dec. 20, 1864, and June 12, 1866.

The Best Slat Spring Bed in the Market

FOR ECONOMY, DURABILITY & COMFORT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

For sale by all first-class Furniture dealers.

JAMES F. COBURN,

51 69 Commercial Street, Boston.

DEAD LETTERS.

A short space of two days, and his vacation would commence. Two weeks! But two weeks were two years of fun, two centuries of rest, two eternities of enjoyment, compared to the constant drag, drag, drag, in that lonely business which took up all his day hours in work, and all his night hours in dreams. Two weeks away from the constant reading of letters which were intended for other eyes than his. How he ever got into the Dead Letter Office he couldn't say, and how he ever staid there without growing wild to the extent of pulling out all his hair and ramming pens into his brown eyes, he couldn't for the life of him, tell. He had staid on two years, and was much honored in a small way, as a skillful clerk in the department. He couldn't tell why again. In fact, his career was a series of "couldn't tell whys," which, however, were the cogs to the wheels which kept his life agoing. Casual Observer might have told why he was considered one of the best clerks in the department, and said Observer would have remarked that it was because he—There! I've got just so far without using a name, and I hoped I'd get clear through the story without committing myself; but it's no use. These pronouns are terribly exacting things, and I shall have to get a name for the "he" before the last dash, or I shall be unable to proceed any farther. Well, Tom will do, won't it? Tom's a name, and there are lots of Toms in Washington, and several Toms in the Dead Letter Office. Now, then, we'll take another start with Tom and the Observer.

I say that the Observer would have remarked that it (go back a few lines for the explanation of the "it") was because Tom had a very tender heart in his possession. A sad thing to have a tender heart when you're dealing with persons, they say. Tom thought it was sadder when dealing with letters. He would choke fifty times each day while reading some earnest, heartfelt epistle which, despite the love and fidelity a mother's hand had buried in the lines, had miscarried, nor would ever reach a dear son's eyes. Or perhaps it was a father's strong call—strong in tears and strong in love—which would never bring back to the home fold a straying daughter.

The letters which Tom opened with a heartache which spread like neuralgia, and somehow filled his whole body with an untold pain, were by the thousand a year; but his interest in the sad cases was never flagging, and he always made a good push to have the letters which came from loving hands for loved ones take one more chance of reaching their destination. If Tom's successes had been each a block of granite, the Washington Monument would have been completed over eleven months ago.

Tom was to have two week's vacation—two weeks, commencing in two days. He wasn't often idle; but this morning he held one of a batch of letters—epistolary corpses—and sat thinking of anything but his work. Where should he go in vacation? There was no mother, or brother or sister waiting for him to go home. There were no kisses of welcome waiting for him among green hills or by pleasant shining waters. Where should he go? Heigho! He couldn't make up his mind. With a shake like a cat awaking, he came back to his work and gazed on the one letter from many in a pile before him he had semi-unconsciously taken up. The direction of the letter was as follows:—

Miss Clara M. Dennett.
St. Albans.
Vermont.

The postmark bore the name of Providence, Rhode Island, and date of July 20, On the other side of the envelope was a pretty monogram of three letters, F. H. W. or W. H. F., or H. W. F., or some combination, Tom couldn't decide which. So he opened the letter and read:—

"CLARA,—My heart is nigh breaking. May I not come back? I was wholly wrong, but my love for you made me unreasonably exacting and unwilling to yield. Forgive me for heaven's sake, and say I may come to you. I will wait one week more in Providence to hear from you. Do write. FRANK."

No date and no signature. "Just like a man in love!" said Tom. "The only thing settled is that the first letter of that monogram is an F., a blue F. That doesn't amount to anything. I don't know the second letter—I mean which it is." Somehow he was led to lay the letter one side instead of throwing it in the waste receptacle. He thought he'd like to look at that monogram once more it was such a pretty one.

Five, six, seven, eight, nine more letters read, and nothing in the shape of business yet. Number ten. Number ten was in a small, delicate hand, directed as follows:—

Mr. Frank H. Wendell,
St. Albans,
Vermont.

This letter bore date of July 21, and postmark, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Tom had quite forgotten for the moment the other St. Albans letter, but of a sudden he cried to himself, "Hullo! St. Albans is full of business to-day." He then opened and read:—

"MY DEAR FRANK—I only hope you have gone back to St. Albans, for Heaven alone knows how else this may reach you. I take my only chance, it seems to me, left for happiness. I must write, since my heart will not let me sit longer and feed on my own sorrow without breaking. Dear, since you went away from me on that sad, sad night, not one moment of peace, not one day when a song was pleasant to hear, no day when I could sit silently glad, has come to me. Only longing for you. I was proud and angry that you could not trust me; and though I could easily have explained, I would not. I, for that short half hour, believed I could bear everything, since I bore your harsh words (as they then seemed. Now, I know I was wrong. Darling, will you not write to me?—just one word to say you forgive me, and, if you can, say you still love me? Shall I never see you again? Dear heart, I was never anything but true to you, and that I can show you if you will only come to me, or let me write to you. Will you not write to me? Just one letter, and I will bless you each day I live, if God lets me live a thousand years.

"Always being, I am still, only yours,
CLARA F. DENNETT.
Wallace street, Fitchburg.

P. S. I am with my cousin, passing the summer, and unless I hear from you trust I may never return to St. Albans."

"By Jove!" said Tom, here are two which go together. Where's that other letter? Yes! As I'm a poor, lonely mortal, I've got the two in a heap, and now I must deal them a new hand.' (Tom was rather given to card playing, therefore his language.) So he put the two aside, and left them in a closer union as letters than they had been in as beings. If Tom had been a mesmerist, or a believer in mesmerism, he would probably have wondered if the joining of those two letters would have any influence on the day's life of the two writers. As he wasn't, he didn't; *i. e.*, wasn't a mesmerist or believer, he didn't wonder; he only commenced to form a plan for his vacation. The commencing ended just half an hour after his day's work was over.

"I'm going to Providence day after to-morrow, Mrs. Wilkins," said Tom to his landlady that evening.

"On business, Mr. Tom?" (Of course she didn't say Mr. Tom, but it will do just as well.)

"No'm; it's my vacation."

"I hope you'll have a good time."

"My trust is in Providence," said Tom a little irreligiously, but he couldn't resist the pun. "And I've always wanted a clam bake, and they do say there's no spot on the earth for a clam bake like the little back yard they call Rhode Island."

Day after to-morrow became to day, and Tom started.

Ere long Tom has smoked a whole cigar, and got several miles on his way towards Providence, Rhode Island. A quest he calls it; an attempt to find out Frank H. Wendell, and re-introduce him to Clara F. Dennett. He lived with these two all his journey. Clara had blue eyes and fair hair he was confident; Frank wore a slight moustache and was rather thin, he was certain; and so he built up two imaginary persons, and even found himself foolishly trying to fit his imaginations on to fellow travellers.

Providence at last. Hotel a few moments after. Tea after dressing. Plenty of time, thought Tom, and he didn't go out that night. There was no harm in a brief perusal of the city Directory, however, and so Tom stood at the hotel counter, and monopolized the Directory chained to the marble. "W-a—W-e—W e n d—Wendell. Here it is," said Tom, muttering to himself. There were a few Wendells, but no Frank or Francis H., not even a simple Frank or Francis.

"Do you know a Mr. Frank Wendell?" queried Tom of the hotel clerk.

No, he didn't, the clerk answered, after he had got through staring at Tom.

"Who'd be likely to know a young fellow about the city?" again queried Tom.

Well (second long stare) the clerk thought he (the clerk) would, and he'd never heard of Frank Wendell, or any other Wendell, except an old fellow who sometimes came round to buy bottles at the hotel. That wasn't the one the gentleman meant, was it?

Tom thought not.

Tom was manifestly brought up standing; so he went to bed.

Next morning he had another look at the letters. The delicately written one gave him no clue for the present. Certainly the other didn't. Tom put them both on the mantle piece, and turned to brush his hair at the mirror (a two by one and a half bit of looking glass) While Tom's auburn locks were being "fixed," a nice little gust of wind "unfixed" them; but at last his hair was dressed. Tom turned to take the letters and—"Confound it, if they haven't tumbled into the pitcher of water."—There was such a receptacle on the table under the mantel piece. "Now I must dry them, I suppose. Just my cursed luck!" He took them on to dry land, the shipwrecked letters, and patted them gently with a towel. The monogram letter had been cut open at one end, but the water had loosened the flap, and it easily turned back.

"Mean 'stickum' they put on these envelopes," said Tom, and then he paused to read the maker's name. On the edge of the envelope in raised letters was the following, "W. A. Johnson, 51 Blank Street,"

"By the blood of all the Howards!" cried Tom, "I've got it. If my friend, my dear friend, my new found Johnson doesn't know for whom he made that monogram, he'd better sell out and go into the fish trade. Peradventure I call at 51 Blank street to-day."

Tom did call.

Mr. Johnson was in?

"Yes," said a nice girl who waited upon Tom, and he'd be down in one moment.

Johnson came and Tom asked him a question or two. Johnson said in substance—

"I made that monogram for Mr. Wendell some time since, and he was then living with an uncle,—I think he told me at—" (consulting an old order book) "No 17 So and So street. At any rate, that's where the paper was sent."

Tom immediately ordered a monogram for himself out of pure gratitude. He then called at No. 17. Mr. Wendell had been staying there, but had left three days before for Boston. Servant didn't know whereabouts in Boston. Would inquire of Missis. Coming back, servant said missis thought at the Tremont House, if he hadn't gone to New York.

"On the way to Fitchburg," sententiously said Tom, as he took the next train for Boston.

Mr. Wendell was stopping there, said the clerk of the Tremont House. "Here show the gentleman to No. 85."

No one in.

Tom waited about an hour, walked over the burned district, and came back. Mr. Wendell had returned and was in his room. Tom went up to No. 85 and knocked.

"Come in!" and in he went, to find a young fellow, with a full beard, tall and quite stout.

"So much for my imagination," said Tom to himself. "She'll be fat and a brunette."

"This is Mr. Wendell?" queried Tom.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Excuse my continuing my toilet," said Wendell, buttoning his shirt collar.

"Mr. Frank Wendell?" asked Tom, to make certain.

"Yes, sir; Frank Wendell."

Then Tom went to the very bottom of the matter, and said—

"I come from a friend of yours,—Miss Dennett," (how Wendell blushed and then turned pale!) "she's also a particular friend of mine (only she don't know it," said Tom, sotto voce), "and she would like very much, if you can spare the time, to have you call on her. She's living in Fitchburg, and—"

"For God's sake, when does the next train start?" and Wendell was rushing down stairs and grabbing a "Dial" railroad sheet in less than four seconds. Time enough there was, and a little bag was soon packed. Tom thought he'd go down to Fitchburg too, to see the thing out. And he and Wendell went down together. They went over to Wallace street, and hit the house after three trials. Tom would wait in the hall, he thought. Tom heard one scream, a rush, two kisses, and several other things too "numerous to mention," and was on the point of crawling out the front door when the heavy hand of Wendell was laid on his shoulder.

"Come in, and explain this thing.—she says that she never heard of you before."

"No m re has she," said Tom, laughing; and seating himself on the sofa, he explained the whole affair.

I'm not certain, but I believe Clara kissed him. At all events, a few days after he went back to Washington a very happy fellow, having made others so happy.

That was a year ago, nearly. Casual Observer told me a day or two since that Tom had received cards to the wedding of F. H. Wendell and Clara F. Dennett, to come off a week from next Monday, and also that Tom has been corresponding for some time with Miss Emma Dennett, a sister of Clara's. Furthermore, Casual says "If you want to hear two people rave in praise of another fellow, you should hear Miss Dennett and Mr. Wendell talk about Tom.—*Bazar.*

A MOTHER'S HOLY LOVE.—The excitement that existed in Philadelphia concerning the case of the kidnapped child extended to all classes, and every mother in the city was for a time so wrought up upon the subject that she could hardly be induced to permit her children to go out of her sight. Gillespie lives on Tenth street, in the same row with Mrs. Maginnis. He moved in a few days, and Mrs. Maginnis had not had an opportunity to become acquainted with him. He is very near-sighted, and when he came home the other afternoon he thought he saw his boy playing in the gutter, and he approached the youngster with the intent to pick him up and carry him into the house. The fact, however, was that it was Mrs. Maginnis's boy, and that estimable woman was watching him with one eye, while the other one rested upon the second story window which she was washing. When she saw Gillespie seize the child, she knew at once that the kidnapper had come, and as Gillespie walked off with his booty under his arm, a red-haired woman in a condition of frantic excitement, might have been seen shooting down stairs and through the front door with the velocity of light. Gillespie discovered his mistake just as he caught sight of the infuriated Maginnis approaching him, and apprehending trouble, he dropped the child and ran. By the time they had gone round the block twice, Gill espie had no only Mrs. Maginnis and six policemen at his heels, but eighteen hundred other people, and half a hundred dogs. At last he darted up an alley and endeavored to jump over his back fence, but just as he reached the top, the avenging Maginnis arrived, and caught him by the legs, and before he could explain himself, the policemen had hammered him considerably, and four of the dogs had bitten chops out of his legs, He is in bed yet, and will probably not be around again till the bumps on his head subside, and the dog bites heal. When he does get out again he will wear glasses.—*Max Adeler.*

TOO OFTEN TRUE.—Some men take too much money out of the business to expend in household expenses and lavish display and speedily bring themselves to the verge of bankruptcy. One old gentleman who had commenced life as a poor boy, had, by mastering the difficult steps to final success, gained considerable wealth as a merchant; when he arrived at old age he retired to private life, to live in ease and comfort on his income, leaving a prosperous business in the hands of his son. In three years the young man was bankrupt. He had failed in business and was compelled to take a position as clerk in a stranger's store. His father was asked why it was that, in a business in which he had succeeded so well, his son had failed. He gave this characteristic answer:—"When I first commenced business, my wife and I lived on porridge. As my business increased we had better food; and, when I could afford it, we had chicken. But, you see, Johnnie commenced with the chicken first."

EXPLAINED IT TO HER.—Yesterday morning, says the Detroit *Free Press*, an old lady, who lives in the west part of this country, was selling some butter to a grocer on Michigan avenue, and some one mentioned something about the Beecher scandal. "What is that thing, anyhow?" asked the old lady. "Its bin in the papers, but my eyes are poor, and I haven't felt like reading." "Well, it's just this," replied the grocer, as he scraped out the crock; "You see, Mr. Beecher hired Mrs. Tilton to knit him twelve pairs of socks, and when she got 'em done he tried to pass a counterfeit bill on her." "Is that so?" exclaimed the aged dame; "well, I don't blame the papers a single bit for showing him up—he's worse'n a vagaround!"

☞ At a trial in Auburn, N. Y., the counsel for government after severely cross-examining a witness, suddenly put on a lock of severity, and exclaimed: "Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?" "A different story from what I have told, sir?" "That is what I meant." "Yes, sir, several people have tried to get me to do so, but they could not." "Now, sir, I want you to tell me upon oath who those persons were."

"Well," said the witness, "I guess that you've tried 'bout as hard as any of 'em."

☞ "Is my face dirty?" remarked a Meriden young lady to her aunt, while at dinner at a Hartford hotel, the other day. "Dirty! No, why do you ask?" "Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. I've thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts another one before me."

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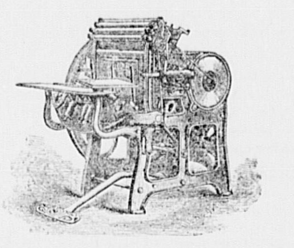
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Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There cometh a festival season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes;
The sun from his cloud-chadowed chamber
Smiles soft on the vision so gay,
And dreamed that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air
As if angels, while heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright roses floating there.
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love,
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.

These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous, tearful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeting,
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As, at parting, we watch a dear friend.

O beautiful Indian summer!
Thou favorite child of the year!
Thou darling, whom nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountains and meadows awhile!
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightest and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Selected.

SHOUTING BAXTER.

As to the exact date of Shouting Baxter's advent among the people of Snufftown Mountain, the writer cannot say. Sometime, I believe, between the years 1854 and 1855. The circumstances of his first appearance are well remembered, as it was made under somewhat peculiar auspices. It seems that during one fine evening in May, Bill Jones and Joseph Peters got into an unusually violent discussion over a game of chance. With the characteristic alacrity common to mining districts, the customary epithet was applied, and hands sought the ever ready revolver. The first impulse was to shoot quick, but the room being very much crowded, and there being a possibility of stray bullets "fetchin'" innocent parties, the door was thrown open and the principals adjourned to the road. As the cool air greeted the sweltering crowd there came to them from across the way, a voice, deep, strong and musical:

"No truer man than old Tom Bowlin'
And now he's gone aloft."

There must have been something prophetic in the last line; at all events the antagonists stopped short. Possibly the hearty cheery tones of the voice had something to do with their hesitation. It would have been a pity, anyway, to have disturbed such harmony by the burning of misused gunpowder. The owner of the voice arose from the boulder upon which he had been sitting and came forward. The flickering rays of the tallow dips, revealed a powerfully built, medium sized figure having a decidedly salt water air about it. A good-humored face beamed upon the curious crowd, and made a favorable impression at once. His head was covered by a "wide awake," and beneath it was a luxuriant crop of closely curling iron-gray hair. Upon his body he wore a heavy shirt of dark blue flannel, with an open collar secured by a silk neckerchief tied in the true sailor fashion. His legs were encased in heavy duck breeches, rather the worse for wear, and upon his feet were the conventional cowhide boots. As he stooped to deposit the bundle he carried, his eye caught sight of the cocked revolvers in the hands of the two antagonists.

"Awast there! Wot's the row-de dow, 'at ye've got yer pieces ontackled?" queried the stranger. There was no answer to the question; the principals shuffled uneasily for a moment and then put up their weapons with a visible air of embarrassment.

"That there's Christian-like, mates," said the stranger, with a good humored smile as he noted the action. "No blood's spilt an' so much the better. An' now, if the gentlemen hev no objections, we'll all ship a sea. Fer my part, I'm wery dry, an' ez there hain't goin 'ter be no fun'l we might ez well call in the mourners."

So saying, he led the way into the saloon, the crowd following silently. After the usual refreshments had been partaken of, a citizen introduced himself as "the big dog in this yer place," and requested the stranger to tell his story. Very easily done and briefly told. Boniface Baxter was his name and sailor was his profession. He came to California along with some others, and a pocket full of money. Casting about for chances, he fell afoul of the Bella Union, "bucked" the bank, and the "Kerwaiyo" took it. Without a shot in the locker, he took another tack and plunged into mining pursuits. Good luck and bad luck—mostly bad luck—had been his lot since he landed. Sometimes he would sail along with a free wind and everything drawing, and then the wind would haul and luff him up sharp. He had gone on from port to port, but never got cargo enough to pay him for heading due east; and here he was, bound for no port in particular. "But, ez you folks sez, I'm bound to make a spoon or spile a horn. Give me enough to claw off shore with, an' I'm satisfied, mates," said this maritime philosopher. And then he lifted up his voice and tipped them a stave of a roaring sea song.

"Stranger," said the 'big dog' with husky emotion, "you're a man arter our own hearts—put it thar. My name's Hanky Moore—Hanky *Moore*, an' yours to command. Ef my mem'ry sarves me right, an' I think it does—you said your name was Boniface Baxter. Now I think thet it was playin' the thing pooty low down fer ter hev a man's payrents give him sich a handle. Why do I think so? Because it sounds kinder onnateral. On account of your singin' qualities I name you 'Shoutin' Baxter,' and ef all hands is willin' we'll irrigate again."

There being no objections all hands irrigated again.

"An' now, mates," said Shouting Baxter, "what may be the name of this port? Ye see I don't know the lay o' the land jest yet, an' a man likes to know where he's comin' to an anchor."

Snufftown was the name of this particular camp, he was informed, and right above them loomed the mountain. Right above them, grand and gloomy now, loomed Snufftown Mountain. A thousand feet in height, standing apart from the main body of the Sierra Nevadas, as as if placed there by some mighty convulsion of nature ages ago. Down its sides rushed and leaped torrents of the clearest water, rushed and leaped until they reached the long wooden flumes, and came out red and turbid at the other end. Up the incline grew dense masses of pines, with here and there huge patches of bare grey rock, relieving the rich green of the foliage. When the sun rose and peeped over the mountain's top it threw a beam of glory over the valley, and warmed the hearts of the busy workers below, though why, they did not know. With radical democratic principles they had an utter contempt for the poetical. Happy and healthy, they had no inclination for inquiring into reasons. Snufftown Mountain may have been picturesque, romantic and all that, but the name was good enough for them. This disregard of appropriate nomenclature was not confined to one particular place, but was widely extended. Two of the prettiest little valleys in the State once bore the names of "Buzzard Canyon" and "Hog's Wallow." With the growth of refinement and prosperity the sobriquet of Snufftown Mountain and others in common became things of the past.

Shouting Baxter located a claim and proceeded to develop it. After making several amusing mistakes, such as taking base metals for the real article, he arrived at bed rock and was fairly on the road to fortune. No man in the camp was more industrious than he. From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, he was always at his post, working away happy and contented. Sometimes he would pause to listen to the whistle of a quail or the chattering of a cedar bird overhead, and then he would carol a rollicking ditty which would stir up the echoes and cause the men about, to rest from their work and listen.

Sometimes, but not often, Shouting Baxter indulged in thoughtful moods. Generally when the evening breezes came in all salt laden from the sea. Then he seemed to yearn for the wild sea life again. But not long. Baring his brawny arms, upon which were printed various nautical devices, he would launch out into a long and sometimes exaustive narrative of how he first shipped on the schooner Mary Ann Tucker; of the numerous perilous voyages he had made in that fast sailing craft; and how the Mary Ann Tucker came to grief at last by running on the rocks of Los Hormizas while coming up this very coast one dark night. "An' then," sang he—

"The foaming billows did roll, roll, roll,
And the raging winds did blow-w-w-w!
While us poor sailor lads were skipping to the tops,
And the land lubbers lay down below, below, below!
An' the land-lubbers lay down below-w-w-w!"

"So, mates," continued Shouting Baxter in a subdued tone, "I shipped in a bark bound fur Down East, and got in port jist in time to get my old mother's blessin'. Ye see her v'yage of life had ended, an' she was goin' to square accounts with the Great Purser above. She laid her hands on my head—it wasn't as gray as it is now, nuther—an' sez she, 'The blessin' of God on all who go down on the sea in great ships, and on my lad in perticlar.' An' then," said Shouting Baxter, but not irreverently, "she let go, and come to anchor in a heavenly port."

On such occasions the depressing influences did not last long, the peculiar surroundings developing an immense vitality, and having a remarkable effect on the recuperative powers. A man has even been known to kill his best friend, and after taking a cursory view of the deceased party, go away with a smile on his face, to hunt up an undertaking volunteer.

A year after the advent of Shouting Baxter, another remarkable personage made his appearance in the camp. It seems that Joseph Peters and his pick had a struggle with a refractory fragment of quartz one day. After many futile efforts to dislodge the object Joseph was constrained to swear. As he did so, an arm was thrust under his and the pick gently taken from his grasp. "Say, hello, you!"—but the owner of the arm answered not a word, but went silently and patiently to work, and in a few minutes unearthed the bowlder.

"There, my friend. You see that it only needed patience to accomplish your object. It was not worth the profanity you have bestowed upon it," said the stranger.

"Now look yer," was the angry rejoinder, "I'd like to know what business it is of yours if I swear?"

"It is my mission to prevent it if I can my friend," was the mild answer.

"Mission—what mission? Dolores?"

"You do not understand me. My mission is good will and charity to all men."

The clear, honest eyes looked straight into those of the man confronting him.

"Oh I twig. You're one of these yer preacher folks."

"You are right. My labor of life is to do good."

"A wery good object, I'll allow; but in this yer camp it 'ud be labor thrown away," said Peters in a more respectful tone. "Ye see, they'd stock their keerds on ye, an' freeze ye out certain. No use a prayin' with us."

"Sir," said the preacher, "I have never believed that any man could ever be so utterly bad that there was no chance for his redemption. I mean to do what I can in this community. I will see you again." And shaking hands with the skeptical Peters he turned away

"That heart o' yourn is in ther right place, but I'm railly afraid you'll be under the dog, in this fight," muttered Joseph, looking after him.

That night when the sun had hid behind the distant hills, and the shadows had melted into a general gloom, the preacher gathered a crowd about him and briefly stated his intentions. He had come among them for the good of their souls. Could they give him any encouragement? The question elicited a few sarcastic remarks, but it was evident that his words had made a favorable impression upon the majority of his hearers. Shouting Baxter had been sitting apart, an interested listener. When the preacher ceased to speak he arose, and gravely taking off his hat deposited a handful of coin in it.

"Ther's a broadside, mates," said he; "who'll foller it up?" Some contributed generously, some laughed and turned away. When he had made his collection Shouting Baxter tendered it to the preacher, saying—

"It isn't much, brother, but it'll keep ye, fur a short spell, I reckon."

To his utter surprise the preacher refused to take it. If they had no objection, he would rather have them use it in erecting a house of worship. They had evidently misunderstood him. There was an ominous silence for a few moments, and then Hanky Moore stepped forward with an angry frown.

"Does the brother take us fur a lot of heathen?" he inquired. "What does the brother mean by coming among a passel of peaceable citizens and seekin' to cause hard feelins'? Have they injured him in anyway that he should crowd them so close? No, he thought not."

Being the principal saloon keeper in the camp, Hanky Moore felt that an institution of the kind proposed would encroach upon his right. In the midst of an exciting discussion, Shouting Baxter placed himself by the side of the preacher and imposed silence.

"Don't go rushin' at your puddles so pesky risky, mates," said he. "This gent means right, an' he's goin' to be righted, or my name's not Boniface Baxter, formerly fust mate of the Nancy Dawson. He's goin' to stay in this very identical camp, an' he's goin' to have his meetin' house if Baxter has to build it himself, Now if there's a goin' to be any freezin' out, you can muster me out of the ship's company."

The gaping crowd could scarcely believe their senses, to see the light hearted whiskey drinking life of their boisterous crew thus boldly stand forth and champion a cause supposed to be foreign to his principles. When they got a clearer grasp of the subject and felt the full significance of his remarks, there was not a voice raised to defy him. The victory was won and the preacher was a fixture.

* * * * * * *

It was near the approach of the long, rainy days when the little Methodist chapel had received the finishing touch and was dedicated to the Master and the sacred use it was intended for. It was a singular scene, that first service. Rough heavy bearded men sat with a shame faced, yet anxious expression upon their faces; belted, booted and armed, with here and there a miner's wife, but all decorous and silent, Throughout the long sermon, Shouting Baxter sat directly in front of the little pulpit with his arms folded, and never once removed his eyes from the face of the earnest minister, who was imparting what seemed to them new lessons. The deep eloquent voice of the preacher made a profound impression on his rude hearers, and upon none more so than Shouting Baxter. The rugged outlines of the sailor's face softened, as the divine truths sank into his heart and opened his eyes to newer and brighter views. When the sermon ended the grizzled head had sank upon a heaving chest, for a moment he sat, and then rising he pressed the preacher's hand and walked quietly away. That night in the rude little chapel by the roadside, was the turning point in Shouting Baxter's life. He sought the preacher, and from him found the way to salvation. The sturdy, self reliant character of a man who would do a good deed in spite of scoffings and ridicule, was good stuff to make a sincere Christian of. So the preacher thought, and in a few short weeks Shouting Baxter was converted. By his means many of his friends were brought into the narrow path, away from the allurements of Snufftown Mountain. His cheery, musical voice was loudest in the hymns of praise, and his prayers, though interspersed with the terms of his former profession, were distinguished for their touching simplicity and earnestness of feeling.

Years have rolled on since then, but the little chapel still stands by the roadside. It looks rough and homely. Everything is changed—even the name of the towering mass of earth and rock, at the base of which it is sheltered. But in spite of progress and improvement, the chapel still stands safe from the profane touch of man. Its founder lived a godly and upright life, and when he died, the chapel's bell sorrowfully told that a good and earnest Christian had gone to that well deserved home the earthly never see.

THE GREAT CONCESSION.

There is much clamor nowadays about the restraints upon the happiness and liberty of life, about the fetter that a wedding ring becomes; in short about the bondage of marriage.

It seems strange that we have been marrying during such numberless generations before discovering the great burden of this bondage; and we ask ourselves if we are like the oak tree planted in a vase that really became so large at last as to burst the vase asunder, or if it is merely a fungus and excresence upon us that we mistake for growth. Why is it that marriage has become irksome to the members of this generation so suddenly that the air rings with complaints about it where nothing but peaceful remark and accepted commonplace once reigned? Our grandmothers, we have always understood, got along tolerably well, and contented themselves with merely now and then looking at the subject of divorce, where their grandmothers would have shut their eyes and run by; for those worthy creatures held divorce to be no better than a brand of disgrace, and if they could have seen the freedom with which their descendants handle the matter they would have felt as if those descendants brought back the times of the Levtie and his concubine.

It is true that knowledge has increased among woman—knowledge of science, knowledge of the world, knowledge of themselves, of "man the wonderful, and the whole earth." But it has increased more than correspondingly with men, through the greater facilities that they enjoy; and as fast as a chain has been seen to oppress women, and the fact thoroughly understood, it has been removed by those only who could remove it. If woman have reached a point where they can see a broader horizon, their masters have been there before them, and have waited simply for them to appear and claim their foot hold; they have not perhaps extended a helping hand very freely, for women to climb upon, but then, till lately, women have never asked it. We use the term "masters" advisedly, though not invidiously, for, since the beginning of the world, both through circumstances and through the nature of things, men have been masters—masters of the weak, masters of those who needed protection, masters of the spoils; and they, out of the superabundance of their power, have yielded to women, so far, every point that has been gained. The savage who had his huts full of captured or stolen or purchased female slaves, yielded a great point when he made one among those slaves a definite and honored wife; his successor yielded a greater when he surrendered all the others, and became no longer the master of a harem, but the husband of one wife—became the man who "loved one only, and clave to her." But all that he did out of his own choice, and with no other compulsion than that of fitting circumstances, since if he had not chosen he need not have done it, for we can not here say that he was driven by public opinion, because he himself made public opinion. Never, to our mind, in all his history, did he obtain so great a victory over himself and his passsions as he obtained in establishing the fact of one man's marriage with one woman.

Strange it is, then when it took so long and weary a while to gain this concession of monogamous marriage, that now there should be such a bitter dissatisfaction with it, and such an effort to disrupt its bonds, as there appears in many directions to be heaving through the substratum of society! One is tempted to inquire whether it is man who is chagrined at what he has surrendered, or woman who is weary of what she has gained. Has the luxury and splendor of the age weakened its moral principle, and we are unable to maintain ourselves at any height of virtue? If one thing is right and another pleasant, must we of necessity have the pleasant? Are we totally unable to exert sufficient effort to make the right thing the pleasant one also, or has the love of ease and delight so lixiviated our whole natures that we can not know the right when we do see it?

Doubtless the nature of man and woman being much the same, however their respective powers may have increased, our ancestors had nearly as many domestic trials as we do. If the wife, then accustomed to look upon herself more as an inferior, did not demand so much consideration as the wife who has discovered her equality before Heaven, if not before the law, and so saved much of the trouble of the modern rebellions round the hearth, nevertheless the appliances of extended civilization for comfort in the household, by doing away with many occasions for discord, quite counterbalance the other trouble, so that the average of cause for differing between husband and wife is probably no greater now than formerly. Yet the differing is certainly far greater; and we are afraid that the blame for it must be laid equally between the want of self control and the easy opportunity for rectifying mistakes that the decreasing disapproval of divorce affords. If our forerunners disagreed, they knew there was no outside help for it, since divorce was not easy to be had, and was shameful when obtained; and the only thing for them to do was to fight it out on that line, and let the weaker go to the wall. They fought it out, then, those that came of a fighting strain; and the other sort reasoned it out, and one submitted and made the best of it; and in either case they seemed to have self respect enough to keep their affairs to themselves, and deny their neighbors the delectation of a free discussion of them; and we do not see but that the children they reared were quite as wholesome and virtuous as the children we are rearing in the present day. Certainly the inheritance of the self control of that parent who in the last resort submitted is more strengthening and healthy than the inheritance of that weakened purpose, that curtailed power of resistance, that anger and vindictiveness swollen by indulgence, that preference of comfort to duty, that forgetfulness of the effects of action upon others, that renunciation of obligations, which are too frequently the necessary accompaniments of divorce. And we feel sure, accordingly, that if the present loose severing of marriage ties goes on, the poor parents of the next generation will be rated on the moral scale as something much higher than the children of it.

Instead, then of freer divorce laws, making oaths and promises of no account, we need more stringent views concerning the sanctity of marriage and the impregnability of its bonds and barriers. People rush into marriage now almost as lightly and inconsiderately as they dance off to a picnic or a pleasure party. Youth thinks its instincts better guides than the mature judgment of guardians; guardians recoil from the responsibility of interposing obstacles; friends sympathize with romance; the present alone is thought of; the future is a thing of naught. It is all the bright, sunshiny present till that future slowly rolls up above the horizon, and brings the night and darkness with it. Then opposing natures refuse to mingle, opposing educations and tastes jar; the summer day love vanishes; each party to the poor contract seeks only its own happiness, regardless of the other's good; crimination and recrimination lead to open warfare, and the solemn oath to Heaven, that promised faithfulness for better or for worse, proves to have been nothing but idle breath, while the two foolish creatures who came together without thought, as easily as if the wind blew them, go apart as easily, to alight like the butterflies among new roses, and having no more idea that there should be any inviolable quality in marriage than the beasts of the field have.

Yet marriage is not only a simple contract between two individuals; it is not only a religious contract, calling Heaven to witness and take part; it is a civil contract into which society at large enters, and under which it has rights as well as the two contracting individuals have—the right, for instance, not to be stained by abuse, the right not to be injured by paupers and criminals and the ignorant, the right to claim that what was begun according to law shall be carried out according to law, the right to insist that the majesty of the law shall maintain itself calm and even handed, and not give way before vulgar clamor. And we think that society will do well for itself to remember that calling black white does not make it white, that to legalize a wrong will not make it intrinsically a right, and that the passage of ordinances saying in future the betrayal of marriage vows shall be called free divorce will never make it any other than the original sin which they were passed to prevent.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Sad Story.—A little boy having heard a beautiful story about another little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy wouldn't tell a lie, he in time got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now it so happened on the last day of March he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like to have for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning, he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet and went out into the garden. There, as luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's favorite cherry tree. "My eyes!" the little fellow exclaimed to himself, "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree." It was a wicked thought, for it led into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him—just the thing for a sharp little hatchet. And there was the hatchet—strong, sharp and shining, just the thing for a favorite cherry tree. In another instant the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and before long a small boy was seen rushing towards the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now? Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry tree?"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry tree is—"

"Say no more," said the father extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son, and that was my favorite tree; but you have told the truth. I forgive you. Better to—"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father," he whispered, "*April Fool!* I haven't touched the cherry tree: but I most chopped the old apple stump to pieces."

"You young rascal you?" cried the father. "Do you mean to say that you haven't chopped the cherry tree? April fool your old father, will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob the little boy obeyed. Then shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, "it is the first of April. Go thy way."—*St Nicholas.*

☞ It was "darling George" when a bridal couple left Omaha; it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George;" and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say you."

A PLACE FOR FIFTY DOLLARS.

Last week the following advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers of New York City:

Will procure a Plain Penman a salaried position worth $75 per month who will recompense the advertiser with 50 dollars. Address O. B——.

A *Sun* reporter answered the advertisement. The next day he received the following:

Dear Sir:—Please call at 187 Bleecker street (Grove House) to-morrow at one o'clock, P. M. (O. B.) G. M. Rawlins.

The reporter called at the Grove House at the time appointed. Mr. Rawlins occupied room 84, and received his visitor very courteously. He is a young man, apparently about 20 years old. There is a slight look of dissipation about the eyes, but otherwise he is not unprepossessing. He told his story in a bashful manner, natural to an honorable young man about to make such a bargain for his services. He said:

"I have been employed for nearly two years in the office of a certain railroad company. I am about to leave that position to assume a more advantageous one with my brother, who keeps a large dry goods house in Kansas City, The manager of the office has made no arrangements to fill my place, and I think a man with the necessary qualifications can secure it by applying in time. I received $75 a month, and my successor will probably get the same. Now, such a position in these hard times, ought to be worth $50 to a man, and if you will promise on your word of honor to pay me that sum after you have gained the place, I will tell you where the office is and introduce you to the manager. I have no influence whatever with him. All I can do is to sell my knowledge of the vacancy, payment to be made only in case you are engaged to fill it."

The reporter agreed to pay Mr. Rawlins fifty dollars as soon as he had engaged himself to the "certain railroad company."

"It is too late to find the manager in the office to-day," said O. B. Rawlins; "but if you will meet me here in the morning we will go and see him."

The next morning the *Sun* reporter was ready bright and early. His friend, O. B. Rawlins was ready, and the two walked down Broadway to Courtlandt street. On the way Mr. Rawlins explained that the certain railroad was the Pennsylvania, and that the manager's name was Mr. Bond—"a splendid fellow to work under."

While crossing West street, Rawlins suddenly exclaimed, "There he is now, just coming out of the office, I'm sorry for that, as he seems to be in a hurry, and I would like this business settled so that I could start for Kansas City to-night."

The reporter looked at the man pointed out as Mr. Bond. He is tall and fine looking, with a long blond moustache, and seemingly about thirty-five years old.

O. B. Mr. Rawlins hurried up to him and said a few words. Mr. Bond shook his head, then seemed to relent and looked at his watch. "O. B." beckoned to the reporter who modestly and nervously approached. The introduction over, Mr. Bond said:

"I have not engaged any one to fill Rawlins' place yet; but I have no time to talk to you now—unless [an afterthought] you will walk along with me up the street."

Of course the reporter walked along. His qualifications for a railroad clerk, as rehearsed by himself appeared to strike the august manager favorably. At the Merchant's Hotel he paused and said—

"Now suppose you step in here, and show me a specimen of your writing."

The specimen was prepared and duly appreciated by Mr. Bond. He meditated for an instant, and then said, "Yes, I guess you will do." Then he took a blank card and wrote the following:—

Sept. 10.

Report at foot of Courtlandt street, P. R. R., office at 12 o'clock to-morrow, 11th inst., to go to work at $75 per month.

J. H. Bond, Manager.

Mr. Bond, after a hurried farewell to "O. B. Mr. Rawlins," hastened away. Then Rawlins congratulated the reporter. He was glad that he had been the means of fixing a good man in a good place.

Congratulations received and duly appreciated.

"O. B." now began mildly to hint that the $50 would be acceptable. The reporter dispassionately argued that the contract was not legally completed until he was working at his desk in the Pennsylvania Railroad office. "O. B." denied the force of the argument in somewhat emphatic language. Then the reporter ruled that the contract was not legally completed. Violent exception was taken to this ruling, but the court was not to be moved.

"How am I to get to Kansas City, if you don't pay me to-day?" demanded the indignant O. B.

"I don't know," mildly responded the reporter.

"Well, I suppose you are an honest man, and I can trust you to pay me. Give me your address and I will leave the bill with a friend to collect."

"With pleasure."

The reporter took a blank card and wrote—

The Green Boy of the Sun.

"O. B." gazed pensively upon the card a moment, and then looked up meekly at the reporter and said, "Good day, sir."

The reporter learned at the office what he knew perfectly well before, that Mr. Bond had no connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

☞ An old maid's excuse for wearing tight gloves is that she feels her hands squeezed.

Weddings.—As the semi-annual bridal season is at hand, it is the time to plead for a reform in weddings. Every year this sacredest of all occasions is turned into a mere opportunity for display, and for replying to some fancied obligation. Instead of the time when a few of the closest friends gather to witness the solemnest compact human beings can frame, it is chosen as a moment for bringing together the larger part of a family's social circle, to show the bride in her bridal garments; to prove how many flowers and refreshments the family can afford; and, with shame be it said, to exhibit to criticism and light comment the precious tokens that should have come with tender regard to the maid on the eve of her new life.

A wedding must not be uncheerful; but it must certainly be solemn to all who realize what it is. On the other, it is renouncing old ties, promising to begin with faith and hope and love a new and wholly untried existence. On the other, it is the acceptance of a sacred trust, the covenant to order life anew in such ways as shall make the happiness of two instead of one. Can such an occasion be fitting for revelry? Is it not wiser, more delicate, to bid only the dearest friends to a marriage ceremony, and leave the feasting and frolic for a subsequent time? We are sure there are few girls who, if they reflect on the seriousness of the step they are about to take, will not choose to make their vow merely within the loving limits of their home circle. All our best instincts point to the absolute simplicity and privacy of wedding services: only a perversion of delicacy could contemplate the asking of crowds of half sympathetic or wholly curious people to attend the fulfillment of the most solemn of contracts. Let there be as much party making, rejoicing and pleasure taking afterwards as hearts desire; but let the solemn vows be made in the presence only of those nearest and dearest.—*Scribner.*

A Substitute for Steam.—A very interesting invention, designed to supersede the application of steam, in some instances at least, has been in operation in Liverpool. This is the hydrothermic meter, or oil engine, invented by a Neapolitan, Signor F. Tommasi. The motive power utilized is derived from the alternate expansion and contraction of oil or glycerine upon the application of heat and cold. Just as in the case of the expansion of water into ice, an immense but not explosive force is obtained in the expansion of oil under the influence of heat. This is the leading feature of the invention, and the result claimed is the saving of no less than one-half in the cost of "plant" and fuel. In the experiments it is seen that a small column of oil liquid under the influence of comparatively little heat will develop a power equal to about 10,000 pounds per square inch. Steam engines usually exercise a pressure of only about 200 pounds per square inch. While the explosion of a steam boiler at such a pressure would be most disasterous, a corresponding accident in the case of the oil engine at the much higher pressure would simply crack the vessel in which the liquid was imprisoned. Visitors will have an opportunity of seeing in operation upon the principles indicated a number of machines, including a press, a punching machine and a riveting machine.

Little Great Men.—It is a remarkable thing that some of the greatest men in history have been of small stature. Certainly, from all experience, height of person has no influence on the mental faculties. The chances seem to be that smallness of size, in fact, at times, a little lameness is advantageous. The reason for this is tolerably plain. Tall and robust men are apt to devote themselves, or at least to derive so much enjoyment from boisterous pursuits, as to be rather indifferent to any speciality in mental culture. Men of small statue, and perhaps weak health, are, on the contrary, driven to mental occupation. Studying hard in their vocations, they rise to distinction. A comforting reflection this for young men who have the misfortune to labor under personal infirmities.

☞ Mr. Murray says poverty is a curse, but with equal or greater truth it may be said that poverty is a blessing. Where all other instructors fail, adversity is often successful in teaching patience submission, charity and brotherhood. It is true that poverty is a frowning taskmaster, but he is also the parent of economy, frugality and benevolence. He cannot, of course, permit inordinately long vacations, or fast horses, or country seats, or half mile tracks to clergymen, but he can help to make a laborious, painstaking, sympathetic pastor, who may not scorn to take a fraternal cup of tea with his deacons, or neglect to go to the dwellings of his parishioners in the bitter hours of their bereavement.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ Jennie June got a hat that turned up on one side, and her husband criticised it so severely that she wore her old bonnet when she went to see the great "Sphinx," and lo! it was the only one there. Everybody had on a new hat, and everyone had it turned up high on the side. Said her husband, "Good heavens! have all the women gone crazy?" "Yes," replies she, meekly, "and why can't I go crazy too!" "My dear," said he, "you may; it would be ridiculous to be the only sensible woman in the world." So hereafter she is going to wear her gray felt, turned up on one side, in peace.

Water as a Chisel.—Nothing can convey a more impressive idea of the powers of water as a general agent than the wonderful canons of Mexico, Texas, and the Rocky Mountains, where the torrents may be seen rushing along, through the incision it has cut for itself in the hard rock, at a depth of several thousand feet, between perpendicular walls. The greatest of these canons, that of Colorado, is 268 miles in length, and its sides rise perpendicularly to a height of 5,000 or 6,000 ft.—*Engineer.*

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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☞ In another column we print a communication on the subject of Temperance Politics. We dissent from the conclusions of the writer, but we are willing to encourage discussion, especially on a subject of so much importance. The writer thinks that the prohibitory law strictly enforced would bring about a collision of our citizens, yet he would make a license law much more stringent, and thinks it could be enforced without any such unhappy results. He claims to regard intemperance as a great evil, yet he will attack it only by moral means. He admits that it is a curse to the community, and classes it with sanitary delinquences, yet he would allow any to sell liquor who could pay for a license. As if he should say "I would allow any one to open a cess pool on my street who can pay a license." Now how is drunkenness to be stopped by such means? He would demand of every man arrested for drunkenness that he should divulge when where and of whom he got his liquor, and lock him up until he told. But suppose the man bought it of our friend's licentiate, what then? What should be done with the poor fellows who had no U. S. Bonds to deposit as hostages? Who shall enforce the law on these? Will our correspondent volunteer, or must we fall back on the much abused constable. The way to attack the evil of intemperance is by every means known First let each individual who claims to be a temperance man, be one in reality. It is of no use for a man who countenances and practices social drinking to say he favors reform by moral means. He does no such thing, for his example, which is the strongest moral weapon a man has, is on the side of intemperance. For moderate drinking is not unlike the game of "bendies" when the ice is breaking up—you may get over safe, but the chances are you get into the water. Let our correspondent begin at home, and having reformed himself, let him try his hand on the class of men who can afford the best of pure liquor, and induce them to abandon the injurious habit, and he will have formed a battalion which might throw itself with great force on the evil as found among a class of less favored citizens. By this means he would work a great sanitary and moral good, and erect for himself in the hearts and homes now desolated by strong drink, a monument that should be as enduring as memory.

Popular Concerts.—Mr. Wm. B Jones is engaged in the laudable enterprise of getting up a series of four popular entertainments. The first will be by the Beethoven Quartette and Mrs. J. M. Osgood. The second by the Adelphi Quartette and Miss Carrie Barr. The third by Master Von Ralthe the violinist, W. H. Hunt, humorous singer, and a mixed quartette. The fourth will be by Harry Gates, Miss May Bryant and Prof. Blish the dialectic reader. The tickets for the course with reserve seats are $1.50; without reserve 1.00; single admission 50 cents. Already nearly enough tickets have been engaged to insure its success, and we have no doubt the efforts of the manager will secure a crowded house. His array of talent deserve it, and we all know from their reputation that the artists will give us most excellent entertainments.

Woburn Workers. — This is the name of a society of boys and girls connected with the First Congregational Church. They meet once a month, on Saturday afternoons, the girls meeting early and engaging in sewing, and at a later hour the boys arrive, when a social exercise is held. The pastor's wife is president, The society is an auxiliary of the Woman's Board of Missions. They propose to hold a fair in the vestry next Thursday evening, when useful articles, and articles to tempt the taste will be offered together with tableaux and so forth. The admission fee is only fifteen cents, and we hope a large audience will greet the first public appearance of the Woburn Workers.

Charity Concert.—The charity concert spoken of in your last will take place Monday evening, Nov. 9th. The performers will consist of about twenty select male voices under direction of Mr. A. H. McKenney, assisted by other distinguished artists. A full notice of which will soon be given.

Another Mail.—Arrangements are being made, and probably on Monday next Woburn will have three mails a day. The morning and evening mail as heretofore, and another by the noon train from Boston at 12 and to Boston at 1.15. Our postmaster will have the thanks of the town for this accommodation.

Lecture.—The lecture of Hon. Wm. Parsons, on George Stevenson was very interesting, but very few people heard it. The next entertainment will be by Prof. Churchill, the popular reader, We hope next Tuesday will see the house filled.

☞ County Commissioners Huntress and Harwood were in town last Monday and viewed the premises claimed to be damaged by the users of Horn Pond water.

☞ The Middlesex County Democratic convention has been called to meet in Institute Hall, East Cambridge, Tuesday next at noon.

THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The Thirteenth anniversary of the departure of the 22d Reg. Mass. Vols,, was observed last Friday at the Parker House in Boston. About forty comrades were present. Co F, "Woburn Union Guard" the first three years' company from Woburn in the late war, reported with four men. A business meeting was held at half past five at which Gen. A. P. Martin presided in the absence of Gen. Tilton The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Gen A P Martin; Vice Presidents, Lieutenant C S Mixter, Dr G S Perkins; Secretary and Historian, Corporal T L Kelley; Executive Committee, Sergt G B Martis, Lieut A F Wolcott, A H Soden; Treasurer, Sergt J W Kenfield. The subject of a basket picnic in the summer was broached, after a free discussion it was voted to hold one, time and place to be named by the executive committee. The President Gen Martin then called Lieut Mixter to the chair and offered the following preamble and resolutions, prefaced with a short address:—

Whereas, Our former corps commander, Major General Fitz John Porter was arraigned before a military court martial in the city of Washington, on charges preferred against him by Gen. Roberts, Chief of Staff of the Major General Commanding the Army of Virginia, for disobedience of orders while in command of the 5th Army Corps, upon which charge he was convicted, and sentenced to be cashiered and forever disqualified from holding any office of profit and trust; and

Whereas, The charges were preferred and the sentence passed and confirmed in time of war, and during a period of great political excitement; and

Whereas, we have reason to believe that Gen. Porter is now in possession of testimony and facts which will disprove all the material points made against him with unanswerable evidence; and

Whereas, We have always had implicit confidence in the courage, patriotism, and loyalty of Gen. Porter, where fore be it

Resolved, That in view of these facts and circumstances, the twenty-second Regiment and Third Battery Association respectfully request the President of the United States to entertain the petition of Gen. Porter for a rehearsal, and to appoint a commission or refer the matter to a proper tribunal, to review the case and hear the new evidence, not accessible at the time of the trial, "and ascertain whether injustice has been done this officer or not, who, up to the time of the alleged offence, maintained the character of an officer of courage and ability."

Resolved, That the President of this Association be instructed to forward these resolutions to the President of the United States.

The foregoing were unanimously adopted.

Adjourning to the banquet hall, a fine dinner was captured and disposed of. Gen. Martin then delivered a brief address of welcome, in which he referred in a happy manner to the causes which led to the assembly, and the pleasant recollections revived by the meeting. Informal addresses were made by General Sherwin, Major Follett, Capts. Symonds, Crane and Walcott, Lieuts. Mixter, Stearns, Morris, Frothingham and Parker and several others. An interesting letter was read from Prof John K. Richardson of Co. D. The party broke up at a late hour with pleasant farewells and the good "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Beecher's Lecture. — Rev. Henry Ward Beecher appeared for the first time this season in the First Congregational Church last Monday evening. Several causes produced a small audience, there not being more than four hundred persons present. The tickets were placed at a very high figure, and having cancelled his engagements of the previous week, it was feared by many he would do the same here. Mr. Buck entertained the audience for half an hour before the lecturer arrived. At eight o'clock a small crowd gathered at the depot, but they were doomed to disappointment, as the lecturer left the train at Horn Pond station and taking a carriage, reached the church a few minutes before the time for commencement. He came upon the platform and was introduced by Rev. H. S. Kelsey. He took for his subject "Compulsory Education," a topic upon which he discoursed last winter in Boston. The lecture bore many and evident marks of deep consideration. It was a strong plea for compulsory education of a higher type than that now given in the public schools—one that should include above and beyond all that is now taught, the groundwork of ethics, political economy, anatomy and hygiene, and industrial occupations. Our present education was very good, but still it was not sufficient to meet the demands of the rising generation, which he thought above all, needed the restraining influence of woman. And in this connection Mr. Beecher took occasion to enter a strong protest against the narrowness of spirit that would not allow woman a voice in the management of affairs, arguing that if she is fit to make men, she is fit to make laws and magistrates. In short, better and compulsory education, with universal suffrage, was the sum and substance of the address, which occupied an hour and a half in its delivery. Mr. Beecher seemed somewhat depressed at the slimness of his audience and his remarks called little or no applause except at the conclusion. A special train to Boston took about one-half of the audience to Winchester and towns below.

Channing Fraternity. — Next Thursday evening Prof. Morse of Salem, will open the course of the Channing Fraternity on the subject, "How Animals Grow." Course tickets $1.00. Evening tickets 25 cents. See advertisement.

Dedication. — The Brick Grammar School-house is to be dedicated next Thursday afternoon. The keys will be delivered, and speeches made by some of our citizens. The hall has seats for 600 and could easily accommodate 1000.

Razeed.—Last Sunday a Mr. Sullivan visited Woburn, and leaving his horse hitched to a sundown, the animal commenced feeding, and walking under a tree, took the top of the carriage clean off.

Myrtle St.—The paved gutter on Myrtle street is as good as anything of the kind in town.

Shut Down.—Simonds's shoe stock factory has shut down for two weeks.

THE FIFTH DISTRICT.

The Republican Congressional Convention in the Fifth District was held in the town hall Malden, on Tuesday afternoon. Samuel C. Lawrence of Medford called the convention to order at half past two o'clock, and James Pierce of Malden was made temporary chairman. The meeting formally organized with the following officers: President, F. M. Stone of Waltham; vice presidents, Samuel E. Sewell of Melrose, S. C Lawrence of Medford, Gardner Tufts of Lynn, Jas. M. Shute Jr. of Somerville, and Samuel D. Sawin of Charlestown; secretaries,—Henry R. Sibley of Charlestown and E. E. Thompson of Woburn.

The committee on credentials reported that eighty-seven delegates were present from sixteen towns, that Lexington was not represented, also that two sets of delegates were present from Malden and Ward 2, Lynn. Ten minutes was allowed for the spokesman of each delegation to present his case to the convention. After a hearing before the convention, the delegation from Lynn, headed by James Lewis, and the one headed by George W. Copeland from Malden were admitted.

Mr. A. J. Bailey of the Charlestown district of Boston then moved that Daniel W. Gooch be nominated for Congress by acclamation. Mr. James M. Stone of Charlestown district said that although he sympathized with Mr. Bailey yet he thought it was better to take a ballot so that the opposition might not say that the Republicans did not dare to take a vote. George H. Long of Charlestown said he thought it was an act of simple justice to Mr. Bailey, who had acted so handsomely, to allow his motion to prevail. Col Henry R Sibley of Charlestown followed in the same strain, and then the convention nominated D. W. Gooch, by acclamation, although there were many dissenting voices.

A committee was appointed to inform Mr. Gooch of his nomination, and that gentleman was soon brought into the hall and accepted the nomination in a short address.

A district committee was appointed as follows—Samuel C. Lawrence of Medford, James Lewis of Lynn, George R Kelso of Charlestown, Lyman Dike of Stoneham, J. M. Shute of Somerville and Azel Ames Jr. of Wakefield.

CONVENTIONS AT CONCORD.

The Republican Sixth Councillor District and the Middlesex County Conventions met at Concord last Tuesday They were called for afternoon, but most of the delegates were on hand early, and by noon the old Middlesex Hotel presented a lively appearance. Two candidates for District Attorney and one for Sheriff had head quarters in the hotel, and were glad to see any one who would visit them. Sheriff Kimball's head quarters were in the saddle, and he was ably seconded by his deputies and friends, and of course won the fight. Stevens of Lowell, was nominated for District Attorney, and his friends claim that he will be just the man, with a clean record, considerable experience and plenty of back bone. Mr. Johnson, of Lowell, made a semi-official report of the doings of the Legislative Investigating Committee, but his remarks were too prosy and often irrelevant, and the convention lost its patience. If he accomplished anything it was to add to Mr Harwood's vote. The County Committee was made up of one at large and one from each senatorial district. The Councillor Convention renominated Hon Geo O Brastow, of Somerville.

Sixth Republican Councillor Convention.

The Republican delegates from the Sixth Councillor District met in convention at the Town Hall in Concord Tuesday afternoon. The convention was called to order by Moses T Gardner, chairman of the District Councillor Committee, and F H Nourse, Esq, of Winchester was chosen permanent Chairman and Mr C O Billings of Winchester Secretary.

A committee consisting of Messrs Pulsifer of East Cambridge, Wilder of Lowell and Park of Shirley were appointed a Committee on Credentials. George W Ware, Jr, of Belmont, John Cummings of Woburn, H H Wilder and Hapgood Wright of Lowell and A L Lawton of Ayer were appointed a committee to nominate a District Councillor Committee, and reported the names of of the following gentlemen, who were unanimously elected:

Moses T Gardner of Shirley, F H Nourse of Winchester, Hapgood Wright of Lowell, Henry Richardson of Belmont, Hon John Fletcher of Acton, Hon Levi Wallace of Pepperell, J A Cummings of Somerville.

The Committee on Credentials reported 23 towns represented by 109 delegates. On motion of Bickford Pulsifer, Esq, of East Cambridge, Hon George O Brastow of Somerville was nominated by acclamation for Councillor.

Middlesex County Convention.

The Middlesex Republican County Convention met at Concord Tuesday afternoon for the nomination of county officers. The Convention was held in the Town Hall, and was called to order immediately after the adjournment of the Councillor Convention by J P Fulsom. Col W T Grammer of Woburn was chosen Chairman. On taking the chair Col Grammer remarked that we were there to nominate honest men; to put forth names in which the county would confide, and hoped none would be selected but men of integrity and honor. John L Parker of Woburn was chosen secretary. A committee consisting of L S Quimby of Winchester, J A Goodwin of Lowell, T J Marsh Jr of Tewksbury, S O Upham of Waltham and W H Locke of Belmont was appointed to collect credentials.

On motion of J P Maxwell of Lowell the Chair appointed J P Maxwell of Lowell, J Schouler of Arlington, J P Richardson of Medford, G F Jones of Woburn and George Houghton of Hudson a committee to nominate a County Committee.

The Committee on Credentials reported 52 towns represented by 177 delegates.

It was voted to ballot for Sheriff by cities and towns, the delegates coming forward as their places were called. F H Nourse of Winchester, Lyman Dike of Stoneham, H J Edwards of Watertown, M J Clark of Cambridge, and C S Wilder of Holliston, were appointed tellers.

The Committee appointed to nominate a County Committee reported the following nomination: J P Folsom of Lowell, George W Ware Jr, of Belmont, C C Esty of Framingham, Peter Lawson of Lowell, S C Lawrence of Medford, J L Parker of Woburn, and Newton Morse of Natick. Col Dike of Stoneham opposed the acceptance of the report on the ground that the committee was not fairly made up as regards Senatorial Districts, and it was moved that the report be recommitted, with instructions to report one member from each of the Senatorial Districts. The motion prevailed, and the committee again retired.

The tellers appointed to collect votes for Sheriff made their report as follows:

Whole number of votes,	184
Necessary for a choice,	93
Charles Kimball,	150
Isaac Bradford,	34
Scattering,	5

John Cummings of Woburn moved to make the nomination of Charles Kimball unanimous, and it was done, a few voices from Cambridge dissenting.

The next thing in order was selecting a candidate for District Attorney. Mr Cummings withdrew the name of J W Hammond. Messrs Dean of Lowell, Howard of Cambridge, Day of Westford, Briggs of Melrose, and Cummings of Somerville were appointed tellers. The ballot resulted as follows:—

Whole number of votes,	184
Necessary for a choice,	93
George Stevens of Lowell,	199
W B Gale of Marlboro,	34
Francis S Hazeltine,	30
Charles J Walcott, of Cambridge.	7
John W Hammond of Cambridge,	3
C J McIntire, of Cambridge	1

Mr. J P Richardson moved that Harrison Harwood of Natick be nominated by acclamation for County Commissioner.

Mr Johnson of Lowell took the floor and opposed the nomination of Mr Harwood. He said he hoped Mr. Harwood would not be put in nomination before some facts which he had in his possession had been laid before the convention. He claimed that the affairs of the Commissioners had not been conducted in the interests of the county, and he laid before the convention an abstract of the legislative committee's report of investigation into the affairs of Middlesex county, which has already been published. John Schouler of Arlington also opposed the nomination of Mr. Harwood. Richard Britton of Wakefield, Mr Farwell of Natick, and H H Wilder of Lowell favored Mr Harwood. It was finally decided to vote as before, and Charles Stott of Lowell, Farwell of Natick, C C Dike of Stoneham, Smith of Cambridge, and S O Upham of Waltham were appointed tellers. The votes resulted as follows:—

Whole number of votes	169
Necessary to choice	85
Harrison Harwood of Natick	86
J. Henry Reed of Westford	82
Samuel B. Bird of Waltham	1

A motion was made and carried to nominate John Spaulding of Ayer, John H Butler of Somerville, and George Stevens of Lowell Commissioners of Insolvency by acclamation.

A motion was made and carried that the present Special County Commissioners, Samuel Staples of Concord, and Lyman Dike of Stoneham be nominated by acclamation.

The committee on District Committee reported the second time as follows:

At large J P Folsom of Lowell.
Dist No 2—G W Ware Jr, Belmont.
" " 3—T C Hurd, Cambridge.
" " 4—Walter Allen, Newton.
" " 5—John Fletcher, Jr. Acton.
" " 6—John L Parker, Woburn.
" " 7—Peter Lawson, Lowell.

The thanks of the Convention were unanimously given to Col. Grammer for his services as presiding officer. And the convention dissolved.

Senatorial.—The Democratic Senatorial Convention meets in Woburn next Tuesday. E. H. Walton Esq. of Wakefield who was run in 1871 and again in 1873, is striving for a nomination, and has strong hopes of an election in that event. Richard Blinn, Esq, of Lexington is his principal competitor, while not a few of the delegates will make a fight for William Winn Esq, of Burlington. The Democrats do not seem to be taking so much interest in Senatorial matters as their Republican neighbors. Among the latter, the friends of Hon. B. T. Bacheller of Lexington, are cheerfully laboring to return their favorite for another term, and there seems to be no better reason for refusing to do so than that other good men desire the place. Their convention meets at Winchester next Wednesday afternoon at half past three.

Police Court.—Oct. 16, Michael Ferrin, Jr., assault on Thomas Shirquin. $5 and costs. John Nash, assault on Geo C. Baird at Winchester, $5 and costs; appealed and held in $100. Thomas Calnan of Winchester, assault on his wife, $5 and costs. Barney Callahan, single drunk, $3 and costs, committed for nonpayment. Ann McGuire, common drunkard, House of Correction 30 days. Susan McMurray retracted her appeal and paid $50 and costs. Joseph Lewis, of Stoneham, single drunk, $5 and costs.

Narrow Escape.—Charles White, living in Burlington, while engaged in blasting, on Monday morning last, had a very narrow escape. He was charging the blast when it exploded, burning and cutting both hands severely, the main artery of the right wrist being severed The tamping iron luckily blew from him but had it hit him the result would undoubtedly have been much more serious

Run Over.—As Mr. Joseph Linnell was driving down Main street on Thursday evening his horse became frightened at the cars and run. A son of Mr. William Burke living near Green street, was run over by the carriage, and his left arm broken near the shoulder, besides bruising him considerably.

Strength for Invalids.—California wines imported direct, are sold very low in Quantity, at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main street. Also choice Foreign Wines.

Opening. — Miss E. Bancroft will open a grand display of fall and winter millinery next Thursday and Friday. Get ready, ladies.

G. A. R—Several comrades of Post 33 went to Waltham on Wednesday, and participated in the Middlesex County Parade of the G. A. R.

☞ Mr. Pierce of the Third District, Mr. Gooch of the Fifth and Gen. Butler of the Sixth, were on Monday re-nominated for Congress.

Broken.—On Friday last a six year old son of Augustus Brooks, living on Beach street, fell and broke his collar bone.

Agriculturist — Subscriptions to the *American Agriculturist* at $1.10 a year, received at the Woburn Post Office.

[For the Woburn Journal.]

TEMPERANCE POLITICS.

Reforms are usually carried forward with better success by moral than political measures, yet in some cases aid may be invoked through legislation by the people, for the abatement or suppression of any great evil such as fatal epidemics, intemperance and sanitary delinquencies. The subject that is just now stirring the minds of the people is that of intemperance, and the suppression of the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating drinks used as beverages, is sought to be accomplished by legal means. Such is the great evil of intemperance it is not strange that such a demand should be made.

It is the very Pandora's Box from whence almost every evil in life proceeds. It has pervaded almost every town, hamlet and family, producing more misery, suffering and disgrace than all other evils combined. It has been more destructive to health and sacrificed more lives than can be easily computed by a finite mind. Most men agree on the measures necessary for the overthrow of this great evil. They combine both moral and legal. The former is the great lever which has raised the world to its present condition of civilization. Politically two methods are sought to be carried out, one party claiming to regulate the manufacture and sale and say it is all the people will tolerate, while the other demands a complete stamping out of the manufacture and sale of all liquors. The law for the accomplishment of the latter has been on the Statute book for more than twenty years, and there has been no abatement of the evil. A special Police force has been brought into existence for the sole purpose almost of enforcing this law, and what has been the result? A disgrace to the Commonwealth and a step backward in this reform. A class of politicians for political effect only, desire to have this law remain, knowing it will not be enforced, to secure the votes of a class of zealous, benevolent people, who verily believe they have created, in this law, an engine of such power that there is little else for them to do except to fold their hands and look on. The Police force have sought out only a few poor wretches who violate this law, leaving entirely untouched the great mass of large dealers, whose violations are as palpable as daylight, yet these wholesale dealers in the city of Boston are supplying by rail and express three-fourths of the people of this State without let or hindrance. Is this just, and ought the people to tolerate it any longer?

Let the Commonwealth undertake to stamp out the manufacture and sale of liquor as a beverage as it now undertakes to suppress stealing, and in my opinion, it would lead to the clash of arms. The people even in Massachusetts with their schools and religious culture are not up to the moral standard to tolerate and comply with such a law, most unfortunately.

Laws must be made, if at all effective, to come within the range of the moral understanding of a majority of the law makers. A law like that of the prohibitory may by management be placed on the Statute book, but no management can enforce it. For one, I cannot be a party to aid or support such a sham, nor can any judicious man vote to sustain such a state of things on the plea of party with the present experience and light there is now on this subject.

Mr. Talbot has been brought forward as candidate for Governor by management of a class of good meaning, impracticable people, and acquiesced in by others who do not believe in his measures, but go for him as a matter of policy. I ask all sensible, honest voters of the Republican party to assert their manhood by voting for a more judicious man than Mr. Talbot. His veto of the License bill was unwise, as it went to perpetuate the Prohibitory Law, which has proved a failure for more than twenty years. What may we expect of a man so indiscreet who may fill the Executive Chair? Straws show which way the wind blows. No true man can support Mr. Talbot who believes a license law best calculated to overcome intemperance.

The position I have taken is not antagonistic to temperance reform, only difference in methods in bringing it about. Let a stringent license law be enacted by prohibitory men, assisted by those who would support a license law, and it would be backed by three-fourths of the best men in the State. I would allow all to sell who would comply with a stringent law. It should pay a small revenue to the State, the bonds should be high for observing the law and secured by placing in the hands of the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, bonds either of the U. S., the state of Massachusetts, or those of some city of this State. The licentiate would be entitled to the coupons when due. I would allow of no straw bail. Every man who should take out a license would be under heavy bonds to comply with the law, and if once forfeited should not be renewed. All persons arrested for drunkenness should be required to testify how, when, by what means and of whom he procured the liquor, and on refusing to do this should be imprisoned for thirty days, and then an opportunity again offered for him to testify, and so long as he refuses, the sentence should be repeated, I would also require pure liquor to be sold. Chemical Commissioners should be appointed by the State who would examine all liquors presented for a nominal price, which should be small, and be placed to the credit of the State, while the Commissioners should only receive a salary. Violations of the law should be punished by imprisonment for the first offence. I will not give further details, believing these sufficient to show that license men are as much in favor of temperance as prohibitory men.

C.

Republican State Committee.—In accordance with notice issued, the members of the newly elected Republican State Committee met on Saturday at the headquarters, 221 Washington St, Boston and organized by the election of the Hon. George B. Loring as chairman, Hon S B Stebbins, Treasurer, and Mr George S Merrill as Secretary. The following named gentlemen were chosen an Executive Committee: William A Simmons of Boston, William W Clapp of Boston, James S Lewis of Lynn, J S Potter of Arlington, John Cummings of Woburn, W W Rice of Worcester, Chas E Whitin of Whitinsville, A D Briggs of Springfield, James M Barker of Pittsfield, Henry S Russell of Milton, John E Sanford of Taunton.

Parade.—The St. Charles Cadets and the Total Abstinence Society with the Irish Brass Band went to Lowell on Saturday last, and took part in the parade of the Catholic Temperance Societies.

New Publications.

Harper's Magazine for November, closing the Forty-ninth volume, brings to its readers a rich and varied feast of novelties. The number opens with an interesting article on the Bahamas, beautifully illustrated. M C Conway continues his illustrated papers on "Decorative Art and Architecture in England," and Professor Newcomb continues his popular "Talks of an Astronomer," which are profusely illustrated. Martin A Howell, Jun, contributes an entertaining illustrated article on the "Water Fowl of the West." A grand poem, entitled "Sibilla Cumana," illustrated by Fredericks, is contributed by Commander William Gibson. Senor Casteler's remarkable papers are continued; and there is from the pen of R. H. Horne a thrilling novelette of twenty pages in length. A short story, "Wooed by an Attache," is contributed by the author of "Joseph the Jew" and "A Sack of Gold." This number also contains the continuation of "Rape of the Gamp,"—a serial story of unusual interest; and poems by Joaquin Miller and Kate Hillard. The most striking feature of the number is the commencement of a series of papers published under the title of "The First Century of the Republic," which the publishers announce will continue through more than twenty numbers of the magazine—each paper being devoted to some special department of progress, and altogether constituting a complete history of our national development during the century closing in 1876. Each paper is prepared by the most competent writer, selected with reference to literary ability as well as special knowledge.

Petersons.—The foreteller of the fall fashions in the shape of *Peterson's* has come, filling the hearts of the ladies with joy. It abounds in interesting reading, pictures, patterns, music, etc., from the beautiful steel engraving of "Buy my lilies," to the last page of the book. If you subscribe for it for one year you will be sure to want it for the next. For sale at all periodical stores.

Senatorial.—The *Globe* understands that Dr. Azel Ames Jr. of Wakefield is not and has not been a candidate in the Sixth Senatorial District. He believes that the place belongs, by custom and fairness, to Mr. Batcheller, and that unless it appears strongly probable that his nomination would threaten a victory for the Democratic nominee, it is out of character for the friends of Mr. Britton of whom he is one of the strongest, to break faith by pressing him for the place.

Bedford.

Republican Caucus.—A Republican caucus was held and organized by choice of Dr Henry Shaw in the chair, and Abram E Brown secretary The following delegates were chosen for the several conventions:—

Congressional.—Levi W Webber, Dr Henry Shaw.

County and *Councillor.*—O J Lane, Chas H Clark.

Senatorial.—Abram E Brown, William W Mudge.

Town Committee.—P W Chamberlain, Moses E Rowe, Charles H Clark.

Intruders in Church.—A colony of rats have recently taken up quarters in the Unitarian church and are doing considerable damage. It is evident that they are of no low order of rats from the fact that they first set up business in the pulpit, and after descended to the pews below and made general havoc with the Hymn books. Psalms and hymns go very well now and then, but for regular diet must be rather weakening From this incident we can see how the saying originated, "Poor as a church mouse."

Lexington.

☞ Our townsman A. E Scott, Esq requests us to say that the reports in the daily papers concerning the lack of representation of Lexington at the Congressional Convention, were incorrect, and that he was present and voted for Mr. Gooch. His associate on the delegation, Mr. C. C. Goodwin, held the credentials, and Mr. Scott waited for him until a late hour, and then went without them. As the credentials were not presented, the impression got abroad that Lexington was not represented, when the fact was that she was present by one delegate. At the County and Councillor Conventions, Mr. Scott was also the only delegate.

Dramatic.—With a zeal worthy of imitation, the young ladies of our town are doing their share towards making the celebration of the events of April, 1775 an attractive occasion. They have formed a theatrical company and will produce on Thursday evening next October 22d, at the Town Hall, two pieces which we believe are new to Lexington audiences, "To oblige Benson," and "Which is which?" are the titles, and knowing as we do by experience the talent of a few of the parties interested, we can safely take the rest for granted, and advise all to attend and aid in this matter by their presence as well as by their pecuniary trifle usual to such occasions. Musical selections of unusual merit will form a prominent of the entertainment. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of a banner for the "Lexington Minute Men." Tickets are now for sale at the Post Office, and any delay in purchasing may oblige you to take a back seat. Go early and secure your tickets. The company have postponed their drill to another night so that nothing may interfere with this. A correspondent in urging the claims of the above entertainment grows poetic and says

"Like a *grate full* of coals we burn
A *great full* house to see;
And if we should not *grateful* prove,
Why *great fools* we should be.'

Winchester.

Highways & Bridges.—Nearly six months have elapsed since Bacon street was rendered impassable for vehicles to pass thereon, and for nearly two months for foot passengers. The bridge after the contract for it was made was built with commendable despatch, but the filling in consequent upon a change of location, grade, width of street was not contracted for until recently, and since then has gone forward at an amazingly slow rate with a prospect of its not being finished before the winter sets in. The residents of this section of the town have suffered great inconvenience from this long delay and have great reason to complain that the work has not been pushed forward as fast as it might easily have been done.

Masonic.—The annual visitation of R. W. Bro. Smith B. Harrington, D. D. G. M., of the 17th Masonic District with his suite to William Parkman Lodge occurred on Tuesday evening last. A large number of the brethren were present from the neighboring towns, including M. W. Bro. Wm. Parkman of Boston and other distinguished guests. After the work the company sat down to a bountiful repast in Lyceum Hall, provided by Lee Hammond of Woburn. After which brief speeches were made and the social degree of Free Masonry strikingly exemplified.

Concert.—Don't forget the concert this (Friday) evening by the Temple Quartette and Mr. and Mrs. Heine. Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano, sister of Miss Alice Dutton, the well known solo pianist, who will also accompany her, will make her debut in Winchester at this concert. Tickets 50 cents.

Shoeing.—Mr Brennan, whose blacksmith shop is in the old foundry near Whitney's Mill, is said to be the best horse shoer in the vicinity. His services are often required on the horses from Mystic, and his skill is well known.

Collision.—Last Friday evening as Horace Hatch was driving home, he was run into by J. B. Judkins' team driven by a boy near the Baptist church. Both vehicles were damaged, and Mr. Hatch considerably hurt.

Run over.—On Tuesday a son of Michael Callahan while loading leaves, fell from the wagon and was run over, dislocating his knee.

Arlington.

Town Meeting.—A large audience gathered in Town Hall on Tuesday afternoon, to dispose of the five articles in the warrant calling the meeting. Hon J S Potter was chosen moderator, On article second, after some debate, participated in by Messrs Rawson, Waugh, Peck and Gibson, it was voted to instruct the Selectmen to widen Warren street its entire length, according to the order of the County Commissioners. On article three, Mr. John Osborne offered the following motion, which he urged the town to accept in a short speech:—

"Voted, That the Selectmen be authorized, and are hereby requested to petition the next Legislature in behalf of the town of Arlington for an Act giving authority to the town to take water from Nutting's Pond in Billerica, with authority to lay pipes from said pond through the towns of Billerica, Bedford and Lexington, to connect with pipes already laid in said town of Arlington. and that the Selectmen be and are hereby authorized to adopt such measures and secure such assistance as they may deem best in order to secure the act."

Messrs Morse, Stowe and Poland opposed the motion and it was finally indefinitely postponed. Article fourth related to the acceptance of Appleton Court as a public way. As the parties most interested were unable to attend, on motion of Mr Bailey, the article was indefinitely postponed. After a full explanation of the matter mentioned in Article 5, by Mr John T White of the Arlington Land Company, the Selectmen were instructed to appear before the County Commissioners on the 14th inst. in aid of the petitioners for a county road from Arlington Heights station over Park avenue to a point in Belmont. This closed the articles of the warrant, and at about half past five the meeting dissolved. It was harmonious and pleasant throughout, and only lasted one hour.

Park Avenue Extension.—Wednesday forenoon the petitioners for the extension of Park Avenue through the lands of the Arlington Land Company to Pleasant street in Belmont, had a hearing before the County Commissioners at the Highland Avenue depot. Arlington was represented by Messrs. Schouler and Durgin of the Selectmen. Belmont by their Selectmen, Messrs. Ware, Richardson and Kendall, and Mr. Frost and others, while Hon. Oliver Warner, J. T. White, Mr. Paul and several of the residents on the hill, advocated the claims of the Land Company. The gentlemen from Belmont in accordance with a vote of the town, appeared in opposition to the prayer of the petition, but the objections did not appear to us at all strenuous. After a full hearing the entire party walked over the proposed line of the street, and judging from expressions made, were impressed with the need for the proposed street. On Pleasant street, Belmont, the party were met with teams which conveyed them to the Arlington House where they sat down to a substantial dinner. The increase of the number of residents on the Highlands, the enterprise shown by the company in the erection of ten new houses the present season, and the fact that so many hundreds of the tourists from the adjoining towns, especially on the south, who drive to the top of the hill to view the unequalled magnificence of the scenery, desire to return by some other route than the one by which they reached the summit, seems to make the proposed extension a public necessity, and it is to be hoped no obstacles will be thrown in the way of its completion. All the land but a small triangular strip at the Belmont ending of the proposed line is the property of the Land Company, and no land damage will be claimed by them. The estimated expense of building the extension is five thousand dollars, to be divided between the towns of Arlington and Belmont. The Commissioners intimated that at an early day answer would be made in regard to the matter.

Dilatory.—Last week Thursday Judge Carter issued a warrant for the arrest of a young man, Frank Haskell, charged with breaking and entering the residence of Mr. I. L. Cragin, on Walnut street, and drunkenness. During the absence of the family of Mr. Cragin, the house, which stands in rather an exposed position is in charge of a widow lady, Mrs Robinson. On the Saturday night previous to the complaint, she was awakened by some one forcing an entrance into the house. After passing the rest of the night in fear of her life, in the morning she called in a neighbor, who found Haskell, who was formerly in Mr. Cragin's employ, asleep in one of the beds. He, the neighbor, allowed Haskell to depart, and it was not until Mrs. Robinson could communicate with her employer, that application was made for a warrant, giving him ample time to escape. Had proper measures been taken, he would probably now be where he would be safe from such conduct for some time at least.

Matrimonial.—There was quite a flutter in our social circles last Thursday evening, occasioned by the marriage of Mr. W. E. Field and Miss Louisa T. Swan, in the Orthodox Congregational church, and Dr. Harris and Miss Gage, at the residence of Charles Gage, Esq, At the church an evergreen arch of spruce sprigs and smilax, studded with morning glories, spanned the isle in front of the desk. and a white dove hung pendant from the ceiling, directly above. The residences of Mr. Gage was brilliantly illuminated, and the floral decorations were very fine. So many of our lady readers were present it is hardly worth while attempting a description of the toilets, or appearance of the bride.—they can tell their less fortunate sisters easier than we, and no mistakes will be made—at least by us.

Parade.—Last Saturday the Arlington Temperance Society and the Temperance Cadets of St Malachi joined in the parade in celebration of Father Mathews' birthday at Lowell. The Cadets have a Zouave uniform, blue blouse, red pants, red, white and blue cap and white gaiters, They turned out some 50 members, and with the Temperance Society, made a fine show. The Malden Brass Band arrived here from Boston on the 8:30 train, and about half past nine, headed the procession which marched to West Medford, where they took cars for Lowell. The unfavorable state of the weather marred the pleasures of the day.

Lecture.—Hon Wm Parsons opened the "Arlington Lyceum Course" in the Town Hall on Friday evening of last week. The audience was quite small, but the lecturer did not allow it to affect him, and those who attended were more than pleased. The next of the course will be readings by Prof. Churchill, Oct. 26. The management desire us to say that season ticket holders will be entitled to tickets to the two grand concerts to be given in Music Hall, Boston, during the winter. The course is deserving of a better patronage than it has thus far received.

Run Away.—Last week Friday, Mr. Marden of the B & L R R Express gave his old, reliable horse a rest for the afternoon, and harnessed in a young horse occasionally used. While loading a plough into the wagon at the depot, the colt became frightened, and ran down the avenue at a fearful rate. He turned into the yard as neatly as though guided by a driver, but the stable doors, being only partially open, were badly broken as he dashed through them, dragging the heavy express wagon. In turning out of his way, a barrel of oil was jostled out of Winn's express wagon and burst, opposite M. A. Richardson & Co's.

Accident.—The delay in the arrival of the 11:45 train from Boston on Thursday, was occasioned by the breaking of the rod connecting the brakes on the second car just above the Somerville junction. Dr. Harris, of whom mention is made elsewhere, was the first to notice that something was wrong, and the danger signal, given by his direction, stopped the train before any serious damage was done.

Entertainment.—Dailey's Hibernia with scenery of Ireland, will exhibit in Town Hall on Monday evening. The endorsements shown us by the agent, which the troupe has received from clergymen and others, seems to be a guarantee of a first class entertainment. The fact that St Malachi church will receive a benefit from the proceeds, should induce a large number of our citizens to attend, See advertisement in another column.

☞ In settlement of the balance of a long standing account, one of our citizens this week took a pig. The price allowed was rather more than 10 1-2 cts. per pound, but he was glad to settle even at rather a high price for pork, and gave a receipt. In less than two hours after he got the animal home, the pig died, and the question is whether the old bill might not have been worth more than the carcass.

Schouler's Mill. — Mr. Samuel Boxendale has leased the Schouler Mill in the upper part of the town, so long unoccupied, and this week has been moving in the machinery necessary to carry on the manufacture of "shoddy." He will employ some thirty men. All such additions to our town are welcome.

Removal.—Mr. Fowle, our gentlemanly post master, has leased the store recently vacated by Anderson, Howes & Co, in the Town Hall, and as soon as it can be re-fitted, will remove the Post Office there. As the room is nearly double the size of the present office, it will be a great improvement.

Catholic Fair.—Arrangements for the Catholic fair in aid of the church at Lexington, are rapidly approaching completion. A paper containing information, and as an aid in raising funds, is in the hands of the printer, and will soon be issued.

Accident.—Last Monday while John Donahoe was picking apples for Mr. Bowen Russell, he fell from a tree, a distance of sixteen feet and received injuries which have confined him to the house until the present time.

Chilly.—Wednesday morning at five o'clock, the glass indicated 32 degrees, and at 7:30 at the depot 37. People generally turned out with their thick coats, and still complained of cold.

☞ Two new stores,—grocery and provision, have been opened in the rooms under the Union Chapel at Arlington Heights station.

☞ Who is to be our next representative is being actively discussed in town.

West Medford.

Installation and Dedication.—The new Congregational church in West Medford was dedicated last Wednesday evening, and the pastor, the Rev. Marshall M. Cutter, at the same service was installed. In the afternoon a council of ministers and delegates of the Woburn Conference and Rev. Dr. Manning of Boston was held, and the qualifications and character of Mr. Cutter inquired into, the examination resulting satisfactorily and a vote being passed that the installation should proceed.

The church is beautifully situated, is of good proportions, constructed of wood, and will seat 500 people. There is a conveniently arranged vestry, used also for Sunday School, the audience room being reached by short flights of stairs, The frescoing is in harmony with the general finish of the edifice, plain, yet handsome. A niche at the pulpit end of the church is calculated to hold eventually the organ, while there is a gallery at the opposite end. The cost of land and building was $25,000. There is a floating debt of about $2,000, and a mortgage of $10,000.

The services commenced at half-past seven with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. Dr. Cady of Arlington, an anthem being sung by a quartette accompanied by Mr. B. F. Gilbert of the Prospect street church, Cambridge. The pastor read a brief historical sketch of the church, by which it appeared that the idea of securing preaching was conceived by two gentlemen, residents of the town, which resulted in Mystic Hall being secured and the first sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Chapman, a Methodist minister, December, 1867, and the services continued to attract increased attendance by the union of all the people living in the vicinity. Mr. Chapman continued his services two years and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Charplot, who remained until August, 1871. From this movement sprang two churches, a Methodist and Congregational. At a meeting at the house of J. H. Norton, February 26, 1872, committees to prepare a constitution, articles of faith and a covenant were appointed, and also to take the requisite steps for the formation of a Society according to statute. On the 8th of April it was stated that thirty-four members had signified their willingness to unite with the new church and others had pledged themselves to do so.

The organization was effected May 14 and a committee appointed to call a council of churches with reference thereto. June 1, the articles of faith, the covenant and constitution were adopted and the council met June 1, eleven churches being represented. In April, 1873, a special meeting was held in order to hear the report of a committee that had previously been appointed as a Building Committee, who reported that the present location was chosen, that plans were procured, etc. The building was commenced in the spring of 1874, and the work concluded the present month. After acknowledging the many kind contributions which have been made to the new enterprise by other churches and by individuals he closed his sketch.

The Chairman of the Building Committee, C. M. Barrett, delivered the building to the Chairman of the Standing Committee, Hon. Abner J. Phipps. The prayer of installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Cady of Arlington, the charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Dr. Manning of the Old South church, Boston, the right hand of fellowship given by Rev. H. S. Kelsey of Woburn, and the address to the people delivered by Rev. C. R. Bliss of Wakefield. The pastor after the singing of an anthem, pronounced the benediction.

HEAVY LOSS.—Some person stole a five hundred dollar bill from J. M. Usher last Monday.

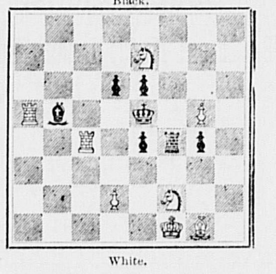
FIREMEN.—Assistant Engineers Hill, Richardson and Floyd of the Medford Fire Department were at the fireman's parade at Lawrence on Tuesday.

BUILDING.—C. A. Davis is to build a two story French roof house on High St. near the depot.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 24.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution Problem No. 23:—

White	Black
Q to QB5	R x Q
R to KB7 mate	
Q to QB5	P x Q
R to K Kt3 mate.	

H. F. SMITH.

Married.

In Arlington, Oct. 3, by Rev. Joseph M. Finotti, Patrick Quinn and Mary Fogarty, all of Arlington.

In Arlington, in the Orthodox Congregational Church, Oct. 15th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Mr. William E. Field and Miss Louisa T. Swan, all of Arlington.

In Arlington, Oct. 15th, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. George W Cutter, Dr. Frank Harris and Miss Alice Gage all of Arlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Woburn, Oct. 3d, by Rev. J. Quealey, Thomas Mullin and Mary Green, all of Woburn.

In Woburn, Sept. 26th, by Rev. J. Quealey, Patrick Donavan and Johanna White all of Woburn.

In Winchester, Oct 14th, by Rev. H. F. Barnes, Mr. Lafayette Swan and Miss Lydia M. Brown, both of Winchester.

In Boston, Oct. 8th, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Geo. Busted and Fanny Colgan, both of Woburn.

In Arlington, Sept. 26, George Henderson, 21 years, 4 days.

In Arlington, Sept. 28, Sarah C. Cox, 30 years.

In Arlington, Oct. 7, John, son of Thomas and Ellen Tierney, 1 year, 11 months, 27 days.

In Arlington, Oct. 8, Annie E. Cannon, 30 years, 1 month, 27 days.

In Arlington, Oct. 9, James, son of Patrick and Hannah Collins, 6 years, 1 month, 8 days.

In Arlington, Oct. 10, Lawrence L., son of Frank O. and Ellen M. Squire, 1 year, 6 months, 2 days.

In Worcester, Oct. 15th, Mrs. Clara Raymond, mother of Mrs. William M Young, of Woburn.

In Wilmington, Oct. 13th, Jonathan Carter, aged 83 years, 6 months.

OBITUARY.—Jonathan Carter, whose death is announced to-day, was born and died on the old homestead in Wilmington, that has been owned in the family for six generations, covering a term of nearly 200 years. He was a man (rare to be found in any community,) a man that no one could say aught against. He was a member of the Congregational Church in Wilmington, a good neighbor, kind husband and father. He was a very social man, one that could tell and act a story well. In his younger days he was the best skater, the best wrestler and best dancer in town, yet he did it so modestly as not to excite the envy of his rivals. He always had the best horse in town (as did his father before him). He had a bridal for his tongue as well as for his horse. One who has known him for fifty years says he never knew him to speak disparagingly of any one. He was respected by old and young. Rest to his ashes.

Special Notices.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The firm of Perry & Eaton is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The affairs of the firm will be settled by J. M. Eaton.

J. M. EATON.
GEORGE PERRY.

Woburn, Oct. 1, 1874.

The business will be continued at the old stand by J. M. Eaton. 103.

DEDICATION.

The new Grammar School Building on Main and Warren streets, will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Thursday afternoon, the 22d inst., at 4 o'clock. Invitation is extended to every one to be present and examine the plan, workmanship and accommodations afforded in this building.

Per order of the Committee of Arrangements.

Religious Notices.

☞ Rev. Mr. Barnes will lecture next Sunday evening upon "Health and Holiness."

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

ADMINISTRATR'X SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at public auction, on Monday, the second day of November next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land containing about 8712 square feet, with the buildings thereon, being lot No. 14 on plan of the Danforth estate, situated in Woburn, in said County, near Salem street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of a private way leading northerly out of said Salem street; thence the line runs northerly by and with said private way 93 feet to a stake; thence easterly by land of George Flagg, by the wall 103 feet to a corner of the wall; thence southerly by land of John P. Moulton, by the wall 86 6-10 feet to a stake; thence westerly by land now or formerly of C. P. Danforth 101 feet to the point of beginning, together with the right at all times to use said private way for all proper purposes of a passway in common with others having the same right, but not to obstruct the same. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to Patrick Toland by S. F. Thompson, Tr., by deed dated March 1st, 1867, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1007, Page 144. Terms at Sale.

MARY E. TOLAND,
Adm'x of estate of Patrick Toland.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Oct. 16th, 1874. 142

WANTED.

Shoe Stichers Wanted by C. PIERCE.

Grand Opening

—OF—

Fall and Winter

Millinery!

Thursday

AND

Friday,

Oct. 22 and 23,

—AT—

MISS E. BANCROFT'S,

175 Main St.,

BANK BLOCK

WOBURN.

Side Board For Sale.

A nice Black Walnut Marble Top Side Board for sale. Apply at this office.

T. BRENNAN,

Horse Shoer,

Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

Channing Fraternity LECTURES.

A course of ten Scientific Lectures will be given in the vestry of the Unitarian Church, on evenings of the Fall and Winter, to be announced from time to time. The following gentlemen of Woburn will speak in the course:

Prof. L. S. Burbank,
P. L. Converse,
John Cummings,
John Clough, M. D. and
Rev. W. S. Barnes.

In addition to these, two lectures will be given by Prof. E. S. Morse of Salem, and one by Prof. W. H. Niles of Cambridge. The lectures will be given at intervals of about two weeks, dates and subjects being duly announced.

The course will be opened on **Thursday Evening, Oct. 22,** by Prof. Morse, of Salem. Subject: "How Animals Grow."

Tickets for the entire course, one dollar. Evening Tickets 25 cents.

P. L. Converse, Esq., of Woburn, will give the second lecture on Nov. 12th. Subject: Probabilities.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

ODELL & HUDSON'S

Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55

Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,

WINCHESTER, MASS:

A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY

☞ Orders by Mail Solicited.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District are requested to send delegates to a Convention to be held in Lyceum Hall, at Winchester, on Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1874, at 3½ o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Senator, and transacting such other business as may properly come before it. Representation as follows: Bedford 2, Billerica 2, Burlington 1, Lexington 2, Melrose 3, North Reading 2, Reading 3, Stoneham 4, Tewksbury 2, Wakefield 4, Wilmington 1, Winchester 3, Woburn 5.

WALTER LITTLEFIELD, A. E. SCOTT, JAMES F. DWINELL, } District Committee.

October 8th, 1874.

JUL. COHEN'S

NEW STORE!

199 MAIN STREET,

Three doors above Post Office,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.

At Very Low Prices!

Woburn Centre, Mass.

RICHARDS'

"Old Corner"

CLOTHING HOUSE

24 ....DOCK SQUARE......25

Is now furnished with the Largest and Best display of seasonable

MEN'S

YOUTH'S and

BOY'S CLOTHING,

That we have ever had upon our counters. We have laid in for the

FALL of 1874,

A prime assortment of everything desirable, from the smallest ready made Suits for CHILDREN, to the complete outfit for GENTLEMEN, or BOY'S wear—in all the varieties of fabric and styles—and our notable

LOW PRICES,

Are so well known all over New England, that we again invite out of town buyers to remember, when visiting Boston, if they would

SAVE 30 PER CENT

In their FALL and WINTER CLOTHING purchases, that

RICHARDS' "Old Corner,"

Is the place to call at, where they will not be disappointed in

PRICE,
QUALITY,
GOODNESS,
OR STYLE

24 DOCK 24
25 SQUARE 25
BOSTON. 137

BARGAINS

—IN—

Fine Whitby Jet Goods.

Necklaces, . . .	$3.00 to $6.00
Sets, ...	2.00 to 8.00
Pins, ...	75 to 3.00
Shawl Pins, . .	50 to 3.00

Rubber Goods, plain and Gold Mounted, much BELOW COST. Other Jet Goods in great variety. Tortoise Shell Goods of all kinds at a GREAT DISCOUNT.

One Lot of Jet Sets

—AT—

40 Cents each.

The sale of these goods will continue only during the present week.

John Vose & Co.,

Jewelers,

221 Washington Street, (Up Stairs.)

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

CARDIGANS.

Last year we sold Cardigan Jackets at a decline of over fifty per cent from the value of previous seasons. This year a better price prevails, with an inclination on the part of manufacturers to advance their rates. Three years ago prices varied from $2.50 to $6 00 per Jacket, to-day prices vary from 50 cents to $2.50 for corresponding grades. We offer at wholesale and retail a limited quantity of Jackets at

50 Cents Each,

And a large assortment of superior quality at

$1.35 Each,

The popular price at which so many Jackets sold last season.

G. W. SIMMONS & SON,

OAK HALL, BOSTON,

Headquarters for Cardigan Jackets.

NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS.

We are ready to buy for cash any large lots of Jackets which can be sold low.

G. W. SIMMONS & SON.

Men's and Boys' Winter Stock of Clothing now ready at

OAK HALL

32 to 38 North Street, Boston.

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

Tenements To Let.

INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

Another Chance!

Fifth and Last Gift Concert!

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF KENTUCKY.

POSTPONED TO

November 30, 1874.

Drawing Certain at that Date!

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift,	$250 000
One Grand Cash Gift,	100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	75,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	25 000
5 Cash Gifts, $20,000 each,	100,000
10 Cash Gifts, 14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts, 5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts, 4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts, 3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts, 2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts, 1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts, 500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts, 100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts, 50 each,	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all cash,	2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

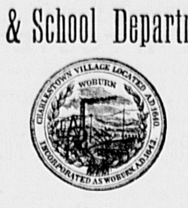
Whole Tickets,	$50 00
Halves,	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon,	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22 ½ Tickets for	1000 00

For tickets or information, address

THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

Or THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
133 609 Broadway, New York.

Fire & School Departments.



The members of the Fire Department, and citizens generally are hereby notified that by an arrangement with the Chief Engineer, the steam gong on Simonds's shop will be blown on and after Oct. 18, at precisely quarter before twelve noon, on stormy days when it is desirable to have but one session of the public schools. This notice is given to prevent the signal being taken for a fire alarm. The signal will be one long blast and six short ones.

E. H. DAVIS, Supt. of Schools.

Woburn, Oct. 9th, 1874. 130

Collector's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, Collector of Taxes for Winchester, will sell at public auction, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on SATURDAY, October 17th, 1874, at the Selectmen's Room, in Lyceum Hall Building, Winchester, for non-payment of taxes for the year 1873.

One lot of land with buildings thereon, taxed to Benj. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 14, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 16,333 sq. ft., and the sum of $10.25 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town Tax, and is unpaid.

Also, One other lot of land with building thereon, taxed to said B. T. Rounds, situated on Pond Street, Lot No. 20, on plan drawn by Josiah Hovey, containing 10,000 sq. ft., and the sum of $5.63 for 1873 is assessed on the same for State, County, and Town tax, and the same is unpaid.

MIAL CUSHMAN,
Collector of Taxes.

Winchester, Sept. 25, 1874. 18

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.

Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.

Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.

Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3 00 for Book-keeping. 35

AGENCY

—FOR—

BARRETT & BROTHER'S

DYE HOUSE,

BOSTON,

At "Horton's Bookstore."

Clothing, &c.
Cleansed
or Dyed

in the best manner. Now is the time to

ECONOMIZE

AND MAKE

Old Clothes NEW!

BRING THEM ALONG TO

195 Main Street, - Woburn. 20

Collector's Notice.

The Collector will be at his office, Bank Block, every afternoon and evening until Oct. 15th inclusive, to receive taxes.

N. B.—Interest at the rate of 12 per centum per annum will be charged on all taxes not paid on or before that date.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

A. A. WALKER

Importer, and dealer in

ARTISTS MATERIALS.

Oil and Water Colors, Canvass Brushes, Drawing Materials, Wax Flower Materials,

STATIONERY, &c.

Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.

127 TREMONT STREET, Boston.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, we are now prepared with an entire stock of New Goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library and Dining-Room

FURNITURE.

Draperies & Interior Decorations

At prices that defy competition.

HALEY, MORSE & Co.

411 Washington St. 122

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

Nos. 44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

JOHN B. SOUTHER

Successor to Souther, Flint & Co.

MANUFACTURER,

offers for sale at prices from 15 to 25 per cent lower than usual retail prices, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of all articles usually found in a furniture establishment, and as he manufactures most of his goods he is enabled to warrant them to be faithfully made.

All those who are about to replenish their furniture, or to furnish their houses entirely new, are invited to call and examine his stock and compare prices with those of other dealers. 121

JOHN B. SOUTHER,

44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph F. Barber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nancy Barber, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

26 J. H. TYLER, Register.

THE

BRYANT & STRATTON

Commercial School,

BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete

Commercial Education.

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,

DEALER IN

Hard & Soft Coal,

WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.

ALSO

A Large Assortment

OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing

By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation

At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

With which he is prepared to

SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To George H. Conn, of Woburn, Mass., and to any and all other persons having an interest in the hereinafter described premises.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said George H. Conn to Thomas J. Porter and Benjamin T. H. Porter, dated September 29th, A. D. 1869, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds in the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1096, fol. 416, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 26th day of October instant, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated about half a mile southeasterly from the common of and in said Woburn, being lots numbered three, four, and five on a plan of lots drawn by Cyrus Thompson, May 30th, 1856, containing forty-two thousand one hundred and sixty square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on a private street, leading southerly from Fowle street, at land of Horace Collamore, thence the line runs southerly on and by said private street, about two hundred forty-two and four-tenths feet to land formerly of John Couillard;—thence easterly by said last named land, one hundred and seventy-five feet to land of Peter McGoff;—thence northerly by land of said McGoff and land now or late of John Robbins, about two hundred forty one and nine-tenths feet to land of said Collamore;—thence westerly by said Collamore's land one hundred seventy-nine feet to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Conn by James D. Taylor, by deed dated February 23d, 1869, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1066, Page 416, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said George H. Conn, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

THOMAS J. PORTER, BENJAMIN T. H. PORTER, } Mortgagees
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Oct. 8, 1874.

THE ORIENT OR VEIL NUBIA,

(PATENTED.)

The demand for SOMETHING NEW to take the place of the Nubia, so long worn, has resulted in the production of this stylish Article for Ladies' wear, called the

ORIENT OR VEIL NUBIA.

For sale by Retail Dealers in Dry and Fancy Goods. 131

A LECTURE

TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in Sealed Envelope. Price six cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps. Address the Publishers.

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,
127 Bowery, New York
Post Office Box, 4586. 128

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

☞ 3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM

AND

BARBER SHOP.

5 Railroad St., three doors from Main

WOBURN.

WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.

Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

VISITING CARDS—50 real neat Bristol board cards with your name beautifully printed and a sample sheet of 50 different designs for printing for 20 cts. AGENTS wanted. Have not sold "500,000 within 6 weeks!" neither can I warrant $50 a week, but I will send a plain, truthful circular, with full particulars for one 3ct. stamp. I don't say my cards are the best in the world, but one experienced agent says he has seen "NONE that will come up to mine." I furnish more than 40 kinds of visiting cards, have the largest assortment of designs for visiting-card printing, and the prettiest styles ever shown, and no finer impression can be made than from my NICKEL SILVER PLATED TYPE. Nearly all say, "more than pleased." I could fill this paper with compliments my cards have lately received. Address, W. C. CANNON,

15 Box 4863, Boston Mass.

VARIOUS STYLES

New and Pretty

Initial

Stationery!

Assorted Tints.

Legal Fold,

Baronial Envelopes

Handsome Boxes,

25 or 30 cts. each

AT

HORTON'S

Next door to Post Office,

WOBURN.

25

Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Terance McGowan to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated December 31st, 1870, and recorded with Middlesex County South District Deeds, Libro 1196, Folio 217, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the condition of said mortgage deed, on the premises hereafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, viz:—A certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing, situated in the centre village of Woburn, in said County, containing seven thousand five hundred square feet, more or less and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on Gallilee street so called formerly, (now known as Centre street) at land now or formerly of George Flagg, thence the line runs westerly by land of said Flagg fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence northerly by land of said Flagg one hundred and fifty feet to a stake at land of said Flagg; thence easterly by land of said Flagg fifty feet to a stake at said Gallilee street; thence southerly on said Gallilee street, one hundred and fifty feet to the point of beginning.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn Oct. 2d, 1874. 114

Mrs. L. M. DALTON,

TEACHER OF

Piano & Reed Organ.

Pupils instructed at their homes, or at the residence of the Teacher,

VERNON PLACE, WOBURN.

Orders left with G. W. Pollock, 213 Main St., or Miss M. Clementine Stearns, 224 Main Street, will receive prompt attention. References given if required. 101

REDUCTION

In PRICES of COFFEE!

Old Gov't Java, - - -	44c
Maleberry Java, - - -	48c
Mocha, - - -	52c
Rio, - - -	37c

Woburn Tea Store,

190 MAIN STREET,

Opp. Post-Office. H. F. SMITH.

For Sale.

A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

For Sale Cheap!

A Melodeon in Piano Case of Rosewood. 99

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad Street.

STOVE FOR SALE.

A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of

58 A. T. YOUNG.

FROM $15 TO $50 Per week can be made by either sex, Soliciting for our vulcanized RUBBER STAMP. The Stamps and Ink are first class, best and cheapest. We want Local Agents in every town and city throughout the United States. Send 2 stamps for samples and terms, (no postal cards) to

BELKNAP & FITTON, 123
3 School Street, BOSTON.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

MUSIC BOOKS for SCHOOLS

AMERICAN

School Music Readers

In 3 Books. By L. O. Emerson & W. S. Tilden.

In **Book I,** which is for **Primary Schools,** we have a 3 years course of study, very plainly laid out, with abundant directions to teachers, and a large number of sweet songs, for the little ones to sing by rote and by note. PRICE 35 CENTS.

In **Book II,** the course above indicated is continued, and becomes a little more theoretic. The book is fitted for the use of the younger scholars in Grammar Schools. PRICE 50 CENTS.

In **Book III,** part singing is introduced, and the ear is trained to harmonic singing. For Higher Classes in Grammar Schools. PRICE 50 CENTS.

The music in these charming and useful books was selected and arranged by the practised hand of Mr. L. O. Emerson, and the theoretic part has been well tested by Mr. Tilden before placing in the Readers.

For HIGH SCHOOLS, nothing succeeds the above Readers better than "THE HOUR OF SINGING," ($1.00), already in extensive use. If that has been used, try "CHOICE TRIOS," ($1.00) a collection of the best 3-part music.

The new Singing School Book, "THE SONG MONARCH," (75 cts.), is attracting general attention as one of the Best Books ever made for Singing Schools.

The above books sent post-paid on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

Boston, Lowell & Nashua R R

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, May 4th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7.00, 8.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.

Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 5.00 P. M.

Nashua, 7.00, 8.00† A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 5.00, 6.00† P. M.

Lowell, 7.00, 8.00† 10.00 A. M., 12.00 M., 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 P. M.

Billerica and Wilmington, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 6.00 P. M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 2.30, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.

‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8.00, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

East Woburn, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.

*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.

† Northern Depot.

‡ A train will leave Boston for Stoneham on Wednesdays 11.15, on Saturdays at 10.30. P. M.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.

Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.

Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.

Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.

Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.

Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.

Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.

¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49. 10.15, A. M., 1.00. 4.49, 6.17 P. M.

East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00. 6.30 P. M.

Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.

Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.

West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.

* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.

† Northern Depot.

‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.

¶ A train will leave Stoneham for Boston on Wednesdays at 10.05 and Saturdays at 8.10 P. M.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at

MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Soles's Market.

E. O. Soles,

Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store

Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.

where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, &c., &c. 32

E. O. SOLES,

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

Established in 1861.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The best and largest Stock of

Pianos & Organs

Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly

Reduced Prices for Cash

OR INSTALLMENTS.

Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann,	New York
McCammon,	"
Guild, Church & Co.,	Boston
W. F. Emerson,	"
Vose & Sons,	"
New England Organ Co.,	"
&c.,	&c.

STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties,

Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,

FOR SALE CHEAP.

O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,

16 WOBURN, MASS.

House For Sale.

A HOUSE on Franklin street, containing ten rooms, ready to be moved away. Inquire at Mrs. CUTTER'S, corner Winn and Franklin streets. 34

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Meals at short notice. 42

MRS. W. T. AYERS

Will attend to

Dress and Cloak Making,

at her residence, 39

COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.

Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.

WILMOT'S.

121 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.

The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.

No. 9 Railroad Street,

where may be found at all times,

Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings. Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.

JACOB R. CURRIER.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,

CLOTHES DRYERS!

AND CLOTHES HORSES.

Thompson's HARDWARE STORE

BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in

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MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

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1875.

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JOHN AND I.

"Come, John," said I, cheerfully, "it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you."

My visitor rose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measures six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me.

"You are in a great hurry to get rid of me," he replied.

Now I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to "sitting up" with me so literally that I was frequently at my wit's end to suppress the yawn that I knew would bring a troop rushing after it.

He was a fine, manly looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age—which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior; and when, instead of letting the worm of concealment prey upon his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his love for my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English Prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, "A man may not marry his grandmother." That was three years ago; and I added encouragingly, "besides, John, you are a child, and don't know your own mind."

"If a man of nineteen does'nt know his own mind," remonstrated my lover, "I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen, as Jacob did for Rachel."

"You forget," I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, "that a woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously, John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you—but my feelings toward you are more those of a mother than a wife."

The boy's eyes flashed indignantly; and before I could divine his intention he had lifted me from the spot where I stood, and carried me, infant fashion, to the sofa at the other end of the room.

"I could almost find it in my heart to shake you!" he muttered, as he set me down with emphasis.

This was rather like the courtship of William of Normandy, and the matter promised to be quite exciting.

"Don't do that again!" said I, with dignity, when I had recovered my breath.

"Will you marry me?" asked John, somewhat threateningly.

"Not just at present," I replied.

"The great, handsome fellow," I thought, as he paced the floor restlessly, "why couldn't he fall in love with some girl of fifteen, instead of setting his affection on an old maid like me? I don't want the boy on my hands, and I won't have him."

"As to your being twenty-six," pursued John, in answer to my thoughts, "you say it's down in the family Bible, and I suppose it must be so; but no one would believe it: and *I* don't care if you are *forty*. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love."

"Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said that same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take your's. For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a comfort to know that if he could not gather the flower himself, no one else would.

A sort of family shipwreck had wafted John to my household. Our own household was sadly broken up, and I found myself comparatively young in years, with a half invalid father, a large house, and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother, in a foreign land—one of those sudden, unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being.

Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing everything worth knowing (without the least pedantry, however), that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister, which was asking quite enough of Christian charity under the sun, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. *Such* a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs, with equal indiscretion, and treating the latter as though he were an incapable infant.

They stayed with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seemed to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything, I was told, depended on his getting the right kind of wife.

A special interview with Mr. Cranford at his particular request, touched me considerably.

"I hope," said he, "that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He has set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche."

I drew my hand away from his caress and almost felt like hating John Cranford. Life with him would be one of ease and luxury; but I decided that I had rather keep boarders.

Not long after this the Cranfords concluded to go to housekeeping, and Mrs. Shellgrove was in her glory. She always came to luncheon now in her bonnet, and gave us minute details of all that had been done and talked of about the house in the last twenty-four hours.

"It is really magnificent," she would say, lengthening out each syllable. "Brother has such perfect taste; and he is actually furnishing the library, Miss Edna, after your suggestion. You see, we look upon you quite as one of the family."

"That is very good of you," I replied, shortly; but I certainly have no expectation of ever belonging to it."

Mrs. Shellgrove laughed as though I had perpetrated an excellent joke.

"Young ladies always deny these things, of course; but John tells a different story."

I rattled the cups and saucers angrily; and my thoughts floated off not to John, but to John's father, sitting lonely in the library furnished after my suggestion. Wasn't it, after all, my duty to marry the family in general?

The house was finished and moved into, and John spent his evenings with me. I used to get dreadfully tired of him. He was much too devoted to be at all interesting, and I had reached that state of feeling that, if summarily ordered to take my choice between him and the gallows, I would have prepared myself for hanging, with a sort of cheerful alacrity.

I locked the door upon John on the evening in question, when I had finally gotten rid of him, with these feelings in full force; and I meditated while undressing on some desperate move that should bring matters to a crisis.

But the boy had become roused at last. He too had reflected in the watches of the night; and next day I received quite a dignified letter from him, telling me that business called him from the city for two or three weeks, and that possibly on his return I might appreciate his devotion better. I felt inexpressibly relieved. It appeared to me the most sensible move that John had made in the whole course of our acquaintance, and I began to breathe with more freedom.

Time flew, however, and the three weeks lengthened to six, without John's return. He wrote to me, but his letters became somewhat restrained; and I scarcely knew what to make of him. If he would only give me up, I thought; but I felt sure that he would hold me to that weak promise of mine, that I should either become Edna Cranford or remain Edna Carrington.

"Mr. Cranford" was announced one evening, and I entered the parlor fully prepared for an overdose of John, but found myself confronted by his father.

He looked very grave; and instantly I imagined all sorts of things, and reproached myself for my coldness.

"John is well?" I gasped, finally.

"Quite well," was the reply, in such kind tones that I felt sure that there was something wrong.

What it was I cared not, but poured forth my feelings impetuously to my astonished visitor.

"He must not come here again!" I exclaimed. "I do not wish to see him. Tell him so, Mr. Cranford! Tell him I had rather remain Edna Carrington, as he made me promise, than to become Edna Cranford."

"And he made you promise this?" was the reply. "the selfish fellow! But Edna, what am *I* to do without the little girl I have been expecting? I am very lonely—so lonely that I do not see how I can give her up."

I glanced at him, and the room seemed swimming round—everything was dreadfully unreal. I tried to sit down, and was carried tenderly to the sofa.

"Shall it be Edna Carrington or Edna Cranford?" he whispered. "You need not break your promise to John."

"Edna Cranford," I replied, feeling that I had left the world entirely.

If the thought crossed my mind that Mr. Cranford had rather cheerfully supplanted his son, the proceeding was fully justified during the visit which I soon received from that young gentleman. I tried to make it plain to him that I did him no wrong, as I had never professed to love him, though not at all sure that I wouldn't receive the shaking threatened on a previous occasion, and I endeavored to be as tender as possible, for I felt real sorry for him.

To my great surprise John laughed.

"Well, this is jolly!" he exclaimed. "And I'm not a villian, after all. What do you think of her, Edna?"

He produced an ivorytype in a rich, velvet case—a pretty, blue-eyed simpleton; she looked like ætat seventeen.

"Rose," he continued—"Rose Darling; the name suits her, doesn't it? She was staying at my uncle's in Maryland—that is where I have been visiting, you know—she's such a dear little confiding thing that a fellow couldn't help falling in love with her. And she thinks no end of me, you see—says she's quite afraid of me, and all that."

John knew that *I* wasn't a bit afraid of him; but I felt an elder sisterly sort of interest in his happiness, and had never liked him so well as at that moment. And this was the dreadful news that his father had came to break to me, when his narrative was nipped in the bud by revelations, and the interview ended in a far more satisfactory manner than had been anticipated.

So I kept my promise to John, after all, and as Miss Rose kept hers, he is now a steady married man, and a very agreeable son-in-law.

Old Mr. Rabun of Georgia hath thirteen children. Notice his enterprise in finding names for them. They are

1 Mary Ann Elizabeth.
2 Cornelia Ann Miranda Jane.
3 Effie Ann Savannah.
4 Sarah Ann Mollissio Vaudusan, Ianthice.
5 Drusilla Ann Frances Reena.
6 Lany Lucinda Eliza Willie, Ann, Alice.
7 Roxa Ann Archiba Margrate Amazon.
8 Mazie Gerucia Ann Silvira.
9 Aunginette Sefronie Martha Ann Erastus.
10 Eldora Matilda Louisa Ann Pilcher.
11 Pilcher Wicker Brinson Franklen Lee Beauregard Jackson Swain Estes. (The only son.)
12 Ella Ann Sansil Virginnia Theodosia Milanta Eugenia Gibson.
13 Lovie Ann Estellaville Caladonis Desalonda Lucretia Borgia Neal.

Here are some proverbs which Alphonso Karr says are Russian.—"If you are a mushroom let them put you in a basket. Debts are not noisy, but they keep one awake. One is not loved because he is handsome, but handsome because he is beloved. Make friends with the bear but keep hold of your hatchet."

TALKING.—Perhaps at no other time of the year are good conversational powers so valuable an accomplishment as in the summer holidays. Life at country boarding places and watering place hotels is apt to become monotonous at the best. An individual, the sum total of whose conversation consists in remarking in the morning, that it is going to be a hot day, at dinner that it *is* a hot day, and in the evening that it has been a hot day, is apt to accomplish little in relieving the monotony.

But the power of conversing well, although so evidently, not only in summer, but at all other times, one of the first of accomplishments, is no less evidently, one of the least cultivated. As a direct object in the education of children and youth, it is very seldom taken into consideration at all. So far as direct training in schools is concerned, this defect is a matter of necessity. Classes cannot be drilled in conversation as they can in geography. If the art is taught at all it must be done principally by home training. But of this training one of the most essential elements is the opportunity of learning from example what a good style of conversation really is. Unhappily, there are many families, even among highly educated people, in which little of such opportunity is furnished. In large numbers of such cases the children hear from their parents scarcely any conversation whatever that would be above the capacity of a not peculiarly well educated day laborer and his wife. Remarks of the most commonplace kind from the father, about the details of his business, and from the mother about her housekeeping, the usual speculative meteorological discussions, and observations on other ordinary topics—all very well, no doubt in their place and all worthy of a certain amount of attention—constitute almost the sum total of conversation that the young people in many such a family are in the habit of hearing at home. The consequence is that, however well educated they may be in some respects, they often grow up with no power whatever of making their mental cultivation contribute either to the interest or value of what they have to say in company.

The great majority of the people have no opportunity of expressing their ideas in print or by public speaking. On the other hand private conversation is a means of influence accessible to every one. Nor is that influence insignificant. The power which may be exerted by a man, and in many cases, still more by a woman, is of no mean or inferior kind. That it is not far greater than it actually shows itself to be is, in a considerable degree owing to its being so frequently unappreciated by those who are, or who ought to be most capable of exercising it.

But to know how to talk is not a more essential part of conversational powers than to know when to talk. In fact, the latter element is in many respects the more valuable of the two. A great talker, even where his ideas and language are in themselves admirable, is often a great nuisance. Lecturing is not conversation. Many persons who plume themselves on their form of conversation, might as well, for all they hear of what any one else has to say, be so deaf that if a gun were fired off within twenty feet of them, they would only know it from the smell of the powder and the sight of the flash. Indeed, the people who regard themselves, and are sometimes regarded by others, as having a peculiar talent for conversing, are often exceedingly ignorant as to what the word "conversation" really means.

A very large part of the knowledge acquired by the education of young people drifts away before they are thirty years old, and is lost. To a certain degree this is unavoidable. In regard to some points it is perhaps not very greatly to be regretted. Much that is taught in schools is like the scaffolding that is employed in building a house, and which is cleared away after the temporary purpose for which it is created is accomplished. Much of it, also must necessarily be forgotten, from the inability of the memory to hold it all. To retain that portion which every well informed person should possess, and to keep up the general intelligence which a good education imparts, are objects which, in most cases, must in a degree be attained, if attained at all, by means of conversation. It is a good thing to get an education. It is no less a good thing to keep it after it is acquired. The former of these points is by the community in general, pretty well understood and appreciated. The latter is deserving of much more thought and attention than it usually receives.—*New York Times.*

A hasty man with his arms full of his wife's luggage thought he was left by the train the other night, and running rapidly across a platform, fell over a truck. He straddled one of the handles and rode it for a second, lunged forward and got his legs tangled up in the cross pieces, when the malicious thing reared up and slid forward just enough to throw the man off his balance and get him down. He blacked his eye and broke his spectacles against the handle, and ran over his foot with the wheels, and even after he got away from it and was seated in the car, he said the truck ran after him and kicked him twice in the ribs, before the brakeman could take it away from him.

We commend these lines to correspondents who want to know how to write for the press:

Write upon pages of a single size;
Cross all your t's, and neatly dot your i's;
On one side only let your lines be seen—
Both sides filled up announce a Verdant Green.
Correct—yes, re-correct—all that you write,
And let your ink be black, your paper white;
For spongy foolscap of a muddy blue
Betrays a mind of the same dismal hue.
Punctuate carefully, for on this score
Nothing proclaims the practised writer more.
Then send it off, and, lest it merit lack,
Inclose the postage stamps to send it back;
But first pay all the postage on it too,
For editors look black on "sixpence due,"
And murmur, as they run the effusion o'er,
"A shabby fellow" (regardless of sex), "and a wretched bore!"
Yet ere it goes take off a copy clean—
Poets should own a copying machine;
Little they know the time that's spent and care
In hunting verses vanished—who knows where?
Bear this in mind, observe it to the end,
And you shall make the editor your friend.

Listen not to the tale bearer or the slanderer, for he tells thee nothing out of good will; but as he discovereth of the secrets of others, so he will of thine in turn.

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THE BEST WORKMEN,
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As they should be made.
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WOOD.
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Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE. 71

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, SS.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline A. Coffin, late of Winchester, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by James B. Coffin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October inst, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal* printed at Woburn the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, George M. Brooks, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy four.

120 J. H. TYLER, Register.

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N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense.
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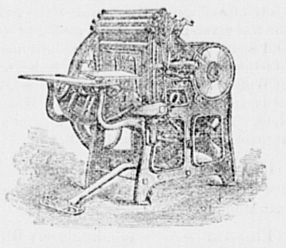
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Mortgagee's Sale.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage given by Albert Willey and Edwin Whitford to Jacob C. Whitcher, dated June 24th, 1871, and recorded in Woburn Town Records, Book 6, Pages 609 and 610, will be sold at public auction, for breach of condition of said mortgage, at the barn hereinafter described, on Tuesday the twentieth day of October 1874, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the property conveyed by said mortgage, viz:—A Stable, Barn and Shed, situated on Union street in said Woburn, on land now or formerly belonging to Patty Parker and others, and now or formerly leased to said mortgagers. Said stable, barn and shed is the third building on the southwesterly side of said Union street, is the same building formerly occupied by said Whitford as a Livery Stable, and is now occupied by said Whitford and John C. Plummer, as a Beer Factory.

JACOB C. WHITCHER,
Mortgagee.

Woburn, Oct. 2d, 1874. 115

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Poetry.

A LULLABY.

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!—
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wanderland—
Down to the under-land—
Go, oh go!
Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!
Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;
Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over
Down on the mother world!
Down on the other world!
Sleep, oh sleep!
Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Into the stilly world—
Into the lily world
Gone, oh gone!
Into the lily-world gone!

—*St. Nicholas for November.*

Selected.

HOW JOSHUA BLAKE WAS SOLD.

"You are not at all well," said the doctor to me after ten minutes' conversation in his consulting room.

"I know I am not," I replied; "I like you personally very much, but if I was in a state of robust health, I should not come to see you at half past nine in the morning, by way of an afternoon call. Of course I'm not well; I don't want to be told that. I know it as well as you do. I want to know what is the matter with me, and then I want you to make me well. My dear friend, you *can't* want to feel my pulse again. Here, give me a prescription and let me go. I haven't a moment to spare."

The eminent physician—one of the most eminent—regarded me placidly and still retained my wrist.

"You are irritable," he said, "all over. Your nervous system is a little upset, and your liver very much upset. You have been overworking yourself. Here's my prescription." And he offered me a "Bradshaw." I felt strongly inclined in return to present him with sixpence as his fee. But I refrained from the practical joke, as I saw he looked serious. I did not take the prescription, as I saw it was a month old; but, being a person of impulsive habits, I went straight to Euston Square and booked a place per Limited Mail for Inverness three day after date.

"But why Inverness?" asked my reasoning faculty, as I walked away from the station. "Oh, I don't know," returned Impulse, "it's a very nice place, I believe, though I have never taken you there yet. Buy a Black's Picturesque Guide, and that will give you lots of reasons." In due course I found myself comfortably arranged for the through journey, the guard having obligingly given me a couple of young sign posts to serve as leg rests. When I entered the carriage I found that I was not to be companionless, for there was an ample bundle of maps in one corner, and divers angling implements and a fish basket in the netting. "Oho!" I said to myself, "I am going to travel with a sportsman. Perhaps I may have the luck to voyage with the renowned hero of the Free Breakfast Table, who is going to angle in the Tea—I mean the Tay. What luck! I'll interview him all the way." When my fellow traveller took his seat it did not want a second glance to assure me that it was not the piscatorial orator I had hoped for. He was a stout florid man of middle age, and well to do appearance. He possessed a pair of very bright, sharp eyes, rather smaller than his admirers could have wished, perhaps; a prominent nose, which rather suggested the notion of obtrusiveness into other people's affairs; bushy whiskers and a smiling mouth. Off went the Limited, and on came my companion.

"I beg your pardon sir; but jumping into the train in a hurry, I forgot to see if this is a smoking carriage. Do you object to a cigar?"

"Not the least," I replied, "if you do not mind a pipe."

"Not a bit; but let me offer you one of these cigars. I'll undertake to say you won't get a better if you search London through. My own importing, sir. Oblige me."

As a rule I distrust "own importations," but not wishing to seem churlish, I accepted the gift, and felt no hesitation in admitting that the tobacco was admirable.

"Going far north, sir?"

"Yes," I replied; "as far as this carriage will take me."

"To Inverness? So am I. We shall be companions all the way."

I could not help thinking that the keen glance which accompanied his words betrayed a certain curiosity on his part as to whether there was anything to be made out of me. But I repressed the ungenerous suspicion; surely the gentle angler would keep his flies and other artificial baits for the nobler salmon, and not waste his skill on such small fry as myself.

"Like myself," he continued, "I have no doubt you mean to kill a fish or two."

"Well—yes— perhaps," I answered evasively, as if I had not quite made up my mind whether I should empty a river or not—I, who had never touched a salmon in my life except at dinner.

"Ah! it's a noble sport," he rejoined, looking up at the lamp as if he saw a paradise of angling in the oil; "a noble sport. What water are you going to try!"

I thought of Homburg, Bath, Baden, Harrogate, but I could not, for the life of me, remember the name of a Scotch river at the moment, and I longed to consult my Black's P. G., but dignity forbade, and impulse, which is never as strictly accurate as could be desired, compelled me to say that I hadn't made up my mind, and I should see about it when I got there. My friend instantly saw through my shallow evasion and remarked:

"Perhaps you ain't so keen about fishing as I am?"

"No," I replied, brightening up, "I don't think I am." The polished arrow of my sarcasm hit no mark. The fisherman continued to troll for my intentions, and so, at last, like the historical opossum, I came down and confessed that I was merely travelling for rest and relaxation.

"Ah, so am I," he exclaimed, as he landed after me; "I find there is nothing like this sort of thing after months of hard work in the city. Now you're in business, I dare say."

"Certainly," I replied; "I am a professional man."

My companion burst into a roar of laughter. "Lor', now, that's good! That's the best answer I've heard for a long time. Why, you would have puzzled Hawkins if you had been a witness for the Claimant. A professional man! You are the chaps that keep no books, and return a fancy Income Tax. I like to meet a man like you. I say, what do you profess now?" Undoubtedly this was one of the most vulgar persons it had been my misfortune to meet for a long time. I looked at him with a cold, interrogative stare, as who would say,—What the deuce do you mean by your impudence, you infernal snob? "Excuse me," he continued, as if he accurately understood my look; "no offence intended, I assure you. I thought you meant it as a joke. I see you didn't; but you know there are such a lot of professionals nowadays, and it's such a very wide term, Why bless you, I'm a professional man myself."

I inclined my head coldly, and said—"Then I hardly understand your burst of jocularity when I—"

"No, no! my fault. I didn't ought to have laughed. But I recollect reading at school as a couple of pagan priests never could meet each other without exchanging a sly wink. And I thought that perhaps your profession was the same as mine,—money-making."

"I am not disposed to deny," I replied somewhat soothed, "that I follow my profession, such as it is, with some hope of pecuniary reward."

"Of course not. Who does? We are bound by our natural instincts to make it pay somehow. Well, sir, I'm a financial agent—that's what I am. I assist other people in getting money, and I pocket my commission. Nothing to be ashamed of in that, I suppose? I can negociate a loan, arrange a mortgage, promote a company, work a patent, manage a theatre, start a church, or found a continental revolution. That's a pretty wide profession, sir, ain't it?"

"Very much so," I assented; "may I ask how you propose to get a percentage out of your fishing rod?"

"Aha, that's a speculation, that is. Fishing is my only amusement, but it will prove a remunerative one in the end I am going to meet some friends right across on the west coast of Sutherlandshire, and if you happen to get as far as Loch Inver you will find me in enviable company."

The financier chuckled heartily to himself, and gazed with infinite self satisfaction at the lamp, I could not help thinking that there he found an oily sympathy. We did not have much further conversation, as I conceived a dislike for him; and I wished heartily for a moment or two that I was a card sharper, and could take down his unutterable self conceit by a little brilliant practice at *ecarte.* By and by, I fell asleep and dreamed about him. My dreams were not very pleasant.

In due course of time we arrived at Carlisle, and both turned out to get some coffee. I returned first to the compartment, and could not restrain myself from looking at the label on the fishing rods, and discovered that my fellow traveller called himself Joshua Blake, esquire. I felt convinced that he would return from the refreshment room very wide awake, and would persist in talking, and I earnestly hoped that somebody else would get into the carriage. My hopings were granted. A tall, good looking, but very pale gentleman, of some five and twenty years of age, whom I had noticed casually in the refreshment room, and afterwards on the platform, peered into the carriage, looked at me sharply, watched me retire into my corner, then gazed at the rug left by Mr. Blake in his corner, then at the fishing rods in the netting, then entered. He carried a bag, which he disarranged the rods to make room for; he coolly displaced the rug and made himself comfortable in Mr. Blake's place. Under ordinary circumstances I should have felt justified in pointing out to him that he was transgressing the rules of social railway traveling; but as it was I felt no inclination to be Joshua Blake's agent, and I thought that great financier was perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

"Passengers for the north, take your seats," cried the guard.

Mr. Blake bustled up and jumped into the carriage and the guard slammed the door behind him. The driver steamed his whistle and the train moved off.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Blake, rather crossly, to the pale young gentleman who had taken his seat, "but you're in my place."

"Am I really?" replied the new-comer, "I am very sorry for it; but I cannot move."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Blake; "I left my rug in my seat, and I insist upon your shifting."

"Oh, there's your rug," said the other wearily. "Pray don't bother me."

"D—n it, sir; but I must bother you. I want my place."

"Dear me! do sit down, my good fellow. One place is just as good as another for a robust person like you. I give you my word I can't sit anywhere but here; and don't you see that I am dying?"

"Curse your impudence!" retorted Blake furiously. "Don't try and come any of your chaff over me. Die if you like; but go and do it somewhere else. Get out of my place."

"Well, as I don't wish my last moments to be disturbed by a coarse ruffian like you," returned the pale young gentleman coolly, "I'll allow you to sit here," and he languidly moved to the opposite seat. Then he addressed himself to me.

"In case anything unpleasant should happen to me before we reach Inverness, sir, perhaps you will have the kindness to say at the inquest that my end was hastened by the unfeeling behavior of this person. Here is my card—Edward Dykewood—that is my name."

He handed me the card, and fell back in a dreadful fit of coughing. I looked at Joshua Blake, Esq. He was gazing with undisguised anxiety at his opposite neighbor.

"You had better let him have that seat with his back to the engine," said I; "Mr. Dikewood is evidently very far from well."

"Oh, certainly," exclaimed the man, Blake, jumping up "Pray forgive me, sir, for my rough manner; oblige me by sitting here."

"Oh, don't apologize," said the invalid. "It really is of very little consequence; I can't last much longer—don't put yourself out for me."

"But I insist upon your sitting here," cried Mr. Blake; "sit down, I beg; put your feet up. Let me shut the window."

"Thanks. I am afraid I am giving you a great deal of trouble. You are a better fellow than I thought you were. And Mr. Edward Dikewood proceeded to make himself comfortable in the place he had originally selected, "Might I trouble you for your rug?" he continued, looking at Blake; "I see you have a very nice one there, and the morning air strikes very chilly to a poor consumptive creature like myself." Without another word Mr. Blake wrapped his rug carefully around the pale gentleman, who then proceeded to say; "That's very nice. Now if you have got such a thing as a brandy flask in your travelling bag, I think a short nip would ward off a fainting attack to which I am subject, and which I feel coming on. Thanks." Mr. Blake provided the required stimulant in a handsome silver flask. "You are really too good. I'll keep this beside me if you have no objection." And the invalid coolly pocketed the flask. Then his cough attacked him severely, and Mr. Blake seemed much concerned.

"Oh, this dreadful cough," groaned the unfortunate man; "What would I not give for some tobacco?"

"Let me offer you a cigar," said Mr. Blake, eagerly, as he proffered his cigar case.

The invalid feebly waved his hand as if declining, and said in a horribly sepulchral tone, "Unless it is the very best that can be bought with money, it will make me worse."

"Stay," exclaimed Blake, as he reopened his travelling bag, "I have a few others here. Try this." And he produced a superb regalia. "Don't smoke more than you want, for there's a lot of it Throw it away when you've had enough. But I give you my word of honour they cost half a crown apiece, trade price."

Mr. Dikewood took the cigar, lit it, and soon appeared to be much easier in his bodily condition. Blake smoked another half crowner. I regret to say that he omitted to offer me one, nor did he take the ostentatious hint I gave him by carefully preparing a pipe.

"Really these are beautiful cigars," observed Dikewood in a less feeble voice. —"most admirable. Good gracious, sir," he suddenly exclaimed, looking at me in horror, "you are not going to smoke a pipe? No—no! I cannot stand it. Throw me out of the window at once. You might just as well if you are going to do that."

"Unfortunately," said I imperturbably, "I cannot tolerate the smell of tobacco unless I am smoking myself. And I have nothing but my pipe."

"Give him a cigar," said Dikewood, addressing Blake, almost imperiously; "one of those regalias. Oh you must—you must." For Mr. Blake was about to offer me a less expensive article. He meekly obeyed, and I obeyed meekly but without reluctance. "This man Blake," I thought to myself, "this blustering, swaggering, money making creature, has his good points after all. He is wonderfully kind to that poor fellow, I have a better opinion of human nature than I entertained when we started from Euston last night.

The attentions of Joshua Blake to Edward Dikewood were certainly unremitting, and a more capricious sufferer it has never been my fortune to meet. The windows had to be perpetually opened or shut; extra cushions were required and were placed in position by Blake. Ten minutes after they were so placed, they had to be removed, as being uncomfortable after all. Then the invalid fancied that the netting above him was not safe, and that the paraphernalia of fishing rods and baskets would tumble through and crush him, and they all had to be shifted, If the engine driver sounded his whistle, or gave a whoop like an owl, Blake was earnestly requested to look out of the window and see what the signals were doing. And thrice he returned to his seat suffering agonies from dust in his eyes, when Mr. Dikewood consoled himself by saying, "Oh, that's nothing. If you only suffered as I do!"

At last I began to suspect that there was some hidden meaning in Blake's excessive patience and obtrusive sympathy. But my ingenuity exhausted itself in endeavoring to account for it. A solution of the mystery eventually arrived. We approached Perth, and I remarked, looking at my watch, "We are in capital time, and shall have a comfortable twenty minutes for breakfast."

The invalid groaned heavily and closed his eyes.

"Take some more brandy," exclaimed Blake. "You have got my flask in your pocket."

"Kind soul!" murmured Dikewood; "I know I have. But I dare not put any more in an empty stomach."

"We are close to Perth," replied Mr. Blake; "a good breakfast would do you a world of good."

"It would, I know," returned the other, feebly as before; "but I have a long journey to make, and have only money to pay my travelling expenses. I can't afford any breakfast."

I own to having felt deeply moved at this heart rending confession, and was about to make a generous proposal, when Joshua Blake interrupted me by saying, "Come, come, Mr. Dikewood, you can't be so badly off as that. I don't mind telling you sir, that I know you much better than you suppose. Only six weeks ago you sold your life interest in a certain estate for a considerable sum of money, as you wanted capital. And allow me to add, sir, that the person who purchased that life interest had every reason to believe that you were a hale and hearty young man, of careful and temperate habits, and that a gross fraud had been perpetrated."

"Air!" shrieked Dikewood, with an appalling gesture; "air—I am fainting—dying—quick!" And he fell back in a ghastly condition.

Blake sulkily opened the window, and the invalid revived. "You have alluded to a very painful subject," he said wearily to Blake; "pray be careful how you do it again. But you are right—quite right. When that transaction was entered into, I was as you truthfully said, a hale and hearty man of careful and temperate habits. But, alas, for the deceptive appearances of human nature, which even insurance offices are not proof against. I have since that time fallen into a rapid decline, through—alas for deception again—through disappointed love."

"Now, upon my soul, this is too bad—too bad," exclaimed Mr. Blake, angrily stamping his foot."

"You are right again—it is too bad. Oh how sad to be cut off in one's youth." There were tears standing in the pale gentleman's eyes as he continued: "But I should not like to die with the thought that I had defrauded any one. But how do you know this secret event of my life?"

"Simply in this manner, Mr. Edward Dikewood. I am the purchaser of that life interest. I am Joshua Blake."

"Indeed! And you have been so good and kind to me. Let me take your hand." And he feebly stretched out a hand which I then remarked was not quite so emaciated as might have been anticipated, though very white.

The financier did not regard the movement, but said: "Are you serious about wishing to make good what will evidently be a serious loss to me?"

"Most serious. Oh, food, food!"

"Hang it! you must be able to get yourself some breakfast," exclaimed Blake impatiently. "What have you done with the money?"

"All locked up in an excellent business, but no chance of a return for some time. Oh that I may have strength to legally transfer my share to you. Food, food!"

We entered the station at Perth. Mr. Blake and I assisted the unhappy invalid to the refresement room, and it is only right to say that he made a very hearty meal, for which Blake paid.

When we were seated in the Inverness carriage, Blake asked him if he felt better'

"Oh much better," returned Dikewood, "much stronger. I trust I shall live to repay your kindness." Then a terrible fit of coughing returned, and he gasped out, "Another cigar."

There was nothing for it but for Blake to give him another regalia.

"And now for business," said Blake; "I understand you are anxious, considering your precarious state of health, to relieve me of the unfortunate probability of a serious loss. Is that so?"

"It is, most certainly. Could I die happy otherwise?"

"Then, when we arrive at Inverness—"

"If I ever arrive there alive, that is," put in Dikewood, as he expelled a volume of smoke from his mouth.

"When we arrive at Inverness," continued Blake, not caring to notice the interruption. "we will seek a lawyer, and make a legal arrangement which will secure me in case of—of—any accidents happening before your London advisers can be communicated with."

"But I am afraid of Scotch lawyers," murmured Dikewood· "there's no knowing what they might do to one. They will 'feu' you, or 'public roup' you, or let you in for 'multiple and poinder' or some horrible thing or other, before you know where you are." And then he was attacked with a worse coughing fit than ever.

"But I say, don't you do anything for that cough of yours?" asked Blake, anxiously; "in common justice to a fellow, you ought to endeavor to cure it, you know."

"What's the good?" replied Dikewood mournfully; "I tell you I have been disappointed in love. Why should I care to live?"

"Well, for my sake," hazarded Blake

"Impossible. I am sorry for you, but you see it's not my fault. I can't get up an interest in you. I am willing to make such reparation as may be possible, but—oh, my love, my love!" And the unhappy young man hid his face in his hands and sobbed bitterly.

"I say, look here, Mr. Dikewood," said Blake, after a pause, and in a blander manner, "it seems to me rather odd that a good looking chap like you—at least, you would be good looking if you were not so confoundedly pale—should be desperately in love with a young lady and she should not return it."

"But she does return it, my dear Mr. Blake," returned Dikewood; "it isn't her fault; it's her bad and abominable father that stands between us. He is bent on her marrying some rich cad whom she positively hates, and he won't hear of me."

"Humph! But surely that might be got over. Why don't you shoot the rich cad, or get rid of him somehow?"

"Oh how I should like to," exclaimed Dikewood, gazing earnestly upon Joshua Blake's florid face.

"Now if the governor could be squared and you could marry the girl, why it would do you all the good in the world."

"You are right!—you are right! It would save my life. Do you think's it's possible"

"Of course it's possible. Tell me all the particulars."

"You are the best friend I ever had!" cried Dikewood fervently, "and look here, Mr. Blake, if by your assistance I win this young lady I will undertake on my wedding day to pay you down the sum for which I sold my life interest in the ——shire estates. Come, let us draw up the agreement at once, and this gentleman shall be the witness."

To this I readily assented, as far as I was concerned. Writing materials were ready to hand in Mr. Blake's bag, and he drew up the agreement quickly, suggesting that, at all events, he could get it stamped at Inverness. "What is the young lady's name?" he asked when he came to that point.

"Her name?" responded Dikewood; "I hardly like to make it public. But this is an affair of honor?"

"Undoubtedly," said I, and "Unquestionably," said Mr. Blake.

"Then, on that understanding I do not hesitate to inform you that the name which must appear on this instrument is Geraldine Alexandra De Courcy."

The names were duly filled in, the document was signed by the principal parties, and attested by myself. As Mr. Blake had treated me somewhat rudely when I told him that I was a professional man, I did not think it necessary to hint the doubt that possibly the document was worthless, as contravening certain principles of English common law about what is termed marriage-brocage. Besides, we were in Scotland, and a great novelist has shown us that Scotch marriage law is rather queer. So I signed and held my tongue, reserving the point for further consideration.

We did not arrive at Inverness till about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Mr. Dikewood appeared to be much better. He always did get better towards evening, he remarked. We dined together at the Caledonian Hotel, and were tolerably merry. After dinner Blake produced some more Regalias, and by and by he asked Dikewood where he was going to the next day. "Where am I going?" replied the invalid in some surprise; "Why, where you do, of course. You don't suppose that I am going to desert such an excellent friend as you are until our little bargain is concluded."

"Well; but hang it all," said Blake, somewhat disconcerted; "I am going to meet some very particular friends at Loch Inver."

"I am convinced I shall be charmed with them," returned Dikewood; "I shall be delighted to meet any of your friends. Besides, the De Courcys are at Dunrobin, and surely the duke has a house at Loch Inver. Doubtless they will come across the country and stay for a night or two."

"But I understood that you had only sufficient money to pay your travelling expenses as far as this," suggested Blake.

"My dear fellow, pray don't let that consideration stand in the way. I assure you I am not proud, and I am quite willing to be your guest until this affair is brought to a happy conclusion."

"Ah, well, if you put it in that way, suppose I make a memorandum of the expense on our agreement, and you can settle up at the same time?"

Dikewood expressed his entire satisfaction with this arrangement, and the next morning we went by rail to Bonar Bridge. Thence we drove to Inchnadamp, on Loch Assynt, where we stayed the night; and a charming drive along the lake and by the river brought us the following noon to Loch Inver. Having alighted at the hotel, Blake inquired eagerly of the landlord if Mr. Malcolm Mackenzie and Miss Mackenzie from Edinburgh had yet arrived. Yes; they had arrived two days previously. Then Dikewood, if any one was staying at the duke's lodge. No; but a party was shortly expected. Interested as I might fe l in the romantic invalid, I certainly was somewhat bored with Blake, and I took a long and lovely ramble among the beautiful scenery by which Loch Inver is surrounded. I had heard many hard things said about the Scotch climate; but nothing could have been more lovely than the weather on this exquisite afternoon. Indeed I felt rather as if I were in Italy than some hundred miles north of London. Coming back towards the village, as my watch warned me that it was near the hour at which we had agreed to dine, I suddenly came upon two persons sitting upon a rock beside the mountain path—a young lady and a young gentleman—who did not observe me till I was very near them. They were sitting as near each other as the laws of space would permit, and were talking very earnestly. The young lady looked up first. She was very pretty indeed. Then the young gentleman looked up. It was Mr. Edward Dikewood He gave me the slightest possible nod of the head, accompanied, as it seemed to me, by the slightest possible wink. I passed on hastily. Miss Geraldine Alexandria De Courcy had evidently arrived at Loch Inver, and Mr. Joshua Blake's chances were, to all appearance, looking up. I returned to the hotel, and entered the sittingroom. Mr. Blake was pacing up and down like a caged and enraged wild animal.

"What's the matter?" said I; "isn't it all right. I thought it was."

"Confound it, it's all wrong!" exclaimed Blake, furiously; "listen to this. I came here expecting to meet Malcolm Mackenzie of Edinburgh, and his daughter. I've known Mackenzie for some time, and we've done business together pretty often, and I got very sweet on his daughter; and between him and me the thing was pretty nearly arranged. Now it seems, his daughter is in love with somebody else, and is pining away for him. It isn't merely that she is a lovely woman, but she has two thousand a year."

"Oh," said I, "that's what you came to fish for, eh?"

"Don't joke about it; I can't stand it. Why, it's a dead loss of forty thousand pounds."

"Well, I can tell you something that will console you, Mr. Blake. Miss De Courcy is here. I saw her sitting in a romantic spot with Dikewood, and it certainly is all right as far as she is concerned."

"But I don't see my way clearly there," responded Blake; "I signed that undertaking to help Dikewood in winning the young lady; but, after all, what can I do?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "a man like you at the end of his resources. A financier such as you are alarmed at a temporary depression of the market. An angler of such redoubted skill positively afraid to throw a fly for fear of not hooking his fish at the first rise. Come, Mr. Joshua Blake, stir that clever brain of yours. Remember, you have a reputation to keep up."

"You are right," said Mr. Blake, with rising energy; "who did he say was his rival? Some rich cad? Hang it all. I will square this little job somehow or other."

I went to the window, and looked out upon the little quay. "See," said I, "here comes Dikewood and Miss De Courcy. Upon my word, he is quite shaky, and she does not seem much better. They are positively supporting each other."

Blake looked out over my shoulder.

"*That* Miss De Courcy!" he exclaimed suddenly retreating with an oath; "why, *it's Miss Mackenzie!*"

A sudden flash of light streamed upon my intelligence; but I said nothing. Blake paced the room furiously, and in a few moments Dikewood entered the room. He seemed pale and exhausted, and threw himself upon the sofa.

"Now, sir, what does all this mean?" cried Blake; "explain."

"Hush, my dear fellow, don't make such a dreadful noise," gasped Dikewood; "She is here, very ill. Go and settle it for me at once, I beg of you."

"I saw you down below," Blake almost screamed, "arm in arm with Miss Mackenzie. What does it mean?"

"What, you know her? Oh, I am so glad. This will simplify matters. Don't roar like a wild bull, my friend; you tear my nerves to pieces."

"Curse your nerves. What do you mean by telling me a pack of lies about Miss De Courcy?"

"Gently, gently. You would have a name, and, as a gentleman, I did not like Flora Mackenzie's name to appear on the face of a vulgar contract that might by and by become the subject of litigation. A little reflection, you human thunderstorm, and you will appreciate my delicacy."

"D—n your delicacy, sir. I aspire to the hand of Miss Mackenzie myself."

"What!" cried Dikewood, raising himself on his elbow, and regarding Blake with a melancholy stare; "are you the rich cad? It's all over then. Carry out the contract, or send for an undertaker."

"I prefer to send for an undertaker," replied Blake grimy; "I will sacrifice what I paid for your life interest. Miss Mackenzie's fortune will recoup me."

"No, it won't," answered Dikewood, faintly; "for she has only a life interest in her two thousand a year, and she has solemnly sworn no to survive me," and Dikewood fell back on the sofa fainting.

"Confound these wretched invalids!" exclaimed Blake. "I am blessed if I know what to do."

"Oh, Mr. Blake—Mr. Joshua Blake," said I mournfully, "why will you make two young hearts bleed to death? You cannot make this young lady love you. How can you make her marry you? What are you thinking of?"

"Her father is under pecuniary obligations to me," returned Blake moodily; "and he has an obedient daughter. He has given his promise, and she must ratify it."

"Oh, fie, for shame, Joshua Blake!" I cried with solemn indignation. "How can you let your better feelings be swayed by such unworthy consideration? What will they say of you in the City when they hear that you have positively refused to put hard cash into your pocket rather than get rid of a bad bargain, for merely sentimental reasons? You know I am a 'professional man,' and I am acquainted with many persons on the Stock Exchange. Think of the story I shall have to tell, and how it will go the rounds of commercial circles under the title of 'How Blake was Sold!'"

Mr. Blake abruptly left the room, and I have reason to believe that he went straight to Mr. Mackenzie's apartments

The reader may or may not be interested to hear that the air of Loch Inver did wonders for Mr. Dikewood and for Miss Mackenzie. Not long afterwards I saw their marriage announced in the *Times.* Whether Blake had been actually "sold" somehow or other I am not in a position to say more than that I have my own opinions. But I dined recently with Mr. and Mrs. Dikewood, and we laughed a great deal. They were both in robust health, and seemed amazingly happy in the enjoyment of their mutual life interest.—*London Society.*

HOW THE BUTCHER WAS BLED.—A pretty smart horse jockey is Wood Scott, and a sharp one for a trade is Al Ford the butcher. They had been talking swap for some time, and Ford very much wanted a horse that Scott owned. The fair thing in the trade would be about a hundred dollars to Scott for boot. Ford hung on, wanted to trade, but didn't want to give what the horse was worth. Finally he came round one day and proposed to put up five dollars apiece, leave the terms of the trade Ol Day, who is a good judge of horses, and the one who refused to trade on the terms he should name must forfeit the V. Wood Scott said he had no objection to putting up, but he was a stranger to Ol and thought he ought to have another man. Ford consented to this, and Scott named another horse man named Bacon. A time and place was appointed to hear the decision. The money was put into the hands of a disinterested party. Scott and Ford were each given a penny to hold in their hands, and if they agreed to the award to drop it into a hat held by the referee. Bacon knew what the horse was worth, and so did Day, but Bacon reckoned that Day would set him very low. So to bring Scott out all right he brought in two hundred and Day named fifty. Scott dropped his penny as if it was hot, while Ford clung to his. The referee handed the money to Scott, as Al Ford was unwilling to trade, and Ford went off feeling that somehow he had been bled, when he had expected to clip the jockey.

☞ A bishop was recently going the round of his episcopal charge, and was the guest in a remote quarter, of a country clergyman, who schooled his rustic servants before the bishop's arrival to be very careful in addressing him to say—"My lord!" They were pretty well up in their parts, but one man was so awed when the bishop addressed him that he inverted his sentences. The bishop said, "I want to send my letters to the post. How do you send them?" Upon which, the man in his perturbation replied, "By the lord, my boy!" meaning, of course, "By the boy, my lord."

☞ A clergyman who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on his plough, resting his horse. Quoth the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-scythe here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when the people are singing, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

☞ A gentleman who was once on a journey became deeply engaged in thought when a woman approached him and said: "Sir, can I open that window?" He slowly drawled out, "I suppose you can if you bring your whole mind to it." She quickly retorted, "None of your palaver, sir, for I am darned sick to my stomach!"

☞ Two young princes of Austria entered into a violent quarrel, when one of them said to the other, "You are the greatest ass in Vienna." Just then, the Emperor, their father, entered, and said indignantly, "Come, come, young gentlemen, you forget that I am present."

☞ The Chief of Police of Knoxville wears three diamond studs, a diamond pin and a diamond ring; and the Knoxville papers are just mean enough to want to know how he got 'em, on a salary of $900 per year.

☞ The Detroit Free Press man has just returned from Saratoga. He says—"The Saratoga belles merely taste food at the table, but fee the waiters to bring a square meal up the back stairs."

☞ There is a parrot on State street that cries "Stop thief!" It takes four policemen to keep the sidewalk clear, as every native feels that he has a personal invitation to tarry.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

☞ "Do you remember the text, my dear?" asked a mother of her child. "Oh yes, ma; it was, 'The sewing society will meet at Mrs. Dearborn's on Thursday evening at seven o'clock.'"

☞ When a fellow nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a lightning bug, supposing it to be the head light to a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

☞ Although the Devil be the father of lies he seems, like other great inventors, to have lost much of his reputation by the continual improvements that have been made upon him.—*Smith.*

☞ "I shall awake in heaven," wrote a Boston girl, before she took arsenic. But she took too much for a death dose, and awoke with a stomach pump down her throat.

☞ "Thieving in the outskirts," is the latest for picking ladies' pockets.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION.

The delegates to the Fifth District Democratic Convention assembled in Union Hall, Bunker Hill District, Boston, on Monday. The convention was called to order at half past ten by Daniel W. Lawrence, and organized by the choice of permanent officers as follows:

President, Chas E Sweeny of Charlestown; vice presidents, Nathan Clark of Lynn, J N Devereaux of Charlestown, D N Skillings of Winchester, Benjamin F Brown of Waltham, George W Farnsworth of Melrose, Christopher E Rymes of Somerville, Richard D Blinn of Lexington, E H Walton of Wakefield, Stephen Dow of Woburn; secretaries, B F Clough of Waltham, W S Hoyt of Lynn, and I W Derby of Charlestown.

A committee on credentials was appointed consisting of Messrs Kelley of Charlestown, Loring of Medford, Fuller of Malden, Gilmore of Stoneham, Lovering of Lynn, Miller of Woburn and Walton of Wakefield, who reported that there were 140 delegates present from seventeen cities and towns. Delegates from Everett and Swampscott were then admitted to the convention by vote.

Mr. A E Thompson of Woburn offered a resolution that no nomination be made for Congress, leaving the Democrats of the district at liberty to support a man who it was understood, would be an independent candidate, having the support of the Liberal Republicans and the Labor Reformers.

Mr. Kimball of Everett moved that a committee on resolutions be appointed, and that the resolutions be referred to it.

A motion was made to nominate General Nathaniel P Banks as the candidate of the convention by acclamation, but it was received with murmurs of "No," and was not even seconded.

After some little debate, the motion to appoint a committee on resolutions prevailed, and Messrs Kimball, Thompson, Underwood, Fuller and Parsons, were appointed as that committee.

During their absence Mr Clark of Lynn addressed the convention, but was interrupted by the return of the committee with the following report:

Whereas, The present condition of the country requires that the democratic and liberal voters of this district should unite in electing such a representative to Congress as shall honestly and faithfully assist in carrying out the reforms so much needed at the present time, and

Whereas, it has come to the knowledge of this convention that a distinguished statesman residing in this congressional district will be voted for as an independent candidate for Congress at the coming election; therefore

Resolved, that we deem it inexpedient to make a nomination.

A delegate inquired Who is this distinguished statesman? and Mr. Devereaux replied that they all knew who the man was that was referred to in the resolutions.

Capt John P Crane of Woburn said that the resolutions which the committee offered were the same as those offered by Mr Thompson, excepting a paragraph relating to the Labor Reformers, which was as follows:— "And knowing him to be identified with the labor reform movement with which we earnestly sympathize." He moved that this be inserted. Mr Kimball stated that while the committee sympathized with the Labor Reformers, they did not think it was policy for the convention to indorse them. Capt Crane replied he was elected to attend what he supposed to represent a convention of Democratic and Liberal voters. It was the duty of the convention to make a nomination, and he urged them to do so, and to recognize the Labor Reformers in the resolutions. Mr Wood of the committee said that he was elected at a Democratic caucus to attend a Democratic convention, and while they as Democrats respected the Labor Reformers, they did not desire to commit themselves to them. The Democrats were willing to go in and help elect the man, who it has been said the Labor Reformers indorsed, but they ought not to ask the Democrats to do anything more. After some further discussion the amendment was withdrawn and the resolutions passed.

A committee appointed to nominate a district committee reported the following list, which was adopted:

D D Hicks, Arlington; William J Underwood, Belmont; G W Austin, Burlington; Chas E Sweeney, Charlestown district; S K Kimball, Everett, R D Blinn, Lexington; Benj A Ward, Lynn; Robert Gardner, Malden; A N Cotton, Medford; A V Lynde, Melrose; F E Johnson, Nahant; V E Flye, Saugus; C E Rymes, Somerville; John S Gilmore, Stoneham; S O Ingalls, Swampscott; J K L Baker, Wakefield; Thomas F Larkin, Waltham; D N Skillings, Winchester; David Adams, Woburn.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—This Convention assembled at Lyceum Hall, Winchester, Oct 21st, at 3 1-2 P M, and was called to order by Walter Littlefield of Melrose, chairman of the District Committee. On motion of G W Aborn of Wakefield, Mr Levi P Gould of Melrose, was chairman, and on motion of J L Parker of Woburn, L W Webber of Bedford secretary. Messrs Aborn of Wakefield and Parker of Woburn, were chosen a committee to wait upon the president to the chair. Messrs Amos Hill of Stoneham, F S Hesseltine of Melrose, John L Parker of Woburn, Thomas Winship of Wakefield, and Salem Wilder of Winchester, were appointed a Committee on Credentials hey at once proceeded with their work, and reported 13 towns represented by 34 delegates. F S Hesseltine of Melrose, Amos Hill of Stoneham, and G W Aborn of Wakefield, were appointed to nominate a District Committee for the ensuing year, and they reported J W Osgood of Stoneham, O R Clark of Tewksbury, John L Parker of Woburn.

Mr Littlefield remarked that the delegates seemed disinclined to approach the nomination of a Senator, and he would move to proceed to an informal ballot. Thomas Winship of Wakefield then presented the name of Richard Britton and urged his acceptance on the ground that his town had not had the Senator for many years. S E Parker of Reading, read a letter from Hon C D Wright, declining the use of his name. M H Merriam of Lexington presented the name of Augustus E Scott as the choice of his town instead of the present Senator. John L Parker of Woburn, presented the name of Hon B T Batcheller, the present Senator, and urged his selection on the strength of the custom of renominating a Senator against whom no charge could be brought. Mr Batcheller had faithfully served his constituents, and fairly represented the sentiments of the district. F H Knight of Reading seconded the nomination of Mr Scott, and J J Raynor of Lexington favored the same. An informal ballot was then taken, Walter Littlefield of Melrose, J W Osgood of Stoneham, and Salem Wilder of Winchester, having been appointed as tellers:

Whole number,	33
B. T. Batcheller of Lexington,	16
Richard Britton of Wakefield,	8
A. E. Scott of Lexington,	4
Cyrus L. Carter of Wilmington,	3
O. R. Clarke of Tewksbury,	2

On motion of Mr Parker of Woburn, a formal ballot was taken as follows:—

Whole number of votes,	34
Necessary for a choice,	18
B. T. Batcheller,	17
Richard Britton,	10
A. E. Scott,	4
O. R. Clarke,	2
Amos Hill,	1

There being no choice a third ballot was taken, in which Batcheller had 16, Britton 15, Clark 2, Scott 1. Walter Littlefield then proposed a conference of five minutes, but the delegates preferred to vote, and the fourth ballot gave Britton 16, Batcheller 15, Scott 2, Clarke 1. Britton's friends then made a grand rally and were successful as follows:—

Richard Britton of Wakefield,	18
Brooks T. Batcheller of Lexington,	14
Levi P. Gould of Melrose,	1
Marshal M. Tidd of Woburn,	1

and Mr Britton was declared the nominee. One of Mr Britton's friends at once moved to make the nomination unanimous. Mr Parker of Woburn, heartily seconded the motion, remarking that Mr Britton was his friend, and he was glad the convention had made so good a selection. He hoped the nomination would be made entirely unanimous, and receive a strong endorsement at the polls. The motion was carried.

Mr Britton was escorted into the hall, by Col F S Hesseltine, and thanked the convention for the honor conferred upon him. He would if elected, vote against license, for Dawes, and for the State to retain its interest in the Tunnel, but not to go into the railroad business. The convention adjourned about five o'clock, and although the fight had been a sharp one, the delegates separated with the best of feeling.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democrats of the Sixth Middlesex District, met at Temperance Hall, in Woburn, Thursday afternoon, to nominate a candidate for Senator. T W Coombs of Wakefield, chairman of the District Committee, called the convention to order. On motion of A V Lynde of Melrose, Walter Wyman of Woburn, was elected President. On motion of J S Gilmore of Stoneham, J W Bragdon Jr, of Stoneham was elected secretary. Wm M Miller of Woburn, G W L Dike of Stoneham, and Howard Emerson of Wakefield were appointed a Committee on Credentials, and reported ten towns represented by 48 delegates. A motion to admit the District Committee to seats without votes was carried. Two delegates from Winchester without credentials, were admitted by vote.

A V Lynde of Melrose, L Emerson of Woburn, and Walter Babb of Melrose were appointed to select a District committee. They reported A E Thompson, of Woburn, J S Gilmore of Stoneham, R D Blinn of Lexington, and these were adopted.

After a lengthy discussion as to whom were proper delegates, the convention proceeded to an informal ballot, and Walter Babb of Melrose, John P Crane of Woburn, and Obed Harriman of Stoneham were appointed tellers. The result was as follows:

Whole number	51
R. D. Blinn of Lexington	18
A. E. Thompson of Woburn.	18
E. H. Walton of Wakefield	15

A formal vote was then taken as follows:

Whole number	50
Necessary for choice	26
R. D. Blinn	19
A. E. Thompson	17
E. H. Walton	14

G W Austin of Burlington, T H Hill of Woburn and Eli Cooper of Winchester were appointed to pass the hat. The expenses were $7, and as they raised $7.10, the change was given to the delegate who did the most talking. The third ballot gave Blinn 21, Thompson 15, Walton 14. An unsuccessful attempt was made to nominate Blinn by acclamation. The fourth gave Blinn 22, Walton 15, Thompson 13. Another attempt to nominate Blinn by acclamation failed. The fifth ballot gave Blinn 22, Walton 12, Thompson 14. Howard Emerson of Wakefield then stated that he was authorized to withdraw Walton's name. The sixth ballot was then taken:

Whole number	51
Necessary for choice	26
A. E. Thompson	30
R. D. Blinn	21

Mr Blinn moved to make the nomination unanimous, which was done. Messrs Blinn, Lynde, and Hill were then sent to inform Mr Thompson of his nomination, and invite his attendance. They soon returned with him and Mr Blinn introduced the successful candidate who spoke as follows:

I appear before you under great depression of spirits, having recently undergone a severe domestic affliction. I cannot enter personally with any zeal into this contest. You will put it into the hands of an efficient committee, and every man in this hall will be one of that committee. I appear here as a Democrat. I can cast no vote but a Democratic one. I thank you for the honor you have conferred upon me. If successful your care for me will end, as you will always find me voting and acting as Democratic principles dictate. I know no party but the party of the people, and no government but that which is of and from the people, and I hold to the doctrine of the fathers that that government is best which governs least.

The convention then adjourned with cheers for their candidate.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democrats of Middlesex County held their convention at Institute Hall, East Cambridge, Tuesday. About noon Professor W Clapp, of Framingham, Chairman of the County Committee, called the delegates to order. The Hon Ezra Parsons of Cambridge was elected Chairman, and John Cahill of Cambridge, secretary. A committee of five was appointed to collect credentials, which reported thirty-three cities and towns represented by 220 delegates. A committee of the same number was appointed to nominate a county committee, and reported the following list which was adopted: F A Clapp of Framingham, John C Blood of Lowell, C J McIntire of Cambridge, L L Fuller of Malden, Joseph Barney of Newton, Geo L W Dike of Stoneham and James Gerrish of Shirley. On motion of James Cox, a committee of five was appoin ed to collect, sort and count ballots for district attorney. Following is the result of the ballot:

Whole number of votes	163
Necessary to a choice	82
Charles J. McIntire of Cambridge	150
A R Brown of Lowell	14

The nomination of Mr. McIntire was made unanimous, and that gentleman addressed the convention at some length.

A committee of five was appointed to collect the votes for County Commissioner and reported:

Whole number of votes	171
Necessary for choice	82
George H Stone of Ashland	114
Daniel Wetherbee of Acton	40
Scattering	7

The nomination of Mr Stone was made unanimous.

John L Porter of Cambridge moved the nomination of Major Henry Emory of Lowell for sheriff. William F Salmon of Lowell moved to substitute the name of Charles Kimball, the present incumbent and nominee of the Republicans for the same position. Some discussion followed, and a motion to proceed to ballot finally prevailed. The result was as follows:

Whole number of votes	161
Necessary to choice	84
Henry Emory of Lowell	135
Charles Kimball of Lowell	23
Scattering	3

The nomination of Major Emory was made unanimous.

A committee was appointed to nominate two special Commissioners, and three Commissioners of Insolvency. They reported the following names, which were accepted by the convention and nominated by acclamation: Special County Commissioners, Daniel Wetherbee of Acton, John M Tobin of Belmont; Commissioners of Insolvency, A R Brown of Somerville, James Gerrish of Ayer, Clemest Meserve of Hopkinton. After a brief speech from Major Emory the convention adjourned.

SIXTH COUNCILLOR DISTRICT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.— The Democratic Convention for the Sixth Councillor District was held at Institute Hall, East Cambridge, at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr T H Hill of Woburn, Chairman of the Councillor Committee called the meeting to order. Dr Joseph H Smith of Lowell was elected chairman and T H Hill of Woburn, secretary. The Committee on Credentials reported, that eighteen cities and towns were represented by 152 delegates. A committee was appointed to nominate a Councillor District Committee, who reported the following list, which was unanimously accepted: T H Hill of Woburn, Ezra Parsons of Cambridge. S T Harris of Charlestown, William H Laughlin of Lowell, Walter Babb of Melrose. A delegate moved that Dr J H Smith of Lowell be nominated by acclamation, but as he declined, the convention proceeded to a formal ballot which resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes	76
Necessary to a choice	39
Alonzo V Lynde of Melrose	66
Dr. J. H. Smith of Lowell	6
A. R. Brown of Somerville	3
Charles J. McIntire of Cambridge	1

The nomination of Mr Lynde was thereupon made unanimous, and he accepted it in a brief speech. The convention then adjourned.

COMMISSIONER OF INSOLVENCY.

George Stevens, Esq., has written the following letter to the Secretary of the Republican County Convention which explains itself;—

LOWELL, Oct. 19, 1874.
John L. Parker, Esq., Sec'y Repub. Co. Convention.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of this date is before me, informing me that at the Repub. Co. Convention, held on 13th inst, I was nominated a candidate for District Attorney and also Commissioner of Insolvency. Allow me to extend my thanks for the honor of the nominations, and to say that I cordially accept the first, but respectfully decline the second. I have held the office of Commissioner of Insolvency for six years, and desire to hold it no longer.

I am very truly yours,
GEO. STEVENS.

The County Committee met on Monday at the office of the Secretary, and nominated Francis S. Hesseltine, Esq., of Melrose for Commissioner of Insolvency in place of Mr. Stevens.

☞ Our correspondent "C" wonders that this paper should advertise liquors for a druggist, when its editor is a total abstinence man. Perhaps he is also puzzled that an editor who believes in the Trinity should advertise the meetings of a Unitarian pastor; or that a Republican publisher should give reports of Democratic conventions. This paper is not an organ, but an independent newspaper, living upon the income derived from subscriptions and advertisements. We did not advise our readers to buy liquors of Dodge, but did make an announcement for a business consideration. We are of opinion that the drug stores are not promoters of temperance, and feel constrained to add that the regular physicians are not altogether averse to prescribing alcoholic stimulants. As our correspondent seems likely to be diverted from his main proposition if reviewed as he goes along, we will reserve our analysis until he has had opportunity to fairly state his position.

RUMFORD.—The semi-annual meeting of the Rumford Association was held Tuesday evening. In the absence of the President, the meeting was called to order by the Vice President, Mr. C. M. Strout. As the treasurer was absent, it was voted that a committee of one be appointed by the chair to ascertain the state of the finances of the society, and if there be any balance left in the treasury to give the same to the treasurer of the Ladies' Social Benevolent Society. It was not thought best to try to carry on the society, as was done last winter, and therefore it was voted that the Rumford Association be annulled. It is thought, however, that something of the sort may be started in another way before long.

DEDICATION.—The new brick school house was dedicated Thursday. It fronts on Main and Warren streets. A stone wall, granite capped, and crowned with evergreen shrubs, is on the Main street front, and a flight of granite steps leads to the pathway and the entrance. The house contains eight rooms, seven of which are occupied by schools. The entire cost of land, building and furniture is a little less than $58,000. At a meeting of the Selectmen and School Committee held Monday evening it was voted to call it the "Cummings Grammar School Building." Thursday afternoon it was open to inspection, and several hundred visited it. At four o'clock the visitors assembled in the capacious hall to dedicate it. The exercises were opened with singing by the children. Rev. C. A Merrill then offered prayer. Mr. John Cummings, chairman of the Selectmen, for whom the building is named, presided and gave a brief address. J. McFeeley, chairman of the building committee made his report and surrendered the keys to the chairman of the School Committee, Rev. Leander Thompson, who accepted them in an interesting address. He gave them to Mr. James L. Fowle, who also spoke. Singing followed. Remarks were then made by the Supt. of Schools, E. H. Davis, who also read a letter from Mr. Thomas Emerson, his predecessor, Rev. H. C. Townley, Hon. J. G. Pollard, Rev. William M. Young, D. D, Rev. H. S. Kelsey and L. L. Whitney, Esq. The exercises closed with singing and the benediction. We regret that the crowded state of our columns prevents our giving the remarks of the various speakers.

PROF. CHURCHILL.—Woburn's favorite reader, Prof. J. W. Churchill, appeared again before a Woburn audience on Tuesday evening. The hall was better filled than on any of the previous entertainments. He read the Irish Priest, Why Parson Morrill laughed, St. Michael's, Old Barton, Sheriff Thorne, Buck Fanshaw's Funeral, and the 30th semi-annual meeting of the Blanket and Top Boot Society, and it is safe to say that every auditor was sorry when he concluded. The course tickets have been reduced to $1.50 and $1.00 including the concert this Friday evening which will be a very excellent one. Mr. and Mrs. Heine and the Alpine Quartette should fill the house.

North Woburn.

FIRE.—Last Monday noon the roof of the old Pierce mansion on Pearl street caught fire from the chimney, and a considerable hole was burned. The fire department responded to the alarm, but the fire was out before their arrival. Damage about $50; no insurance.

ACCIDENT.—A lad named Frank Norcross, about 15 years old, was badly cut in the face on Thursday by the kicking of a gun which he was firing. A gash two inches long was cut in the upper part of the left cheek near the eye.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT,—Last Saturday John Pollock of Burlington was driving to the seashore with a two horse team for a load of kelp. In Malden at the Saugus Branch crossing he nearly drove upon the track before the flagman came out and waved him back. His horses were badly frightened at a passing train, and getting off to hold them, he was thrown down, trampled on and run over, breaking his thigh and injuring him internally. He was brought home, and is now recovering, though he had a narrow escape with his life.

POPULAR CONCERTS — Our citizens should not forget the course of four popular concerts to be given in Lyceum Hall during the coming season, the first to take place Nov 18th, in which the "Adelphi Quartette" and Miss Carrie E. Barr will appear. Tickets are out and may be obtained of W. B. Jones or T. Marvin Parker. Only $1 50 with reserved seat for the course, and $1 00 without.

FIRE PARADE IN STONEHAM —Last Friday, the annual parade of the Stoneham Fire Department took place. They made a good show. A large delegation from Woburn was present. We chanced to be among the number, and our visit was made pleasant by many courtesies from Chief Engineer Eastman and others.

HARD.—The other day a denizen of Bedford street called at a house on Dublin street where he owed some money. Being slightly elevated with strong drink he insulted the woman of the house who dunned him. This she would not stand from a debtor, so, taking a stove cover she hit him in the eye and he was glad to surrender.

CHANNING —Prof. Morse of Salem opened the course of scientific lectures before this Fraternity in the vestry of the Unitarian church on Thursday evening. The vestry was filled with an appreciative audience who listened to a most interesting subject "How Animals Grow."

AMPUTATED.—We are sorry to chronicle the fact that Mr. Madden who was so severely bitten by a vicious horse a few weeks ago, has been obliged to have his hand amputated, at the Mass General Hospital, where he now remains.

ASSEMBLIES.—The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx will inaugurate their course of assemblies in their Armory on the 30th inst., next week Friday. They are in good hands, and we have no doubt they will be very successful.

FAIR.—The fair of the Woburn Workers was very well attended on Thursday evening, and we understand realized a very respectable sum for the little folks who projected it.

MEAN TRICK —Some one stole some pet rabbits from Mr. N. Jenkins last Friday night. One of the little animals escaped from its captors and returned home on Saturday.

☞ Mr. N. Jenkins was thrown from his wagon last week by the breaking of the spring of his seat, and very badly bruised.

☞ John Jameson, Esq., has been appointed an assistant district attorney for the County of Suffolk.

☞ Read advertisement of Mr. J. A. Cooper's select dancing school in another column.

OPENING.—Another change in the seasons has come, and everybody is wondering what will be worn the coming winter. Miss Bancroft at her fall opening shows what will be worn for millinery. Her display is large and very handsome. Felt is predominant for hats, though there are still a great many velvets. Jet is the rage; and a new thing is shown for ornamenting, which is blue steel. Birds of all kinds, from a humming bird perched in one corner, to a pigeon with spread wings covering the whole top of the hat. The floral display was very fine; one very large basket of flowers was noticed particularly which was composed wholly of pink roses, tuberoses and pinks. Miss Bancroft has also a large assortment of dress trimmings, neckties, corsets, hosiery, etc.

POLICE COURT.—Oct. 14, Ann Maguire, common drunkard, sent to House of Correction for 30 days. Oct 15, Barney Callahan, single drunk fined $3 and costs. Thomas Calnan of Winchester, for assault on his wife, was fined $5 and costs. Oct 17, John Tatt, single drunk, fined $3 and costs. Oct 19, Richard Purcell, assault, fined $3 and costs. Hannah Magrath, illegal keeping of liquor, fined $10 and costs, and recognized in the sum of $100. Philip Doherty, single drunk, fined $3 and costs, committed to House of Correction for nonpayment.

DIRECTORY.—Messrs Briggs & Co, publishers of the Middlesex County Directory are engaged in revising their work preparatory to the issue of a new volume. Their book contains much valuable information concerning our county, and is well worth the $2 asked for it. As an advertising medium its pages show how well it is appreciated by business men. Their agent is in town and we hope he will be favorably received.

FIRE.—About four o'clock, Wednesday, fire was discovered in the attic of a tenement house on North Warren street, owned by F. K. Cragin, and occupied by two tenants. The alarm was given and the fireman rallied promptly and put out the fire, confining it to the room where it originated. The house was damaged about $250, which is covered by insurance. The fire was probably caused by spontaneous combustion.

GAS LIGHT CO.—The annual meeting of the Woburn Gas Light Company was held at their new office in Soles's Block on Thursday evening and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, J M Harlow; Secretary and Treasurer, Aaron Thompson; Directors, D D Hart, J M Harlow, Joseph Kelley, P L Converse, A E Thompson.

RUNAWAY.—Last Thursday a horse belonging to Henry H Leathe, was left at the door of his house for a few moments. On looking for his horse it was no where to be seen. A search at last discovered the animal and also a broken wagon. Tie your horses.

MAILS.—We now have three mails a day to and from Woburn. The first closes at 7, the second at 10.10, A. M., the third at 4.30 P. M. The first opens at 8.15 A M, the second at 1.15 and the third at 6 30 P M. They are already found to be a great accommodation.

MILLINERY. — Next Thursday and Friday there will be the usual Fall opening at Cummings' Millinery Store. He has recently refitted it, and the ladies will be pleased to give him a call.

☞ Judge Converse held court in Cambridge one day this week, and disposed of several juvenile cases

POOR DEXTER.—On Wednesday Mr William S. Whitford accidentally ran over his dog Dexter and killed him.

☞ An indignation meeting of the members of the shoe and leather trade, was held on Saturday, at which John Cummings of Woburn presided. Resolutions were adopted and speeches were made condemning the action of the owners of Gallahue's patents. Council has been employed by the association to oppose all suits.

☞ The Hon Israel W Andrews accepts the Labor Reform nomination for governor. He thinks the difference in the State conflict between the Republicans and Democrats is only one of tweedledum and tweedledee, but that, nevertheless, our currency ought to be put on a sound basis, with interest regulated by law.

☞ Souhegan National Bank of Milford, N. H , was robbed of about $100,000, on Monday night, by a party of masked and armed burglars, who compelled the cashier to show them the keys, entered the vault without trouble, and made a safe retreat with their plunder.

☞ Attention is directed to the advertisement of Geo. H. Lane & Co., the well known clothiers, 31 and 32 Dock Square, Boston, who are now offering their stock at retail, at wholesale prices. They have but "one price," and that is placed at the lowest figure.

New Publications.

SCRIBNER'S.—"Pictures from Florida," is the title of the "Great South" paper in "Scribner's" for November. The illustrations are numerous and striking, and the information with regard to the raising of fruit and the health giving qualities of the climate is interesting and timely. A curious little illustrated paper in the same number, tells about the celebrated Roman Catholic "Miracle of Lourdes." There is a portrait and sketch of, and a poem by J T Trowbridge, author of "The Vagabonds," and the "Jack Hazard" stories. A scene from Dr Holland's "Mistress of the Manse," with illustrations, more of Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island," and (a pleasing announcement to many readers) the beginning of Saxe Holm's "My Tourmaline," a story which will run through three or four numbers. A brief biographical and critical sketch of Richard Wagner, the great composer, is written by Mr Hueffer, the well known London critic, author of the book entitled the "Music of the Future." There are short stories by Boyesen ("The story of an Outcast") and Stockton ("Rudder Grange") and this number gives a second paper of "Recollections of Charles Sumner," by his private secretary, Mr Johnson. Dr Holland in "Topics of the Time" discusses Tyndall's late address, and the "Relations of Clergymen to Women." "The Old Cabinet" describes "A Trip to the City" and the other departments have contents much as usual. The November number begins a new volume, and the publishers make some interesting announcements for the new year, including a serial by Dr Holland, called "The Story of Sevenoaks," and a series of illustrated articles, entitled "A Farmer's Vacation Abroad."

ST. NICHOLAS for November offers a greater variety than usual. Among the stories, there is the opening of "Tchumpin," a stirring Russian tale by C A Stevens, a "Trotty" story by Elizabeth S Phelps, "A Half Dozen Young Rascals," a story of Bunker Hill, "The Hidden Treasure," a story of pirate life in Florida, by S W G Benjamin; a New York Thanksgiving Story, a Coon Story, and an interesting Ghost Story. Then there are practical articles, such as the "Transit of Venus," "How the Cars Stopped," "Yusuf," an Eastern sketch; "Venus of Milo," "Legends and Superstitions," by N S Dodger "A Billy Goat Schoolmaster," "The Aard-Vark," with illustrations of this curious animal, and an article on the construction of East India Toys. There are poems by Dr J G Holland, Anna C Brackett, Mary E Bradley and Mary Mapes Dodge. "H H" tells us about the "Ants' Monday Dinner," Alice Williams has a sketch full of delicate fancy, called "The Marriage of the Gold Pen and the Inkstand," and there are some capital boys' letters from "Dick Hardin at the Sea shore." The illustrations this month deserve special commendation. W L Sheppard has a spirited frontispiece, and several smaller pictures. Sol Eytinge, Jr, contributes two capital pictures, and Granville Perkins has a beautiful view of a Florida Bayou. Then there are comic pictures by Frank Beard and Master Frederick Chapman, pictures of animals by James C Beard, Coneklin, and Hochstein; fanciful drawings by Mary A Lathbury, Jessie Curtis, and E M S Scannell, pictures of Japanese subjects by A C Warren, and an excellent picture of the "Venus of Milo," engraved from a photograph taken expressly for this illustration, besides many smaller pictures. We have all sorts of curious stories from "Jack in the Pulpit," and the Letter Box and Riddle Box crammed full of interesting and puzzling matter. Then Mr Bartlett has turned Mrs Dodge's popular "Miss Malony on the Chinese Question," into an acting charade, and there are three full pages for the "Very Little Ones." What more could anybody want?

☞ The *Science of Health* for November discusses in a sensible manner the questions of Beds, What they should be; The Temperance Problem; Parental Responsibility; Regular Meals; Baneful Habits Affecting Health; Disease and its Treatment; Infant Mortality; The Great Scandal a Possible Blessing; Kitchen Utensils, illustrated; How to Keep Warm; Suicides; Doctors and Quacks; with a variety of specially useful information in the Household Department and Answers to Correspondents. The present is a favorable time to subscribe for the *Science of Health*, which is one of the most useful of all our magazines. Price only 20 cents a number; or, $2 00 a year, and three months free to all who subscribe at once for 1875. Address S R Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway.

DEXTER SMITH.—This number is better than ever. The wit as sparkling and the news as fresh as ever. Among the new music we notice two pieces suggested by the abduction of Charlie Ross. Secure the November number.

NURSERY.—Our little friend is as welcome as a good child, full of smiles or that which will bring them, full of stories and child talk. We hope every family which takes our paper, affords the *Nursery* for the little ones.

[For the Woburn Journal.]

TEMPERANCE POLITICS.---No. 2.

In your editorial reply to the article on Temperance Politice I was gratified at your idea of free discussion. This may or ought to be done with perfect good feeling. You cannot see with my eyes or think with my brain or *vice versa*. We each have our own identity and our own views, and charity therefore is to be exercised towards all men. My article related mainly to legal measures for the suppression of intemperance, prefering certain kinds as superior to others, and not as you represent me in attacking it only by moral means. I believe intemperance to be one of the great evils of society if not the greatest when taking into account the devastating consequences which follow in its train, and one of the great questions of the day is, how best can it be overcome or abated. I did not compare its evil tendencies to opening a cesspool in a thickly settled neighborhood, only placed it in the category of evils which might be suppressed by legislation.

Yet to carry out your simile of the cesspool and laws prohibiting its being opened a police force whose duty is to shut it, but refuse, and nine-tenths of the neighborhood refuse also to have it shut, what is to be done! Would it not be better to have it half shut if a compromise could be made and so get rid of half of the evil?

Now I will take your side of the question, and will imagine you first to make a quotation from St. Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no more meat so long as the world standeth," and you may go still further, that right in the abstract, that is, our whole duty to our fellows should be performed complete and at once, and should be perpetual. This however, cannot be done, and the moral world has got to move on as it ever has done, little by little, step by step by successful gradations for the accomplishment of any great good. You may call the spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

May I also call your attention to the passage, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye so unto them." This contains the quintescence of the whole gospel of Christ, and although it has been preached for more than eighteen hundred years there is not one who practices up to this standard, therefore there is nothing more important or necessary to be kept up than the Christian pulpit with its teachers to reiterate this great truth until the world shall recognize and adopt it in the practical duties of life. The conduct of men cannot be changed at once either for good or for evil only by the overthrow of the foundation of civilized society. We must work as we always have, doing what we can to-day, little though it may be, and not refuse to do anything because we cannot do all at once. The great Maker of all things has brought the results of his work about only by slow progress, and thanks to Him it is still being done. What is true of the world's great work must and will prove true in overcoming the evils of intemperance. I fully excuse you for personal allusions, for I presume there appeared no other ground for argument. It will prove in its reflex action a point gained for my own side of the question. There is a wide difference I have no doubt, between myself and many teetotalers. I make no secret of what I drink, while they do. I believe, however, a great many are true to their pledge, among which number I will include yourself. I must say, however, that I was a little surprised to see in the last issue of your valuable paper a notice for which I believe you were ignorantly responsible, headed: "Strength for Invalids. California wines imported direct and sold very low in quantity at Dodge's Drug Store, 165 Main street; also choice Foreign Wines."

Liquor in *quantities* and sold *very low*, and recommended by a temperance paper, a temperance proprietor, and temperance editor. Alas, what can I say, only to repeat that I believe you have been made responsible for a thing you did not intend. Drug stores I have been informed, are doing a large business throughout the State. Almost any person may go into such a place with the pretext of not being quite well, and in many places without any pretext, and get what he calls for. Many people buy it as they do patent medicines for a tonic, a restorer, or to assuage other real or imaginary ills. Such sales no doubt, do more damage than sales from regular liquor stores. It is an apology for teetotalers to procure it and use it when purchased as a medicine at a drug store. Now, my dear friend, here is a new point towards which you can turn your battery and I think with good effect. I really hope I may gain your influence with many other good men to this new method, a stringent license law for the suppression of intemperance. Relinquish Mr. Talbot and use your influence for a more judicious man for Governor. If, however, you still remain unconvinced be true to yourself and your own convictions of duty.

C.

Lexington.

☞ The Rev. Wm. Speare, chaplain at the State prison at Charlestown, will give an account of the religious work in the prison, at the Hancock church, Lexington, Sunday evening, Oct. 25th, at 7 o'clock.

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—At the caucus held in the Town Hall, Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, R D Blinn was chosen moderator, and H M Reed, secretary. The following delegates were chosen:—

Representative. — Asa Cottrell, R D Blinn, Patrick Ryan, James Crowley, B C Whitcher, D C Nye, Geo Sparhawk, Wm Plumer, Jr, Eben R Smith, H M Reed, J D Sumner, Joshua Hobart, F F Raymond, Nathaniel Garmon, Willard Walcott, Wm Plumer, J E Putnam, Geo Flint, Thomas Greenleaf.

County.—J D Sumner, H M Reed, Patrick Ryan, Eben R Smith.

Congressional.—B C Whitcher, Wm Plumer, J D Sumner, Joshua Hobart.

Senatorial—Asa Cottrell, R D Blinn, Wm Plumer, F F Raymond.

COMING.—Rumor is responsible for another report concerning the amusement in store for us. The young men will shortly give an entertainment of a dramatic order, which will draw a large audience and cannot fail to please. It will consist of a minstrel performance by home talent, and a farce by the young ladies and gentlemen. Appropriate music will be furnished, and those of our young friends who have been before the public in character as well as new aspirants will be there in an entirely new programme. It will be fun from the commencement to the end. We know enough of the arrangements to recommend it to the favorable notice of our readers. The fund will go towards some portion of the Centennial expense, and the object is a worthy one.

☞ The Republicans will hold their caucus to choose delegates to the Representative convention on Tuesday evening October 27th, in the Town Hall. The caucus will be called to order at 7:45 P M, and a full attendance is desirable. The convention will be held at Bedford, in the hall of the Bedford House, on Thursday evening, October 29th. We hear nothing definite concerning a Representative. As the legislature has to choose a U, S. Senator, it is of course very important that the Republican should be represented by one of their own party.

Winchester.

SCHOOLS.—The Mystic School which was closed last winter for insufficiency of pupils now has thirty-three.

MORE LIGHT.—Complaint has been made of late of the insufficiency of gas furnished by the Arlington Company. More light is often wanted, especially in those places where it is sought to be imparted.

WATER.—Is there to be no celebration of the completion of our water works. Are our hydrants to bubble and our orators not gush? Shall we see water running into our homes and bursting from our fountains and there be no flow of soul, and no walking or riding in procession in glory of the event?

GRAND ARMY LECTURES.—The next lecture in the course will be delivered by Rev. Richard Metcalf of the Unitarian society, Monday evening, Oct. 26th. Subject, "The Laws of Disorder." Organ concert by T. P. Ryder of Boston. Tickets have been placed at the low price of 25 cents, and the subject and the able manner in which it will be handled will no doubt attract a large audience.

HYDRANTS.—Some of the hydrants have been placed so much above the present grade of the streets where they are located as to render them liable to be frozen up during the winter. They stand up as striking monuments of the inefficiency of somebody in allowing them to remain so. When the pipes are frozen up and burst they will doubtless be looked after.

POLITICAL.—The Arlington Republicans concede to Winchester the representative this year. Who is to be the lucky man? A B Coffin, Esq, has been mentioned. Mr Coffin is an able lawyer, well known in this town and elsewhere, and would worthily represent the interests of the district in the Legislature. Mr S W Twombly who represented the district in 1871 is also mentioned. He was an efficient legislator, and would honor the district.

CONCERT.—Last Friday evening our citizens were treated to one of the best concerts ever given in Winchester. The famous Temple Quartette sang some of their most charming songs and were frequently *encored*. Mr. Heine, the blind violinist gave some very fine selections, and in response to one recall gave a solo on the tin whistle. His accomplished wife, Madame Heine, is a pianist of rare ability and favored us with several choice selections. Miss Jennie Dutton, made her debut in a very flattering manner. She possesses a voice of good volume and tone, and has the promise of a high place as an artist. The audience was large and appreciative and the entertainment most satisfactory.

SAVINGS BANK.—At a meeting of the Trustees of the Winchester Savings Bank, held Oct. 20th, it was voted to pay a dividend of 3 per cent. for the past six months, also to pay an extra dividend of 2 per cent. per annum for the past three years to depositors of date. The following is the statement of the treasurer, John T. Manny:—

To Cash on hand,	$3,296.25
To Expenses,	246.98
To Office Furniture,	239.90
To Taxes,	215.91
To Investments,	66,485.72
	$70,484.76
By Deposits,	66,172.94
By Interest,	4,311.82
	$70,484.76

The friends and managers of this Bank have every reason to be gratified by the above exhibit. Although the totals are small in comparison with the large Savings Institutions of Boston, Lowell and other manufacturing places, the profits will compare favorably with the best of them. A good, clean eight per cent. per annum, free of all taxation is not granted to all of them, and we would here call the attention of those of our citizens who have not as yet made their first deposit, to the fact that we have in our midst a smart, solid, thriving Bank that is a credit to the town.

Arlington.

☞ First Cong'l Church. Rev. Henry Westcott will preach at 10 3 4 A. M. Vesper service at 7 P. M. All are invited.

VOTERS.—A careful count of the recently published voting list shows that there are at present 584 voters in Arlington.

☞ During the year ending Sept. 30, 1874, there have been entertained by the town, 449 vagrants and travellers at the Poor Farm.

☞ The detection of one of the numerous throwers of stones, apples, etc., one day this week may, and we hope will, put a stop to this dangerous sport.

☞ Visitation by D. D. G. M. Smith B. Harrington and suite to Simon W. Robinson Lodge, F. A. M. of Lexington, Monday evening. Oyster supper, etc. Large number present from Arlington.

ANNOUNCEMENT.—Mr. Robert Renwick, our enterprising jeweller, desires us to announce that he will occupy the present post office room as soon as he can fit it up after Mr. Fowle vacates it.

ACCIDENT.—While slinging up an ox, preparatory to shoeing, last Wednesday, Mr. W. Richardson, blacksmith, corner Arlington Avenue and Grove street, received quite a severe injury on his right hand.

SLIPPED.—The mail carrier forgot his duties last Tuesday morning, and left us without any mail until the return of the train which arrives at Arlington station at 7:30. He said it "slipped his mind."

A RELIC.—The first printing press west of the Alleghanies was set up in Detroit, Michigan, and used by a Catholic priest. Father Finotti will publish in the next issue of the *Monumet Record*, a full history of the same.

HIGHLAND HOSE.—The members of Highland Hose gave their first party of the season at Spy Pond House Thursday evening. We would remind them that there is a good job printing office in town.

☞ Our citizens have a rich treat in store for them in the shape of the reading by Prof. Churchill next Monday evening, October 26th. Don't fail to hear him, Tickets can be obtained at Dodge's drug store.

TOWN MEETING. — The Selectmen give notice that they will be in session on the evening of Friday, October 23d, to receive applications for the insertion of articles in the town warrant they are preparing for the annual election.

QUACK, QUACK.—A drove of twelve hundred Canada geese passed up the Avenue Thursday morning, driven by Mr. Kidder, who was taking them to his farm on the Highlands to fatten for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

ELECTION.—Saturday evening, Oct. 17, at a joint convention of the Selectmen and School Committee, Mr. John W. West was chosen to fill the vacancy in the School Committee, occasioned by the resignation of J. T. Trowbridge, Esq.

CITIZENS' COURSE.—Rev. Dr. McKeown gave the third lecture of this course in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. The Rev. W. H. Cudworth is the the next on the list. His subject is "Up Hill and Down." He should have a full house.

G. H. A.—The first annual ball of the Good Hope Associates was given on Friday evening, 16th inst, at Town Hall. About one hundred couples participated, and all present were unanimous in commendation of the management. It was nearly daylight when the party broke off.

SMASH UP.—Tuesday afternoon, Mr. John Robinson was driving along Medford street with a lady friend in Mr. Geo. Lane's team, and when opposite the estate of Peter C. Brooks, the bit broke and the horse ran away, upsetting the carriage, and slightly injuring both of the occupants.

LOST.—Mr. Henry Whittle, brakeman on the Lexington Branch, caught his watch chain on the brake Wednesday morning. A valuable locket attached

was lost, and any one finding the same would confer a favor by leaving the same with Mr. J. W. Peirce at the Arlington station.

REMOVAL.—L. C. Tyler & Co., shoe dealers, have leased the store in Savings' Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant streets, and have nearly finished fitting it up. Next week they will probably open the finest line of boots and shoes ever offered in town.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE.—The inconveniences experienced by our citizens desiring to purchase dry goods and small wares during the past month are at an end. Messrs. F. Bryant & Co. have opened a store in the new Bank Building, where everything desired can be obtained. Their stock is new and in full line.

DISGRACEFUL.—Mr. Thomas Kearny was married last Sunday and on Monday night the newly wedded pair were visited by a calathumpian band. Not responding by an invitation to walk in and enjoy the hospitalities of the house, on Tuesday evening a still larger crowd gathered and amused themselves by smashing windows and doing other damage to the house.

☞ The Banks Club held a meeting at their new rooms in Town Hall, Wednesday evening, and in addition to other business accepted the report of the committee instructed to draw up an address to the voters of the town. It will be in the hands of most of our readers by the time this paragraph reaches them.

VISITATION TO HIRAM LODGE.—Thursday evening, Oct. 22nd, D. D. G. M. Smith B. Harrington and suit visited Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Large delegations were present from Lexington, Medford, Brighton, Winchester, Charlestown and other places. Later in the evening the company sat down to a bountiful collation. The occasion was a very pleasant one.

SHERIFFS' JURIES. — The following names were drawn by the Selectmen on Tuesday evening to serve as jurors in the case of 1st Congregational church of Somerville vs. city of Somerville: James A. Marden, Thomas Ramsdell, B. Delmont Locke. Messrs. Reuben W. Hopkins, William T. Foster, and Benjamin F. Wood were drawn at the same time to serve in the case of Samuel N. Gont of Somerville vs. the city.

DAILEY'S HIBERNIAN.—This company, with an excellent panorama of scenes in Ireland, gave a performance in Town Hall, Monday evening, before a crowded house, which appreciated and enjoyed the pictures and the mirth provoking artists, who illustrated certain phrases of the exhibition. St. Malachi's church was the gainer by $25, paid over the next morning by the management.

RUNAWAY.—Tuesday afternoon Mr Ober's horse, left standing near Kimball's carriage shop, took fright, and ran down Medford street. The wagon containing chairs and other furniture, was overturned at an early stage of the proceedings, and the horse went home with the shafts and front wheels. A sprung axle was the principal damage.

VAGRANTS.—Mr. Charles D. Warren, living on Highland avenue, made complaint Wednesday morning, that two vagrants had been in the habit of late of entering and sleeping in his barn. Officer Hartwell went to the barn and found them there. As one of the young men was formerly in Mr. W's employ, and no crime could be charged against them, they were allowed to depart.

TOWN REPRESENTATIVE.—Our question of last week has found a partial solution. At a joint meeting of the Republican committees of Arlington and Winchester, last week Friday, our town waived all claims in favor of Winchester, with the understanding that we are to furnish the candidate for next year. Rumor says A. B. Coffin Esq., of Winchester will be the nominee.

GEN. BANKS' LECTURE.—Last Saturday evening Gen. N. P. Banks gave the second lecture of the citizen's course in Town Hall, before an audience which listened with marked attention to what the speaker had to say about "what a man owes to the town he lives in." We were pleased to see the hall so much better filled than on the evening of the first lecture, and hope this indicates a steady increase in attendance. After the lecture there was a social gathering at the house of S. D. Hicks, Esq. to welcome the speaker, and a considerable number of the friends of the lecturer had the pleasure of greeting him.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Tuesday afternoon one of the horses attached to the swill team of Mr. Warren W. Rawson, endeavoring to drive away the flies, caught his head under the pole and pulled off his bridle. The team became unmanageable, both horses started to run, and soon jolted the driver from his seat. They ran down the avenue until nearly opposite Asa Durgin's, when they dashed the team against a wagon loaded with hay. One of the horses was thrown down, and dragged a considerable distance, and badly injured. The escape of the driver was a narrow one.

ARLINGTON MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—This is the name adopted by a society of some seventy-five of our citizens, who met in the Universalist church vestry on Tuesday evening, for improvement and practice in music. They organized by the choice of Mr. Marshall, the musical instructor of our schools, as President, and Mr. William Proctor as clerk and treasurer. It is their intention to give an "Old Folks' Concert," at an early day. Their practice will include choruses, oratorios, &c. There is room in the society for any good voices in town, and we hope any such will not be bashful about coming forward.

BANKS' CLUB.—The movement in favor of Gen. N. P. Banks as representative to Congress from this district, has taken form in our midst. Tuesday evening there was a meeting of gentleman favorable to the cause, which resulted in the following organization:

President, John H. Hardy; Vice Presidents, Benjamin Poland, S. D. Hicks, Nathan Robbins, S. S. Davis, A. D. Hitt George C. Russell, R. J. Hardy, John Schouler, Walter Russell, John Eillebrown, W. T. Foster, Warren Rawson, W. H. Pattee, C. B. Fessenden, E. P. Hildreth, Henry Locke, Wilson W. Fay, Matthew Rowe, Edward Storer, J. M. Chase, Albert Winn, J. F. Hobbs, Otis Green, Michael Waugh, Adolphus Davis, Thomas Pierce, Ralph W. Shattuck; Secretaries, George D. Tufts, George H Rugg; Corresponding Secretary, Samuel B. Whittemore; Treasurer, Arthur Poland; Executive Committee W. W. Pattee, C. B. Fessenden, W. West, R. J. Hardy, Benjamin Poland, H. H. Homer, Milan R. Hardy.

As Mr. Fowle will not be ready for removal until after election, they have engaged the store just vacated by Anderson & Howes, where they have opened a club room.

GOOCH CLUB.—A Gooch Club was organized last Wednesday evening by the choice of the following officers:—

President, J. W. Whittaker; Vice Presidents, J. W. Peirce W. A. Clark, W. A. Peirce, I. O. Carter, S. S. Davis, W. G. Peck, James Dargin, C. C. Sawyer, Marcus Morton, T. P. Peirce, S. T. Pearson, G. T. Peirce, G. Y. Wellington, R. L. Hodgdon, Timothy Eaton, Sylvester Stickney, Jesse Bacon, H. J. Bacon, R. M. Johnson, O. M. Winship, John Redman, S. A. Fowle, Harrison Swan, Henry Swan, Joseph Crosby, William Kimball, F. E. Fowle, Charles Schwamb, Alfred Hobbs, H. L. Lawrence; Secretaries, T. H. Wakefield, G. W. Storer; Corresponding Secretary, C. C. Sawyer; Exec. Committee, W. A. Clark, Jesse Bacon, J. Durgin, C. C. Sawyer, G. Y. Wellington, R. L. Hodgdon, Henry Swan; Rallying Committee, P. J. Shehan, Robert Speatman, Martin Grady, J. T. Kidder, Oliver Warner, John T. White, John S. Pinkham, Add Hill, Wm. Stowe, N. C. Nash, Thos. Gray, J. A. Mardin, J. A. E. Bailey, S. G. Damon, C. O. Gage, John Field, Dennis O'Leary, John Osborn, James A. Bailey, J. S. Potter, B. D. Locke, Matthew Rowe, J. T. Trowbridge, John Gray, O. H. Hill, Henry Mott.

Rooms will be secured immediately, and the campaign entered upon with a spirit that will insure success.

Continued from fourth page.

test which itself seems to chalenge. One of its great sins is insubordination of parts. Its minor characters stand in as strong light as its principals, and often take up time which should be given to the latter.

The Jack Hazard series of stories, published in the late "Our Young Folks," and continued in the first volume of "St. Nicholas," under the title of "Fast Friends," are no doubt destined to hold a high place in this class of literature. The delight of the boys in them (and of their seniors too,) is well founded, They go to the right spot every time. Trowbridge knows the heart of a boy like a book, and the heart of the man too, and he has lain them both open in these books in a most successful manner. Apart from the qualities that render the series so attractive to all young readers, they have a great value on account of their portraitures of American country life and character. The drawing is wonderfully accurate, and as spirited as it is true. The constable Sellick, is an original character, and as minor figures, where will we find anything better than Miss Wansey, and P. Pipkin Esquire? The picture of Mr. Dink's school too is capital, and where else in fiction is there a better nickname than that the boys gave to poor little Stephen Treadwell, "Step Hen," as he himself pronounced his name in an unfortunate moment when he saw it in print for the first time in his lesson at school?

On the whole these books are very satisfactory, and afford the critical reader the rare pleasure of works that are just adequate, that easily fulfil themselves, and accomplish all they set out to. As a poet, Trowbridge bids fair to become "the American Hood." He has the same affinities and attractions, and, perhaps by the time he has written as much his quality and character will be as clearly defined. At present his collected poems lack a sufficiently distinct flavor of their own; they do not stamp the author's individuality upon the mind quite vividly enough. Hence his fame as a poet seems disproportionate to the popularity of many of his poems. There is hardly a public elocutionary reading in the country where "The Vagabonds," "Evening at the Farm," or "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" are not down in the bill; still it cannot be said that Trowbridge has yet made a distinctive mark as a poet. He appeals to the universal heart, but not yet to the private individual heart.

If one is to apply severe tests, I suppose the first question to be asked in regard to any new candidate for poetic honors is not: has he written beautiful poems, but are they *his poems?* do they exhibit the manner of his soul or of some one else? are they simply expressive of the general poetic culture and susceptibility of the times and of the influences of other poets, or are they the product of an original and peculiar experience? Indeed I suppose all we mean by originality in imaginative literature, is fresh, new power, and not at all new material. But, however this may be, there are but three or four American poets who can stand the test proposed better than Trowbridge. He has written a few characteristic poems—poems the best of their kind that have been produced in a long while. His vein is the one indicated in "The Vagabonds," and the "One Day Solitary." His genius is essentially dramatic and realistic, and it is in this direction that his chief merit as a poet as well as a novelist lies. His more fanciful and ostensibly poetical poems, like "Beyond," or "By the River," "The Frozen Harbor," &c., do not seem so native and proper to him as those I have indicated. "La Cantatrice" again has got the ring of the true metal. Of such poems as "Beauty," "Midwinter," "Midsummer," one wishes they had been produced before Emerson's day. They are capital, and yet there is just that taint of insincerity about them that one feels in reading poems, the production of which has evidently been unconsciously rendered much easier, by reason of some other poet.

The best of our poet's serious pieces, or poem's of sentiment, is "At Sea," which I believe has been included in the "Hymns of the Ages."

AT SEA.

The night is made for cooling shade,
For silence and for sleep;
And when I was a child, I laid
My hands upon my breast and prayed,
And sank to slumbers deep;
Childlike as then, I lie to-night,
And watch my lonely cabin light.

Each movement of the swaying lamp
Shows how the vessel reels;
As o'er her deck the billows tramp
And all her timbers strain and cramp
With every shock she feels,
It starts and shudders while it burns,
And in its hinged socket turns.

Now swinging slow and slanting low,
It almost level lies;
And yet I know, while to and fro
I watch the seeming pendule go
With restless fall and rise,
The steady shaft is still upright,
Poising its little globe of light.

O hand of God! O lamp of peace!
O promise of my soul!—
Though weak and tossed and ill at ease,
Amid the roar of smiting seas,
The ship's convulsive roll,
I own with love and tender awe,
You perfect type of faith and law!

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,
My soul is filled with light;
The Ocean sings his solemn psalms,
The wild winds chant; I cross my palms,
Happy as if to-night
Under the cottage roof again
I heard the soothing summer rain.

"The Pewee" shows the author a very careful and loving student of nature. How vividly some of our native trees are brought before the mind in these lines;

Like beggared princes of the wood,
In silver rags, the birches stood;
The hemlocks, lordly counsellors,
Were dumb; the steady servitors
In beechen jackets, patched and gray
Seemed waiting spellbound all the day.

Our poet's "Lighter Pieces," again, just fill their measure. "Evening at the Farm," is full of a wild sweet melody like the lowing of kine among the hills "The little Theater," is the most ingenious and exquisite, while "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," is repiete with the broad humor so characteristic of this author. "The Wonderful Sack," is a poem to be read and acted with the children by the winter fireside. Indeed, nearly all Trowbridge's poems crave the living voice; they are so full of the vowel qualities, and are so clear, so simple, and so charged with action.

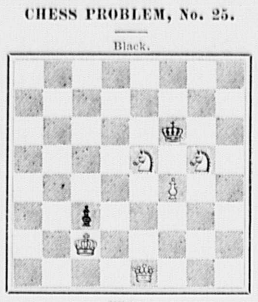
His readers will be glad to know that he has in press another volume called "The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems," which will include his latest, and on the whole his best work.

Mr. Trowbridge lives in a home of his own, on the shores of Arlington lake, near Boston.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 25.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

BURLINGTON, Oct. 19, 1874.

MR. EDITOR.—The following is, I think, the solution to Problem No. 24:—

White	Black
1. P to Q 4	P x P en passent
2. R to K4	R x R
3. Kt x P at Q3 (mate)	

Yours truly,
HENRY CORAM.

Married.

In Woburn, Oct. 20, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. H. C. Townley, Mr. John Hancock of Winchendon, Mass., and Miss Mary E. Allen, of Woburn.

In Arlington, Oct. 18, by Rev. Joseph M. Finotti, Mr. Thomas Keaney and Miss Maggie Keefe, all of Arlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Oct. 17, Emma A., daughter of Addison and Emeline Fairbanks, aged 8 months, 17 days.

In Arlington, Oct. 20, Samuel J. Howes, aged 2 years, 1 month, 2 days.

In Winchester, Oct. 19th, Samuel Taylor, aged 43 years, 4 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 21st, Mrs. Phebe Ann, wife of Capt. C. P. Jayne, aged 48 years, 3 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 21st, William Andrew Storey, aged 2 years, 13 days.

In Woburn, Oct. 22d, Sophia Adelaide, daughter of E. R. and Abby P. Emery, aged 15 years, 2 months.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The subscriber desires to express his thanks to the firemen of Woburn, for their prompt and efficient services in extinguishing the fire at No. Warren street, on Wednesday last,

F. K. CRAGIN.

WOBURN, Oct. 22, 1874.

Religious Notices.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

CARPETS.

The cheapest line of FINE CARPETS that can be found in the market are now for sale by the

New England Carpet Company.

A large stock just purchased of the administrator of the estate of a late manufacturer, comprising elegant Tapestries, solid Brussels, Kidderminsters, Extra Superfine, Super, Ingrains, Stair Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc. *All of which will be sold very much under market value.* Many styles for three quarters or one-half current prices.

BRUSSELS,	$1.50
TAPESTRIES,	1.00
EXTRA SUPERFINES,	1.00
SUPERFINES,	87 cents
INGRAINS,	75 cents
TWO-PLYS,	50 cents
CHEAP INGRAINS,	30 cents
CANTON MATTINGS,	12½ cents
STAIR CARPETS,	12½ cents
OIL CLOTHS,	30 cents

New England Carpet Company.

Removed to 85 Hanover St., opposite American House, Boston. 146

SELECT DANCING SCHOOL.
MR. J. A. COOPER

Assistant teacher at Russ B. Walker's Academy, Boston, will give a course of 12 lessons in Modern Dancing to Young Ladies, Misses and Masters, in Central House Hall, commencing Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Mr C. has had eight years experience in the profession, and guarantees satisfaction.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William A. Wilson to Anna P. Ripley, dated Oct. 26, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Middlesex County, Southern District, Lib. 1234, Fol. 284, will be sold at public auction for breach of conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the 10th day of November next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises hereinafter described as follows: All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, being part of lot numbered thirty-six, as shown on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans number five, plan twenty-third, and bounded northerly by lot numbered thirty-five, two hundred feet; easterly by part of said lot thirty-six, fifty five feet; southerly by part of said lot thirty-six, two hundred and eighteen and eight-twelfths feet; and westerly by Tremont street, fifty eight feet, and containing eleven thousand five hundred and thirty square feet more or less, being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all the benefit and equity of redemption of the said William A. Wilson, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. The equity in said premises are now owned or supposed to be owned by the said William A Wilson.

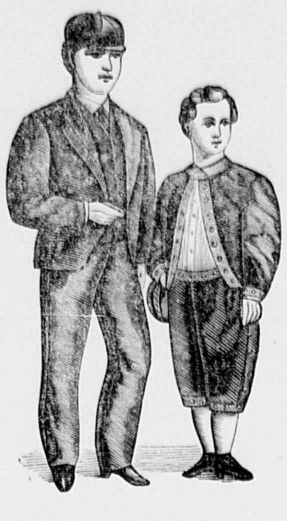
ANNA P. RIPLEY, Mortgagee,
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
WOBURN, Oct. 21, 1874.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers of

Men's, Boys'

—AND—



Children's

Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and Winter Clothing

At BOTTOM PRICES.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock.

☞ One Price to all.

GEO. H. LANE & CO.,
31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

OPENING
—OF—
Fall & Winter
Millinery

Thursday and Friday,
Oct. 29th and 30th,
—AT—
A. Cummings, 147 Main St.,
WOBURN.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1874, we have replaced it with an entire stock of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library and Dining-Room
FURNITURE.
Draperies & Interior Decorations
At prices that defy competition.

HALEY, MORSE & Co.
411 Washington St. 122

A. A. WALKER
Importer, and dealer in
ARTISTS MATERIALS.
Oil and Water Colors, Canvas Brushes, Drawing Materials, Wax Flower Materials, &c.
STATIONERY, &c.
Orders by Mail or Express promptly attended to.
127 TREMONT STREET, Boston.

Side Board For Sale.
A nice Black Walnut Marble Top Side Board for sale. Apply at this office.

Mrs. L. M. DALTON,
TEACHER OF
Piano & Reed Organ.
Pupils instructed at their homes or at the residence of the Teacher,
VERNON PLACE, WOBURN.
Orders left with G. W. Pollock, 213 Main St., or Miss M. Clementine Stearns, 224 Main St. will receive prompt attention. Terms made known if required. 101

Tenements To Let!
One on Main Street, eight rooms. One on High Street, eight rooms.
180 J. B. McDONALD.

Fire & School Departments.

The members of the Fire Department, and citizens generally are hereby notified that by an arrangement with the Chief Engineer, the steam gong on Simonds's shop will be blown on and after Oct. 18, at precisely quarter before twelve noon, on stormy days when it is desirable to have but one session of the public schools. This notice is given to prevent the signal being taken for a fire alarm. The signal will be one long blast and six short ones.

E. H. DAVIS, Supt. of Schools.
Woburn, Oct. 9th, 1874. 130

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
Nos. 44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.
JOHN B. SOUTHER
Successor to Souther, Flint & Co.
MANUFACTURER,
offers for sale at prices from 15 to 25 per cent lower than usual retail prices, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of all articles usually found in a furniture establishment, and as he manufactures most of his goods he is enabled to warrant them to be faithfully made.
All those who are about to replenish their furniture, or to furnish their houses entirely new, are invited to call and examine his stock and compare prices with those of other dealers. 121
JOHN B. SOUTHER,
44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Joseph F. Barber, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Nancy Barber, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, and that she may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on her bond pursuant to statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October instant, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal*, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this seventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

26 J. H. TYLER, Register.

THE
BRYANT & STRATTON
Commercial School,
BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete

Commercial Education.

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54
H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

Two Tenements for Rent.
A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 94

Tenements To Let.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,
GENEALOGIST
Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 35

Another Chance!
Fifth and Last Gift Concert!
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF KENTUCKY.
POSTPONED TO
November 30, 1874.
Drawing Certain at that Date!

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift,		$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		75,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		25,000
5 Cash Gifts,	$20,000 each,	100,000
10 Cash Gifts,	14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts,	10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts,	4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts,	500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts,	50 each,	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all cash,		2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets,	$50 00
Halves,	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon,	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22 ½ Tickets for	1000 00

For tickets or information, address
THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.
Or THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
133 609 Broadway, New York.

JUL. COHEN'S
NEW STORE!
199 MAIN STREET,
Three doors above Post Office,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.
At Very Low Prices!
Woburn Centre, Mass.

Collector's Notice.

The Collector will be at his office, Bank Block, every afternoon and evening until Oct. 15th inclusive, to receive taxes.

N. B.—Interest at the rate of 12 per centum per annum will be charged on all taxes not paid on or before that date.

EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
ODELL & HUDSON'S
Elliptic Spring-Bed,
Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55
Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,
WINCHESTER, MASS:
A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY
☞ Orders by Mail Solicited. ☜

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,790,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders. 93

"Don't you forget it!"
Large Lot
Latest Styles
HOUSE PAPER
SELLING LOW AT
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main Street,
WOBURN.

ADMINISTRATR'X SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at public auction, on Monday, the second day of November next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land containing about 8712 square feet, with the buildings thereon, being lot No. 14 on plan of the Danforth estate, situated in Woburn, in said County, near Salem street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of a private way leading northerly out of said Salem street; thence the line runs northerly by and with said private way 93 feet to a stake; thence easterly by land of George Flagg, by the wall 103 feet to a corner of the wall; thence southerly by land of John P. Moulton, by the wall 86 6-10 feet to a stake; thence westerly by land now or formerly of C. P. Danforth 101 feet to the point of beginning, together with the right at all times to use said private way for all proper purposes of a passway in common with others having the same right, but not to obstruct the same. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to Patrick Toland by S. F. Thompson, Tr., by deed dated March 1st, 1867, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1007, Page 144. Terms at Sale.

MARY E. TOLAND,
Adm'x of estate of Patrick Toland,
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Oct. 16th, 1874. 142

For Sale.
A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

STOVE FOR SALE.
A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready for the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75
J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

The Song Monarch!
A new and most interesting book of
SINGING CLASSES.
Full of Melodious Songs, Duets, Glees and 4-part Songs, all easy and perfectly adapted to a Singing School Course, but at the same time forming a collection well suited for the use of College and other Choirs, Singing Societies, &c. By H. R. Palmer, assisted by L. O. Emerson.
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Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.00 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30‖, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
α Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.
29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

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Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

ICE CREAM
—AND—
Fresh Oysters
Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

MRS. W. T. AYERS
Will attend to
Dress and Cloak Making,
at her residence, 39
COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.
Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

AGENCY
—FOR—
BARRETT & BROTHER'S
DYE HOUSE,
BOSTON,
At "Horton's Bookstore."
Clothing, &c.
Cleansed
or Dyed
in the best manner. Now is the time to
ECONOMIZE
AND MAKE
Old Clothes NEW!
BRING THEM ALONG TO
195 Main Street, - Woburn.
20

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

To George H. Conn, of Woburn, Mass., and to any and all other persons having an interest in the hereinafter described premises.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by said George H. Conn to Thomas J. Porter and Benjamin T. H. Porter, dated September 29th, A. D. 1869, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds in the County of Middlesex, Mass., Lib. 1096, fol. 416, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on the 26th day of October instant, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated about half a mile southeasterly from the common of and in said Woburn, being lots numbered three, four, and five on a plan of lots drawn by Cyrus Thompson, May 30th, 1856, containing forty-two thousand one hundred and sixty square feet, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises, on a private street, leading southerly from Fowle street, at land of Horace Collamore, thence the line runs southerly on and by said private street, about two hundred forty-two and four-tenths feet to land formerly of John Couillard;—thence easterly by said last named land, one hundred and seventy-five feet to land of Peter McGoff;—thence northerly by land of said McGoff and land now or late of John Robbins, about two hundred forty one and nine-tenths feet to land of said Collamore;—thence westerly by said Collamore's land one hundred seventy-nine feet to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to said George H. Conn by James D. Taylor, by deed dated February 23d, 1869, and recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1066, Page 416, and being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said George H. Conn, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

THOMAS J. PORTER, BENJAMIN T. H. PORTER, } Mortgagees
WILLIAM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Oct. 8, 1874.

OVERCOATS
At less price than has been seen before since the late war.
Popular Prices:
$10, $12, $13, $15, $16, $18, $20, $22, $23, $25, $28, $30.
All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.
Every garment marked in plain figures.
ONE PRICE.
WILMOT'S.
121 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.
19

Woburn Bake House.
The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.
No. 9 Railroad Street,
where may be found at all times,
Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,
The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with
Hot Brown Bread.
Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.
Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.
Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. JACOB R. CURRIER.
37

Step Ladders,
CLOTHES DRYERS!
AND CLOTHES HORSES.
Thompson's HARDWARE STORE
BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 40
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.
Miss Alice E. Bancroft,
would invite the Ladies to call at
No. 138 Main St., Woburn,
where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.
The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

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NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.
LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address
43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!
We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the
Best Machine
ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the
Wilcox & Gibbs
Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:
I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it.
Woburn, June 12, 1874. MRS. H. S. KELSEY. 45
G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,
213 Main Street, Woburn.

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1875.
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Ladies at Home and men who have other business wanted as agents. Novel plans, pleasant work, GOOD PAY. Send 3 cent stamp for full particulars, or $1.50 for outfit, including the twelve Etchings in elegant Portfolio, and the paper six months to your address. THE GRAPHIC CO., Publishers, 39 and 41 Park Place, New York. 124

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In PRICES of COFFEE!

Old Gov't Java,	44c
Maleberry Java,	48c
Mocha,	52c
Rio,	37c

Woburn Tea Store,
190 MAIN STREET,
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J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

With a little freedom of metaphor it may be said that in our literary orchard it is the exception for the pear trees to produce nothing but pears, and the apple trees to yield nothing but apples. The two species are strangely crossed and intermixed. The poets are constantly writing novels and the novelists producing poems, and which is the proper and native fruit, one can always tell. Holmes, Harte, Hay, Aldrich, Taylor, Trowbridge and others, each seems able to shake down either story or poem from his branches at pleasure. It is a curious feature of recent literature, this taking of our poets to novel writing, and of our novelists to poetizing. I believe there is nothing like it to the same extent on the other side of the Atlantic. Is the American genius so versatile then? or rather is the bent not very deep and mastering? Literature in the Old World is no doubt a more serious and engrossing occupation than here. Men do not play at literature there as they do in this country.

But I do not accuse any of the authors named of playing at literature, though I cannot help thinking that we should have better poems if we had less fiction, or better fiction if we had less poetry.

The subject of this sketch, John Townsend Trowbridge, is known to all enterprising novel readers, as the author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," and such capital stories as "Coupon Bonds" and "The Man who Stole a Meeting house," and I hope to a whole army of boys as the narrator of "Jack Hazard's Fortunes," "Doing His Best," and "A Chance for Himself;" but he is known and perhaps better known to a smaller and choicer circle as the author of a slender volumn of poems, many of them of great beauty and spirituality.

Mr. Trowbridge takes rank, though well to the front, as a minor poet and novelist. He makes no pretension to being a sky-shaker, and I suppose that if we had to wait for larks till any of our popular poets rattled the sky down upon us, we should wait a long time. The major key of human passion is sounded so rarely in polite literature, now-a-day, that one has ceased to expect it, and is quite content with a writer of Mr. Trowbridge's naturalness and spirit. Neither does he seem to have made any attempt to write the much-talked-of American novel; yet some of the most characteristic touches, some of the most faithful portraitures of the speech, manners and lives of our average rural farming population, that I have yet met with, are to be found in Mr. Trowbridge's stories. Almost too faithful, one sometimes feels, too literal, too near the truth, too photographic, to charm the imagination. A little more atmosphere of the author's own effusing and creating, a little more witchery of art, a little more "rose color" if you please, would be an improvement; for, however real or truthful your story or faithful to cotemporary events and characters, it must be bathed and flooded with that light that never was on sea or land to finally satisfy the best readers.

Trowbridge comes honestly by his insight into the lives and characters of the country folk, for these are his own immediate antecedents. His father was a farmer, and one of the pioneer settlers of Western New York, where, in 1827, in a log house but a few miles from the present site of the city of Rochester, our author first saw the light—that of a tallow candle, he says, the kitchen clock striking midnight, and his own small voice making itself heard at so nearly the same time that it is uncertain whether the 17th or the 18th of the month should be set down as his birthday. The bent and temperament of the son seem to have been inherited in about equal measure from both parents. The mother, a woman of great native energy of character, early recognized and encouraged his literary talents. The father seems to have been a man of more than ordinary sensibility—passionately fond of music, which he used to teach in those early pioneer days—and who at times was so affected by the singing of the choir in church as to be quite overcome with emotion.

Young Trowbridge was left fatherless at the age of sixteen. Up to that time he had led the ordinary life of country boys; going to school in winter, and working on the farm in summer. He developed an early taste for books, and especially for imaginative literature, Scott and Byron impressing him most deeply and lastingly. Before he was fifteen he learned to read and translate French without any of the modern aids. He seems to have had his share of the precious day dreams of youth, cherished, whispered not to any mortal, and composed endless rhymes while following the plow, which were afterwards fondly written down.

At the age of eighteen we find him in Illinois, teaching a district school in the winter, and raising a crop of wheat on a piece of land he had hired in the summer, and reading Virgil for a nooning. The wheat was struck with the rust and young Trowbridge was struck with the conviction that he was not cut out for a farmer. So he quit the plow tails, as one of his own characters might say, and took up the tales far more congenial to him and of which he yet has a good hold. These tales were in prose and verse, and were published in various country newspapers and magazines. About this time he was the successful competitor for a prize offered by a paper published at Lockport, N. Y., for the best poetical New Year's Address of the carrier to his patrons. The prize was a book worth two or three dollars, but the publishers concluding afterwards that they could not afford so expensive a volume, compromised the matter by paying the young poet one dollar and a half in money.

When nineteen years of age our hero set out for the city of New York in the regular traditional fashion, unprovided with friends or acquaintances, or letters of introduction, but with his pockets full of sketches and poems. These he had moderate success in disposing of, some of them appearing in "The Sunday Times" of the day, and in "The Dollar Magazine," a publication that earned its title by being furnished to subscribers at a dollar a year, and by paying authors one dollar per page for their contributions. A copy of our author's, which appeared in its pages, was widely copied both in this country and in England—a piece of success that sent his hopes up immensely, and caused him to post an article forthwith to "The Knickerbocker Magazine," whence he expected still more gratifying returns both in cash and fame. The sketch was speedily published, but the author was informed by the polite editor that it was not his custom to pay for the contributions of new writers.

After many vicissitudes of fortune in New York,—at one time coming face to face with the grim spectre Want, and at another keeping him at bay by engraving gold pencil cases in Jersey City,—Trowbridge left New York for Boston, where he found a better market for small literary wares like his. Here he wrote a great deal under the name of "Paul Creyton" and in 1849 started a newspaper which was short lived. Then he edited Ben Perley Moore's "Sentinel," during the absence of that journalist in Washington, and nearly killed it by writing an article in it on the Fugitive Slave Law that cost the paper subscribers both at the North and at the South.

In 1853, Trowbridge published his first book, "Father Brighthopes," which had a large sale and led to the publication within a short time of four other volumes of a similar character under the general title of "Brighthopes Series."

In 1854 he wrote "Martin Merrivale, His X Mark," which, however, did not make its mark upon the reading public.

In 1855 he made a trip to Europe where he spent a year, and wrote "Neighbor Jackwood." After his return in 1856, he wrote the play of the same name which was produced with brilliant success in Boston and New York, and afterward in other cities. During the great rebellion he wrote "Cudjo's Cave," one of the most noteworthy war stories of the period.

Immediately after the close of the war, he spent several months in the Southern States for the purpose of giving accurate views of the state of affairs there. The result of his observations appeared in a volume entitled "The South."

In 1869 he collected his poems into a volume, which was published by Fields, Osgood & Co., under the title of "The Vagabonds and Other Poems."

In the winter of 1872, he appears to have been engaged in other poetical works of which the public has heard little, though I remember an item at the time which stated that the Massachusetts Humane Society had awarded J. T. Trowbridge of Arlington, its large silver medal for rescuing a lad from drowing. The circumstance is worth mentioning as showing how a poet in word can be a poet in deed also. The boy had broken through the ice into sixty feet of water at the outlet of Mystic lake where the current is very strong. His terrified cries attracted Trowbridge to the place, who, with a couple of light boards hastily torn from an old fence, went out after him on ice, so thin that ice, boards and all sank beneath him. A crowd of men and boys looking on at a safe distance warned him to desist, but to the astonishment of all, the lad was saved, though the poet got a ducking.

Trowbridge was one of the original corps of contributors to "The Atlantic Monthly," and among the many good things that have appeared in that magazine, his articles have been conspicuous. "The Vagabonds," "At Sea," "The Pewee," among the poems, and "Coupon Bonds" among the stories, have taken a high place in the general literature of the day.

"Coupon Bonds" is undoubtedly one of the best short stories ever published in this country. It is a most happy and felicitous stroke. It is brimful of the very best quality of humor, the humor that grows naturally out of the character and the situation, and it moves along briskly without any urging or pushing by the author. It is full of incident, full of character, full of novel and ludicrous surprises and situations, and if it could be composed in a three act comedy, would be as irresistible in its way as Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

Indeed, one great merit of all Trowbridge's stories, is their unfailing dramatic fusion and flow. Much more famous writers in this field could be named who cannot lay claim to genius so thoroughly plastic and sympathetic. His characters are all vitally conceived, and hence his page is essentially dramatic—full of action and the throb of real life, as distinguished from novels that are mainly narrative and descriptive. The interest of his stories is not at all in what he the author has to say, but in what his personages do and say. It is not his wit, but their wit that makes us laugh.

Hence, whatever may be Trowbridge's defects, he has unmistakably the genial, magnetic heart nature that is characteristic of the true race of creators.

Neither as a writer does he stand apart from the great currents of life, and select some exceptional phase or odd combination of circumstances. He stands on the common level and appeals to the universal heart, and all that he suggests or achieves is on the plane and in the line of march of the great body of humanity.

I must name one other trait, noteworthy in these days, and that is his hearty good nature, and entire freedom from the contempt, the condescension, the irreverence and superciliousness that vitiates so much of the work of our younger geniuses. There is only charity and good will in his hearty laugh. He does not hold himself aloof, superior. He does not portray human nature through mere intellectual acuteness and cleverness, but creatively, through his sympathy and hearty affiliation with it, in all its normal forms and conditians.

"Neighbor Jackwood" is noteworthy as being the pioneer of novels of real life in New England, just as "The Vagabonds" is the first specimen (and one of the best) of what has come to be known as the Bret Harte school of poetry. Toward "Neighbor Jackwood," one feels that it is such a good story that it ought in all conscience to be a better one. It sparkles with wit, it is liquid with humor, it is has unmistakably the touch of nature, its dramatic flux, so to speak, is nearly perfect, and it has a procession of characters like a novel of Scott. Indeed, in many ways it recalls that great master. There is less description and more action in it than is habitual with Scott, and the conception of some of its secondary characters, like the crazy-brained Edward Longman, would shine in any page Scott ever wrote. And yet it will not bear the

(Continued on second page.)

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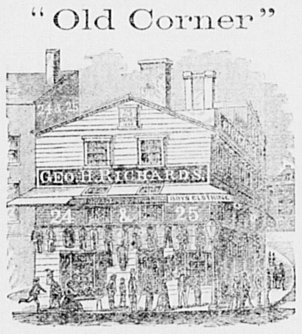

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GOODNESS,
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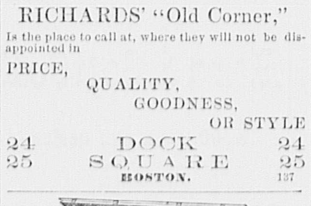

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Coal, Wood, Lime,

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Office, 113 Main Street, Ellis' Store,

WOBURN.

YARD near Horn Pond Station.

CHAS. K. CONN. 60 C. H. POLLARD.

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Has removed to his residence on

Salem, opposite Bow St.,

where he will continue to

Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture

IN ALL STYLES.

New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 61

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Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

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The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 63

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

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Nicely fitted up with all the conveniences for doing a successful business. There is a large Ice Chest for Meat, a smaller one for Butter, Marble Counter with convenient Meat Rack over it, everything being NEW and FIRST-CLASS. Sickness is all that brings this chance into the market. If not disposed of at private sale will be sold at public auction on MONDAY, August 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. For further information call on THOMAS SALMON, Nos. 244 and 246 Main Street, or corner Fowle and Prospect Streets, Woburn, Mass. 64

For Sale.

Pine Trash Wood

Orders left at A. Ellis store, near depot. 65

FOR SALE

A modern style extension top Carryall, nearly new and in good order. Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at Winn's Stable, Winchester. 66

REMOVAL.

L. W. OSGOOD

Has removed his LAW OFFICE into one of the offices occupied by H. Collamore, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, in Wade's Block, 67

No. 172 MAIN STREET, Woburn.

W. P. B. Brooks & Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FURNITURE!

Carpetings,

STOVES, FEATHERS,

Mattresses, &c.

Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.

We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere Our assortment is full and complete.

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AND
151 Hanover Street,

Corner of Marshall, Boston

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Laths, Pickets,
Conductors,
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RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.

LEHIGH, LACKAWANNA
AND
Franklin Coal,

Hard and Soft

WOOD.

All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 69

96 Main Street.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Spring & Summer Styles,

FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c

AT 70

J. W. HAMMOND'S.

C. M. STROUT,

200 MAIN ST., WOBURN,

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STOVES AND FURNACES,

Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE 71

Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 74

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

T. V. Sullivan,

Gas Fitter and Plumber,

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WOBURN MASS. 75

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151 Main St., Woburn.

B. F. WYER

keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of

Beef, Pork & Mutton

AND ALL KINDS OF

SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,

and everything usually found in a 76

Meat and Vegetable Market.

E. PRIOR,

Real Estate Agent and Auctioneer

OFFICE: 159 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN. 77

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

PROBATE COURT. MIDDLESEX, ss.

To the Heirs-at-law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Caroline A. Coffin, late of Winchester, in said County, deceased,

GREETING:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by James B. Coffin, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute; You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of October inst, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the *Woburn Journal* printed at Woburn the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, George M. Brooks Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy four.

1.0 J. H. TYLER, Register.

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

—AND—

CONTRACTORS,

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J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

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Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

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MACHINISTS,

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J. BUEL. 81 J. R. FLINT

Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 82

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Chas. A Smith,

DRY GOODS.

83

177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

Morris & Ireland,

64

Sudbury Street,

Boston, Mass.

SAFES.

Champion Record

IN THE

84

Great Boston Fire

Andrew Wilson,

Winchester Market.

Lyceum Building,

WINCHESTER, MASS.

Constantly on hand a good assortment of

MEATS, VEGETABLES,

Fruits, &c.

Such as

BEEF,
PORK,
LARD,
HAMS,
POULTRY,
POTATOES,
APPLES,
CRANBERRIES,

and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, and of as good quality as the market affords

☞ N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense

Order Box at Depot. Orders collected at 7½, 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M. 85

Central House,

MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Lee Hammond, - - Proprietor.

This well known hotel has recently been re-fitted and furnished, and is open to the public. It contains fifty light and airy rooms, and is supplied with the modern conveniences. A commodious dancing hall is connected with the house, and parties may be sure of excellent accommodations. Hacks connect with all trains, and livery horses may be secured at the office. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. 86

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And for Sale.

1 Extension Table, 1 Parlor Desk, with drawers each side and Book Case on top, 1 Sink, 1 Cupboard with wire doors, 1-2 doz. nice Office Chairs, 1 Weed Sewing Machine, One Lounge, 1 Baby Carriage, &c 56

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JOHN L. WYMAN,

Magnetic Physician.

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Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 4. Other hours will visit the sick at their homes.

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FUNERAL AND FURNISHING

UNDERTAKER

COFFIN WAREHOUSE.

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CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.

The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.

He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.

Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished.

Residence, East Street, near Green. 87

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Greenhouse at Cummingsville.

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

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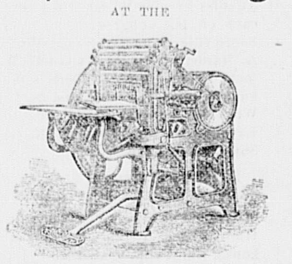

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Double Guns,

Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns

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Send for circular.

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WILLIAM WINN,

Auctioneer,

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL Office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 92

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FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.

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Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery

All orders promptly attended to. 93

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EASTERN, WESTERN,

—AND—

NORTHERN LUMBER,

—AND—

BUILDING MATERIALS

of all widths, dimensions and qualities, constantly on hand and delivered promptly, at shortest notice at the *Lowest Cash Prices.*

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Pickets, Mouldings, &c., in large quantities.

Lumber Yard, Prospect St., opp. Railroad Freight Yard.

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Carpenter and Builder,

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Shop and House corner Mt. Pleasant and Prospect Streets. 94

J. E. McCLURE & Co.

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FANCY AND STAPLE

DRY GOODS,

123 Main St.,

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FROM $15 TO $50 Per week can be made by either sex, Soliciting for our vulcanized RUBBER STAMP. The Stamps and Ink are first class, best made. We want Local Agents in every town and city throughout the United States. Send stamp for samples and terms, (no postal cards) to

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The demand for SOMETHING NEW to take the place of the Nubia, so long worn, has resulted in the production of this stylish Article for Ladies' wear, called the

ORIENT OR VEIL NUBIA.

For sale by Retail Dealers in Dry and Fancy Goods. 131

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A HOUSE on Franklin street, containing ten rooms, in good repair, to be moved away. Inquire at Mrs. CUTTER'S, corner Winn and Franklin streets. 34

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MIDDLESEX COUNTY · CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640 · WOBURN · INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1874. NO. 7.

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Are showing

FALL STYLES

in great variety.

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Pants Goods,

Vestings,

AND

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!

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THOMAS S. BANKS, FLORIST,
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HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
Walnut St., Woburn, (Near Main Street.)
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 3

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TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,
WOBURN. 5

JOHN R. CARTER
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Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c. Also attention given to
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Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work. 6

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Real Estate Agent
and Auctioneer.
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G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN 9
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
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Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to. 10
PUMPS AND WATER PIPES REPAIRED.

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 11
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 12
WM. WOODBERRY.

American Sewing Machine.
The NEW IMPROVED AMERICAN, self-threading, with new self threading shuttle (threaded in a second) is acknowledged to be the most complete, easiest running, simple and durable, as well as the lightest running and best Family Sewing Machine the world has yet produced. Ladies will not buy any other after seeing and trying them. Agents wanted to buy and sell them in all unoccupied territory. If there is no agent for them in your vicinity, send to me for circulars to
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General Agent for New England State

Hiram Childs
Setter of all kinds of Granite Work
Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to. 95

M. N. BROOKS
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that he has taken a stall at
No 9 Central Market
Where he would be pleased to supply his friends with Butter, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Beans, &c., at the LOWEST cash price. 48 and 50 North Street, Boston. 96

Poetry.

AUTUMN DAYS.

The summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away;
And, withered in the footpath lie
The fallen, leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet, through the gay and sombre wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine!

Small beauty has my unsung flowers,
For spring to own or summer hall;
But, in the season's saddest hour,
To skys that weep and winds that wail
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold! O life grown old!
No rose of June may bloom again;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through early frost and latter rain
Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
That points to golden ores below,
And in dry desert places tells
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet wells.

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,
Be mine the hazel's grateful part
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
The living waters thrill and start,
The beating of the rivulet's heart.

Sufficeth me the gift to light.
With latest bloom the dark, cold days;
To call some hidden spring to sight
That, in these dry and dusty was
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O love! the hazel-wand may fail,
But thou canst lend the surer spell,
That, passing over Baca's vale,
Repeats the old-time miracle,
And makes the desert-land a well.

Selected.

Old Peanut's Thanksgiving

"Hey! old Peanuts! How much a pint?"

"Twelve cents," answered the old man who presided at the stand.

"But look here," said the ragged little questioner, "couldn't you let 'em go for ten cents, seein' as I want to keep Thanksgivin' and haven't any more than this."

He held up a torn ten cent stamp.

"That's no good," said the old man. "The Gover'ment don't take torn ones."

"There is quite a piece off it," said the boy, looking wistfully at the piles of peanuts, "but you could pass it. It was passed on me."

The old man shook his head. "Torn ones don't go," he answered.

"Gosh! That's so," said the boy. "I've tried it in three places. Can't keep Thanksgivin', I s'pose. Wish I war you."

"Do you?" asked the old man, smiling faintly. "But I am not keeping Thanksgiving either."

"I would, if I war you," said the boy. "I'd eat a whole quart."

"You wouldn't, if you had no teeth to eat 'em with," answered the old peanut seller, "and did'nt like 'em. Once I cared for peanuts; but that's long ago."

"What do you keer for now?" asked the boy. "How do you like to keep Thanksgiving?"

"I shouldn't care to keep it at all," said the old man. "I used to keep it, but one day is like another now, and that is best for me. I have nothing to be particularly thankful for now-a-days, and I don't want to think of the old times."

"How were the old times?" asked the other, leaning against the lamp post near by.

"What'd be the use of telling you," grumbled the old man. "You couldn't help me,—nobody could that I know of."

Yet he went on as if it relieved him to tell his troubles even to the small ragged boy beside him.

"My boy John went out West, and was scalped by the injuns. I knew how it'd be. I wanted him to stay on the old farm with me; it was in Pennsylvany; but it was a small place, and half stones, and mortgaged for nearly all it was worth at that; so he would go to make his fortune, as he said. His wife that he left behind him till he cleared his claim fit for her to live on,—why, in less'n a year after he was dead, she married again, and they took John's boy with 'em to New York. That's the last I heard of little Johnny."

"But didn't you come to New York to look after him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the old man, "of course I did, or I wouldn't be on this Chatham street corner selling peanuts today. She promised to write, but she never did, so at last I couldn't stand it any longer, and I sold the old place and came to New York. I got partial track of 'em two or three times, but at last I had to give it up. Then my money was about gone, and I set up this stand and have sold peanuts ever since—that's five year. No, there's no Thanksgiving fer me unless I find Johnny; and I never shall."

"Mebbe you will," said the boy. "Things turn up sometimes when you ain't lookin' fer 'em, like this ten cent stamp. I didn't set any hopes of keepin' Thanksgivin'; but a man says to me, as I was standin' in Fulton market, 'Would you carry this turkey as far as the Third avenue cars?' So I did. But as sure as my name is Johnny Mooney I was cheated after all, unless you take it."

"Is your name Johnny?" asked the old man. "Well, then, you shall keep Thanksgivin' for me, for your name."

He poured a pint of peanuts in Johnny's hat. The boy held out the torn stamp.

"No, no," said the old man, "throw it in the gutter. I might pass it on somebody that'd go hungry on account of it. I don't want to be wicked, if I can't be thankful."

"Then here she goes," said Johnny, tossing the stamp into the gutter, "and thank you, Old Peanuts. But what makes the boys call you 'Old Peanuts?'" he added, cracking a nut between his teeth; "or mebbe it's your name?"

"It's as good a name as any other," said the old man. "I haven't seemed to myself to be John Dorfling since that happened. So I'd rather be called Old Peanuts."

Johnny went down Chatham street cranching his peanuts and hopping in glee, and Old Peanuts leaned his wrinkled cheeks in his hands and sighed.

"May be worse things 'll come upon me by my unthankfulness," he said to himself; "but I can't be thankful. But worse could not come. If I had only died long ago!"

Presently another small boy stopped in front of him,—ragged, shoeless and hatless, but with a clean, jolly-looking face.

"Five cents worth of peanuts," he said briskly.

Old Peanuts poured the peanuts into the boy's pocket, which he held open to receive them.

"And here's a ten," said the boy.

"A torn one again!" said the old man. "It looks like the very same one offered me just now. Where'd you get it?"

"Out of the gutter down the street," said the boy.

"It must have gone floating down," said Old Peanuts. "Well, they say a bad penny always turns up again."

"Give me the five, quick," said the boy. "I want to buy some taffy with the rest."

"Going to spend Thanksgiving, too, I s'pose," said the old man, "though I'd like to know what you can have to be thankful for."

"Lots," said the boy. "Fustly, for this luck. I don't pick up ten cent stamps every day."

"Well, and what else?" asked Old Peanuts.

"'Cause I'm going to get a splendid dinner. But I must give my hair a pullin' out, or they wont let me in," he said, laughing and trying to disentangle the mass of brown hair on his head.

"Who wont let you in?" asked Old Peanuts.

"Why, the Mission," answered the boy. "And it's most time to be there."

"The stamp isn't good," said Old Peanuts, handing it back to the boy.

"Why, yes it is," said the boy. "It's only dirty."

"But it's torn," said Old Peanuts. "I told a boy just now to fling it into the gutter."

"He must be a funny boy to fling stamps away," said the boy, laughing.

"No," said Old Peanuts; "not so funny as you think; he only went in for being fair. But I gave him a pint of peanuts because his name was Johnny."

"Then you ought to give me a pint," said the boy, laughing again, "for my name's Johnny, too."

"Don't stand there laughing at me and telling lies!" said the old man, impatiently.

"'Taint lies," answered the boy. "My name *is* Johnny. There! I can prove it." He drew a small thin card out of his jacket pocket and held it up. "Read that," he said, triumphantly.

It was a card of admission to the Mission House dinner. The old man snatched it and read "John Dorfling."

"You!" he said. His hands shook so that the card slipped out of them. Just then there came a gust of wind and away went the card and the boy after it. The old man tried to call him back, but he was too much agitated to speak. He shook in every limb, but he started after the boy, running as fast as he could. But the boy ran twice as fast, and he disappeared around a corner. Then the old man raised a feeble cry, "Johnny! Johnny! Stop, Johnny!" He turned the corner, breathless, but the boy was no longer in sight. On went the old man, looking right and left, peering in the open door ways and gazing wildly down the cross streets. But suddenly he thought, "How silly I am! He has found his ticket and gone to the Mission dinner." So, with renewed hope, he turned his steps toward the Mission.

He explained his errand to the door keeper, and was ushered into a large room where two hundred or more girls and boys sat at long tables laughing and talking merrily and devouring the good things. Up and down the passages Old Peanuts walked, gazing at every brown haired boy; but he did not see Johnny.

Then the children were appealed to. Silence was called for and the question asked, "Is John Dorfling here, or does any one here know him?" But all the children shook their heads. The superintendent then searched the books and found the name "John Dorfling," he said, "but no address. He probably did not know it. Many of the children cannot tell where they live."

"But I suppose he will come in again next Sunday," said Old Peanuts.

The superintendent shook his head.

"It is doubtful," he said. "You see a great many come in a week or two before Thanksgiving, because we give them all a good dinner. But only those who have been with us three months have tickets to the Christmas festival. Yet he may come next Sunday again. Drop in and see," he added, unwilling to send the old man away without any hope.

"Ah! if I had only staid at my stand," Old Peanuts thought, as he hurried along to the Chatham street corner. "He has the ten cents and the peanuts too, but if he is like his father he will come back." So he went to his stand, vaguely expecting to find his grandson there. But the other Johnny stood beside the stand instead.

"You ought not to leave your stand thout anybody to look after it," he said. "A lot of fellers war goin to make off with your peanuts, but I happened up and hollered 'Perlice!' and they thought I owned the concern and took to their heels. The perlice didn't come, but I kept guard and sold five pints too. And there war a boy here as said he owed you five cents, and——"

"Where is he?" cried the old man.

"Why, he left me five and he went away," said the boy. "I don't know which way; I warn't looking."

"It was Johnny," said the old man, wringing his hands. "Now I shall never see him again." In a choked voice he told the story.

"Don't take on," said the boy. "Ef I'd knowed it I'd held onter him. Next time I will. I'll know him again."

"Ah!" said Old Peanuts, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I thought I couldn't have more trouble; but to find him only to lose him again, it is more than I can bear. But he is a good, honest boy,—I knew he was."

"I'll look for him," said the boy. "I *was* going to the Central Park to see the animals; but never mind; and it's an awful ways to walk, so I don't keer much. And here's for the five pints."

"No; keep it for taking care of my stand," said Old Peanuts.

"No," said the boy. "The peanuts you gave me paid for that. I ain't mean. Good bye. Don't fret. Mebbe I'll fetch him along afore you know it."

The old man sat down by his stand, but he could not rest.

"I'll look for him too," he said. "Ah! if I could only find him I would keep Thanksgiving. If God would only help me; but I have been so unthankful to Him I have no right to expect it."

He locked up his stand and went down toward the City Hall, then up Broadway and across Canal street, then down to Chatham street again, and through the dirty cross streets and lanes,—up and down—up and down, until his feet were so tired that they slipped under him. At last when night came he went back to his stand, unlocked it and sat down on his stool. But he was worn out; and as he leaned his heads against the pine boards his eyes closed. Soon he was in dreamland. He was keeping Thanksgiving with his wife and his son and little Johnny. They were all at the village church singing hymns, and then again at the old farm house, eating their Thanksgiving dinner. Little Johnny climbed on his knee and kissed him, and then pulled his hair in fun.

"Don't pull so hard, Johnny," he said. And then he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I must pull, if you don't wake up," said a voice. "We tried ticklin' and everything. You sleep so sound."

Old Peanuts opened his eyes widely and rubbed them, but still he was afraid that he was asleep, for the two Johnnies stood beside him.

"Went to Central Park after all," said the first Johnny, "and found him looking at the animals. Thought mebbe I would."

"Are you my grandpop?" asked Johnny number two. "If you are, I'm glad, though you made me lose my dinner."

The old man drew the boy to him, and held him closely in his arms as if he were afraid he would lose him again.

"And your mother?" he asked. "Will she let me have you?"

"She died," answered the boy; "died long ago—him too; and I take care of myself helping a junk man."

"And hereafter Grandpap will take care of you," the old man said. "Thank God, I have found you, and now we will eat our Thanksgiving dinner."

So, hand in hand, the three walked up the Bowery, and down a side street, to Old Peanut's lodgings. He bought a cooked turkey and other good things on his way there, and at the door he stopped to ask a neighbor or two to "come up and help them be merry."

What a happy, blessed day they had, after all! How they talked and laughed, and how Old Peanuts leaned back in his chair and almost cried with joy when Johnny sang a pretty song for them that he had learned at ragged school!

For the first time in years, John Dorfling, when he sat down to the table, bowed his head in penitence and grateful prayer. But his Thanksgiving did not end with that day, nor for many a day.

In fact, he is hale and hearty yet. This very year he and Johnny hope to keep "Thanksgiving" with the other Johnny; and after dinner they all are going to ride in the horse cars to the Park to see the animals.

☞ The increase in the expense of obtaining an education is attracting some attention just now. With the increase in the resources of the higher schools and colleges has come an equal increase in the cost of attending them, and a corresponding decrease in the number of students in many of them, but this increase is altogether out of proportion to the increase in the ability of our youth to pay for what they want. The Yale "navy" now costs as much as the salaries of the whole faculty amounted to not many years ago. "Style" is the pretext for an alarming increase in expenditures, and the poor man's son finds the number of colleges where it will do for him to go growing less and less. But it is not pretended that any better men are being "turned out" than formerly—indeed Mr. James T. Fields thinks there is a deterioration.

☞ A German milkman, on the Bloomington road, rolls his pantaloons to his knees, dons a heavy overcoat, rolls up his sleeves, and after finishing his toilet with a plug hat, goes out to call on his girl. He considers this the height of fashion.—*Terre Haute Express.*

☞ Where did Noah preserve the bees during the flood? In the ark-hives.

Science of the Moon's Eclipse.—The astronomers took comparatively little interest in the eclipse of the moon last Saturday night, because there was nothing new to be learned from it. It was a phenomenon which occurs but once or twice in a generation, and is, therefore, a matter of some curiosity; but its causes are perfectly well known, and the moon is such an easy object of study at all times that no new scientific light is thrown upon it when the light of the sun is for a short time cut off. Everybody is supposed to know that the black cone of the earth's shadow stretches continually into space in a direction opposite to the sun, and sweeps the ecliptic with every revolution of the planet. The pathway of the moon from month to month, though apparently somewhat erratic, is a matter of easy calculation for years ahead. Sometimes it is on one side of the ecliptic, or the sun's apparent path, and sometimes on the other, and of course it frequently crosses it. Once in about eighteen years and eleven days it crosses it just at the point where the earth's shadow lies at the same time, and as the shadow reaches far beyond the moon orbit, of course the satellite passes through it and its light is obscured, or more accurately speaking, the sun's light is intercepted from its face. At all other times, whatever its form may appear to be to us, and whether we can see it at all or not, it is in the full light of the sun and one side is completely illuminated. The earth's shadow, which is 8000 miles in diameter at its base, is 5000 miles in diameter when it reaches the orbit of the moon.

Those who took the trouble to sit up, or to get up, Saturday night, to see the eclipse, noticed that the moon was at no time altogether invisible, though greatly obscured. The reason of this is that the light of the sun as it passes through the atmosphere of the earth, is so much refracted from a direct course that enough of it is thrown into the shadow to make the moon dimly visible even in what is called the total eclipse. If a person were standing on the moon at such a time, he would see a bright rim or halo of light encircling the earth, but nobody is supposed to be standing on the moon. That weird and worn-out orb, that adds so much to the garnishment of our nights, has no atmosphere, and it is pretty well settled that no form of life is sustained on its surface. It is a lonely wilderness, seamed and ragged with the effects of extinct volcanic action, and rolls about our planet with no purpose but to illumine our nights and exert its powers of attraction upon the ocean and the atmosphere.

This matter of the earth's shadow is a curious subject, of which we seldom think. The celestial hemisphere is not darkened when the sun goes down, but the heavenly bodies become visible to us because the glaring light is withdrawn from our eyes as we roll round into the shadow of the earth. From the bottom of a deep well or a mine, we can see the stars in the day-time. The earth's shadow is a well of darkness, stretching thousands of miles into the firmament, and from the bottom of it we see the luminaries of one-half of heaven, simply because the glare of day is removed. If the sun were altogether blotted out for the time being, we could see neither the moon nor the planets, and the fixed stars, which are suns shining by a light of their own, would twinkle in a firmament of utter blackness. The heavens are above us and around us at all times, and there is no more darkness or light in them at one time than another, but, every night, the black cone of the earth's shadow shuts out the glaring sunlight from our eyes and the myraid luminaries become visible. There are the commonplaces of science, but we no not realize them, except on those rare occassions when our attention is specially attracted by some such phenomenon as that of Saturday night.

New Discoveries.—Last Saturday George Wolf and Bob Smith mounted their mules and started for the mountains in search of a silver mine. They reached the Toll House, on Mt. St. Helena, tied their horses and started for the north side of the summit, which they reached in due time—George taking the lead, Bob coming up in the rear. George found a "lead," stooped down to examine it, heard a growl, looked up and saw a large grizzly within six feet of him. From where George stood to the Toll House, one mile. George's time, 2:31½; Bob's time, 3:41½ The claim is called Grizzly Bear, but no notice of location has yet been posted.—*Calistoga Free Press.*

☞ A Methodist and a Quaker were travelling in company, when the Quaker reproved the Methodist for their boisterous manner of worship. Why, said he, we can take more pleasure in our rooms of meditation, where we think of nothing worldly during our stay. Sir, said the Methodist, if you will take a private room, stay one hour, and when you return, say that you have thought of nothing worldly, I will give you my horse, which proposal was accepted. After the time had expired his friend asked him if he claimed the horse. Why, said he, I could not help thinking what I should do for a bridle to ride him home with.

—A Boston school-boy, who was directed to write a composition on riches, handed in this: "Soonasever i get verry writch in deed golly won't i act Jenny Russ."

—Who is the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph, because Pharoah made a ruler of him.

—A peck of beans, a spinning wheel, and a gallon of molasses, are considered a fair bridal outfit in Missouri.

A Remarkable Story.—A dense cloud was first seen approaching the pond, being apparently a considerable distance up. Nothing particular was thought of it, the citizens of Lansing being at the time occupied in trying to keep cool, a hard thing to do with the thermometer at 100 degrees in the shade. But presently a startling circumstance occurred. The cloud had halted over the pond and established connection with the latter. A genuine water spout had in fact been evolved, and an immense quantity of water was rushing skywards through the liquid conductor. When first seen the water spout was near the dam, and travelled slowly across the pond until it reached the railroad trestle work, a distance of a mile and a quarter from its starting point when it disappeared and the cloud moved majestically off, carrying with it thousands of gallons of water which had been drawn from the pond. The latter covering an area of six hundred acres, was, in fact, lowered two inches. The huge column which joined the upper region to the expanse of water below, resembled a cone in form, and rotated horizontally with exceeding rapidity. The marvellous speed with which the column turned, impressed the beholder immediately with the idea that it was associated with a whirlwind. This was most probably the case, as a tremendous wind passed over Augusta from the direction of Langley, some hours after. The heavens were brilliant with incessant flashes of lightning after the spout described above had disappeared. There was no rushing noise connected with it, as is the case in some instances. The water underneath the clouds just before the spout formed was in a state of great agitation. Waves rolled angrily, and a perceptible bulge was seen. As the cloud halted a sort of tunnel protruded from it, and dropped slowly down, becoming larger as it lengthened, the broader portion or base being at the surface of the cloud. When it reached a point about one-fourth the distance between the cloud and the pond, the bulge on the surface of the latter rose to meet it, and the two at length joined, when the water from the pond commenced ascending into the cloud which moved slowly towards the trestle work. The waves in the water all leaped and tended towards the spout, and the spout itself continued the vertical motions referred to above. The outside of the water funnel was dark and not well defined, while the center was much lighter, being rather of a bluish cast. This would seem to indicate that the column was partly hollow, the dark portions representing the sides. There can be no doubt but that the immense quantity of water which was transferred from the pond to the cloud was literally sucked up. The spout finally disappeared, as if it had been drawn bodily up into the cloud, while the latter quietly moved off to parts unknown. Not a drop of rain fell during the occurrence or afterwards. The formation and subsequent motions of the spout are described as having made up a spectacle grand in the extreme. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen in that section. The strangest part of the phenomenon was the fact that the cloud, so burdened with water, moved off without dispensing any of it in the form of rain in the neighborhood.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.*

Too Long by Half.—A gentleman writes us of a long acquaintance, one at least, who enjoys a high reputation, for he stands over seven feet high in his stockings; and though a talented member of the bar, is a good-natured, modest citizen. Some years ago, when the Tremont Theatre was the theatre of Boston, he saw fit to witness the performance from a prominent seat in the pit. When the curtain rose and the actors advanced to their positions, a cry of, down in front! became general throughout the audience.

Their attention was directed towards Mr. Talboy, who feeling himself the object of remark, thought he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. At last he got straightened out to his full length, then, slowly glancing around at the astonished audience, he very deliberately remarked:

Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down, I will now stand up.

A burst of laughter and applause succeeded! audience and actors became convulsed; the curtain descended rapidly the manager with beaming face, came forward, and amidst the wildest applause conducted the gentleman to a private box.

☞ Not many months ago might have been seen, at a railway station, a man looking the very picture of despair. On being asked what was the matter, he replied—

"I have been waiting five hours for the train that has just left, and did not get off; I searched as no man could have searched, but could not find the man to take my ticket."

We told him the conductor on the train took the tickets.

"Ah! I thought it was like the circus, you had to give your ticket before you entered, and I could not find the door-keeper.

☞ A foppish wit says, Young men tight by solacing themselves with the ardent, and young ladies get tight by solacing themselves with something else. Oh, of corsets so.

—"My dear sir," said a candidate, accosting a stray wag on the day of election, "I am very glad to see you." "You needn't be," replied the wag, "I have voted."

—A Memphis policeman thought that his orders included all cases of drunkenness, and, therefore, arrested the Mayor and was discharged.

☞ What is the use of talking of this world's brightness and sunshine to a man that has tight boots?

A Wonder of Seeing.—The Camera Obscura in the New York Central Park is a little eight-sided building surmounted by a small turret, pierced with lenses. Directly under the turret or tower is a table about five feet in diameter, with polished surface, and on it the scenery of the park and surroundings is reflected from the lenses with marvellous distinctness. Even the country on Long Island, across the Sound, is perfectly visible, as if one was looking at it through a telescope. The room will accommodate about a dozen people at once. It is darkened, and the only light admitted enters through the lenses, and is thrown on the table. It is a most marvelous sight. One may see his friends in any part of the park. The slight ripple on the lake, or the movement of the leaves on distant trees, is vividly shown on the table. But all the varied and beautiful colors are preserved in minature. Detectives repair to the "Octagon" when suspected parties are supposed to be in the park. A man sitting with a woman half a mile away cannot escape the eye of science. Among the many objects to be seen are the Colosseum, Masonic hall, and Catholic cathedral, the churches of upper New York and the Palisades of the Hudson, each appearing in turn as the glass-eyed turret revolves. When one wishes to examine a particular part of the park, the superintendent gives the machine a turn, and the spot appears on the table, while the bewildered spectator thinks of Alladin and his lamp, and wonders that if the days of enchantment have really come, why he don't transfer the dingy room into a palace worthy of such splendid scenes.

The First Spat Between Queen Vic and the "Little Tarter."—It appears that the queen, in going out driving, the first time the Duchess of Edinburgh accompanied her, placed, as usual, the Princess of Wales beside her on the back seat, so that the duchess and and her spouse were forced to sit opposite with their backs to the horses, which was all very well for the duke, he being a man and in his mother's carriage, but the proud and petted daughter of the Czar of all the Russias had no idea of being made to yield the first place to any one. On her return from the drive, therefore, she informed Queen Victoria that she had never occupied a front seat in a carriage before, and that she would not submit to be placed there again. The qneen reminded the irate duchess that the Princess of Wales, as the wife of the heir to the crown and the future queen of England, was, of course, entitled to precedence over the wife of her second son, and that, moreover, the Princess Beatrice, as an unmarried English princess, still under the immediate protection of the queon, was also entitled to take precedence over any of the other female members of the royal family. "Remember that I am the daughter of the greatest sovereign on earth, of the Czar of Russia," cried the indignant young lady. To this the queen responded, "I acknowledge no earthly sovereign as my superior." So there the matter rests, and the Duchess of Edinburgh was not present at the queen's last drawing-room, ostensibly on account of illness.

How Indians climb Trees.—In South America, even the weakest may be, not uncommonly, seen plucking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go climbing they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside they use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a larger hoop around the trees, and gets inside of it and jerks it up the trunk with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitian boys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the aid of this fetter go up the cocoa palms to gather nuts. The native women in Australia climb the gum trees after opossums. Where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet; then one throws about the tree a rope twist as long as will go round it, puts her hatchet on her cropped head, and placing her feet against the tree and grasping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the enormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

Reporting Extraordinary.—Queer things happen in newspaper offices. Recently a brother journalist in a neighboring, with a flourishing weekly on his hands, was obliged to send a young and inexperienced reporter to a gathering where there was some wine, many pretty women, and a song or two. The reporter had some hour or two in which to write up his account, and he asked our editorial friend what he would say about the music. "Oh," was the reply, "say Miss B. sang with tenderness, Miss C. played with brilliancy, Mr. X. sang with fire, and something of that sort, and make a few comparisons, you know." That reporter was discharged the very next morning. A portion of his notice read as follows:—"Miss B. sang very tenderly, as tender as young spring lamb with mint sauce," etc. "Miss B. played as brilliant as a bunch of firecrackers on a dark night, or as brilliant as a meteoric shower," etc. "Mr. X. sang with so much fire that it burned up three sheets of music and set the parlor curtains all ablaze.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

☞ A Chicago young lady who is visiting our fair, waved her hand enthusiastically during the races yesterday. Grangers a short distance off thought it was a new patent five-barred gate.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

☞ As she rolled up her sleeves and looked hard at a big basket of tomatoes, she remarked, "There's get up, pay up, bang up, go up, step up and climb up, but here goes for catsup."—*Detroit Press*

An Unfortunate Experiment.—Young Archibald Singerly, of Germantown, has been unfortunate. He read in one of the papers that "when the boys of Virginia City wish to raise their kites they tie the string to a dog's tail, and make the animal run." It occurred to young Mr. Singerly that as this proceeding was conducted upon a sound rational basis, he would experiment in the same direction. The difficulty encountered by Mr. Singerly at the outset was that he had an extremely large kite and a mournfully small dog; and the conclusion of the undertaking therefore may be anticipated, especially when we intimate that the wind was high. The residents of the neighborhood were surprised to see a dog rushing backward down the street, with considerable velocity, clawing and scratching at the earth for a hold, and emitting ejaculatory howls, as if he cherished a secret preference for going in another direction. And they were even more amazed to perceive that he seemed to be anchored to something in the heavens. But there was not time for investigation. In a moment a cyclone or something of the kind struck the kite, and before Archibald Singerly could utter a scream, his dog had performed about one-third of the journey to the milky way. It is supposed that the bird's eye view enjoyed by that animal must have been magnificent, embracing as it did Mount Airy, Conshohocken, Savannah, St. Petersburgh and Pekin, with numerous smaller towns and villages. But the precise amount of felicity obtained by Singerly's dog while dangling amid the planetary system will perhaps never be ascertained, unless Singerly meets his victim in a better world. For, as the kite came sailing down, the string caught on a vane of a church steeple, became tangled, and held Singerly's dog in permanent suspense. They tried to blow him loose with a shot-gun, and they succeeded in producing a shower of sausage meat after each discharge, but when the dog had all been shot away, his tail remained pointing due north, and refused to come down. Any one who has a good dog can hear of something to his advantage by applying at Singerly's. Old Mr. Singerly would prefer a bob-tailed dog.—*Max Adeler.*

Got even with him.—Little Jimmie was in the habit of being kicked by one of the big boys every day after school; this hurt his feelings and rear, to such an extent that he determined upon revenge. So one day he slipped out of school and securing a bit of cast iron plate placed it in the seat of his pants. Then he returned to the play ground, where was his tormentor. Jimmie's face was radiant; he felt that he was going to get more than even with his enemy. The latter noticed Jimmie swaggering around, so rushing up to him, planted a vigorous kick square against the concealed iron. The next moment the bully was rolling in the dust and the next day had three toes amputated. Jimmie is now known as "The Iron Clad Boy."

An Interesting Experiment.—Look steadily for a short time at a white wall, then place the tips of the forefingers together thus—

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—And raise the hands up in front of the face, and about a foot from it. Now you continue to look steadily at the wall, and not at your hands, and you will see a third finger between the other two. Or, closing the fingers, and placing the thumbs together, a third thumb will be seen.

☞ Handle a wet hat as lightly as possible. Wipe it as dry as you can with a silk handkerchief, and when nearly dry use a soft brush. If the fur should stick together in any part, damp it lightly with a sponge dipped in beer or vinegar, and then brush it till dry. Put the stick or stretcher into a damp hat, to keep it in proper shape. When a coat gets wet wipe it down the way of the nap with a sponge or silk handerchief. Do not put wet boots or shoes near the fire.

☞ "How much is yer stick candy?" enquired a boy of a candy dealer on Tuesday. "Six sticks for five cents." "Six sticks fer five cents, eh? Now lem'me see, six sticks fer five cents, five fer four cents, four fer three cents, three fer two cents, two fer one cent, one fer nothin'. I'll take *one*," and he walked out, leaving the candy man in a state of bewilderment which lasted three days.

—"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anno Domini, 1846; and that isn't mother for her name is Sallie Smith."

—An attempt was to have been made last week to get up another woman's crusade in Cleveland, but three or four of the leaders were disappointed about their Fall bonnets, and the affair didn't come off.

—Down in Kentucky the traveller hears fond husbands say: "Come, darling, come in and get dinner, or I'll smash yer old red head with a club."

—A little fruit eaten in the morning before breakfast is much better for dyspepsia than morning bitters.

—Wearing a tight collar is very apt to cause bronchitis.

—Never try to learn how much temptation you can resist.

—A copy of a Chinese work in 6,109 volumes is for sale in Pekin.

—A fact is worth a thousand statements.

—To Mr. Power of Virginia, all things are power.

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THE SENATORIAL CANDIDATES.

We give our readers a brief sketch of the candidates for the honors of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District. Both are gentlemen held in high esteem by their fellow citizens, and but for their political differences, there would be no controversy between them.

Richard Britton, the Republican nominee, was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1838, and was brought to this country by his parents while an infant. They settled in Andover, Mass., where he lived until twenty years of age. In 1858 he removed to Wakefield and engaged in the manufacture of shoe tools, as a member of the firm of J. F. Woodward & Co. He has served in nearly all the offices in the gift of his town, Selectmen, Overseers, Assessors. He is still an Assessor, and a member of the Board of Road Commissioners. He was elected to the Legislature in 1873 and again in 1874. He is in favor of prohibition, but voted against the Constabulary. He is a straightforward Republican, and the district will have in him an able Senator.

Alpha Elbridge Thompson, the Democratic nominee, was born in 1818, at Mt. Vernon, N. H. When six years of age he went with his parents to Andover, Mass., and after a term of three years, came to Woburn. He was trained to business by the late Bowen Buckman, afterwards becoming his partner and successor, and since 1829, or for a period of about 46 years, has been daily seen in his present place of business, He has several times served as Selectmen, Assessor, &c. He was postmaster under Pierce and Buchanan. In 1851 he was appointed Notary Public, and has held commissions under Govs. Boutwell, Banks, Andrews and Washburn for 23 consecutive years. In politics he is a Democrat of the Democrats. Was voted for as representative in 1870, and for Senator in 1869, running against Hon. J. G. Pollard, and Hon. James Oliver.

THE APPROACHING ELECTION.

The issues presented next Tuesday are of grave importance, more so than are usually forced upon the voters at this season of the year. Of the candidates for Governor, both are good men, and no time need be lost in choosing between them. It is of the principles they represent we are called on to make choice. Mr. Gaston's election would undoubtedly result in free rum, while Mr. Talbot's means prohibition. Aside from this the election of either gives prestige to the party he represents, and arrays our State either for or against the policy she has pursued for more than a score of years. It cannot be that Massachusetts is ready to change that policy, and it becomes the duty of every voter who believes in the principles of Republicanism to see to it that Talbot receives a handsome endorsemet. Shall it be Gooch or Banks, is the question of questions now. Were it a question of men, no one would hesitate, for Banks does not represent anything. A political adventurer, bankrupt in purse, in character and in self respect, with not sufficient manliness to renounce Republicanism or to accept Democracy, he comes before the people for a place. What does he propose to give them in return? Without influence in the government or in the House, what could he do for us? Judging from his past record what would he do for us? Many propose to vote for him out of pity. What more pitiable sight than a "distinguished statesman" receiving votes for such a reason. Mr. Gooch is not an orator, but he does look after the interests of his constituents; he has influence with the administration, and is right on finance and reconstruction. He is an honest man, an experienced legislator, and we believe will fairly represent us. We wish it were possible to have every voter at the polls to record his wish by his ballot. But let every man do what he can to swell the vote, and make the expression of next Tuesday an emphatic one.

THE LAST GUN.

Next Monday evening the Hon. J. G Blaine, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, and Gen. J. A. Hall of Maine will address the citizens of Woburn in Lyceum Hall on the political issues of the day, The North Woburn Band will enliven the occasion with music. The same evening Gen N P Banks, and Col R H Conwell will speak. As the hall is engaged by the Republicans, they are expected to speak in a tent to be pitched in the neighborhood of the Common. Between the two meetings, our citizens are likely to have their time pretty well taken up on that evening.

☞ At a meeting of the Middlesex County Democratic Committee the following nominations were made:—Sheriff, Col Godfrey Rider, Jr, of Medford, in place of Henry Emory of Lowell, declined; Special Commissioner, D N Skillings of Winchester, in place of Danie Wetherbee of Acton, declined. At the request of the committee, Capt John M Tobin of Belmont withdrew his declination as Special Commissioner.

CONCERT.—Last Friday evening the Heine concert was given as announced. The audience was small but they were treated to a very good entertainment. Mr. Heine played well, and so did his wife, and gave great satisfaction. The Alpine Quartette is new to Woburn, and although not first class artists, have evidently sung together considerably, and rendered some of their selections very finely.

☞ The continued ill health of his wife has induced Rev. Dr. Young to seek for her another home. Accordingly last Sunday he formally resigned his pastorate of the First Baptist Church.

WOBURN CONFERENCE.

The little church at North Reading was filled on Tuesday last with delegates to and Friends of the Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches. At half past nine the organization was perfected by the choice of Waldo E Cowdrey, Esq, of Wakefield, moderator and Rev. M M Cutter of West Medford, scribe. Devotional exercises were then held until ten o'clock when reports of delegates to the National and State Conventions were called, but the delegates claimed that time would not permit of detailed or even superficial reports. The time from half past ten until twelve was occupied in the discussion of the subject, "Systematic Beneficence," which was opened by Rev A B Dascomb of Winchester. He spoke of the beautiful morning, the balmy air, and the glorious mantle of gold which nature had put on, as being gifts from God, and examples of his beneficence, and in this discussion we must begin where theology begins, with God. And now for all the manifold blessings which he showered upon us, what should we give in return. We should give him our thoughts, our love and our hearts, and furthermore we should give of our means. The trouble is, religion has not reached to the pocket. We are converted in the heart and head but not as to our money. Hundreds of thousands of Christians are starved in their spiritual nature as they grow proportionately rich in this world's goods. it is only now and then that we find one who is a systematic giver. He concluded with a story of a classmate who resolved to give one tenth of his yearly income to the Lord and he was prospered for so doing.

Rev. Dr Chickering of Wakefield, followed. He said that we should give ourselves to the work. We should give our children to God. There is a story told of a minister who prayed the Lord that his profligate son might be converted and go as a missionary to some foreign land. But when a young student asked this same minister for his daughter to go with him to a foreign land he seriously objected, saying he desired his son to go but not his daughter. He cited the fact that the mother of Peter Parker of Framingham, who went as missionary to China, on being asked if she was willing her son should go, replied "Yes, and if I had another he might go." This was illustrative of the Divine example.

Mr Thompson of Reading, claimed that benevolence was a duty as shown by the condition of the world. If we believe that all souls are lost who have no faith in the saving power of Christ, then it is certainly our duty to take out of our means to save these lost souls. Nay, if we must, take in the whole world.

Rev C R Bliss of Wakefield said he had been pained to see how the contribution box was ignored as a general thing.

E Boynton, Esq, next spoke. It we are Christians we have given all to the Lord and are serving as his stewards. He spoke of an old friend of his, a blind man, of a different church and faith than him who used to say, "Some how the Lord sends it in rather faster than I can pay it out." This man was a systematic giver, and the Lord prospered him. One stanza of the hymn, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," was then sung. The discussion was then continued until quarter past twelve in much the same vein by W E Cowdrey, Esq, Mr Stevens of Malden, M H Merriam of Lexington, Rev Mr Hazen of Billerica, Rev M M Cutter of West Medford, Rev Mr Porter of Lexington, Rev Dr Wellman of Malden. The conference here adjourned until half past one. The Rev Mr Kingsbury of North Reading announced that a collation was in waiting at the Town Hall, to which all were invited. Justice having been done to this the conference reassembled at the church, where a prayer meeting of half an hour's duration was conducted by Deacon S E Parker of Reading. At the close of this the afternoon session opened with prayer by the Rev Mr Thompson of Reading. The committee appointed in the morning to select the next place of meeting, reported West Medford, upon the last Tuesday of April next, and as committee of arrangements Rev M M Cutter, Rev Mr Mc Collum and Deacon Phipps; Auditor, E Boynton, Esq; Treasurer, Rev M M Cutter.

The question Box was then opened, among which were the following questions, which were answered by any one present: "What is systematic giving?" answered by Rev Mr Porter, giving according to a plan. "Shall the father or the whole family give?" "Ought a man to give while in debt" provoked considerable discussion, but was decided in the negative if he was hopelessly involved. "Shall we give according to our own dictation or that of others?" "How shall we know when to give?" The hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," was then sung. Then came the question "Can the payment of pew taxes be considered a benevolence?" which caused considerable lively discussion, but was decided in the negative. Deacon G R Gage closed the discussion with an earnest appeal for the education of children to benevolence. The communion service was then held, after which the meeting adjourned.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.—Since Sept. 6, but three services have been held at the St. Mary's Mission. Dr Waterman officiated once, the Rev. C, J. Whipple once. On Sunday last we had the privilege of a visit from the Rev Dr S U Shearman, of Woburn, Massachusetts. A fine congregation was present, who highly appreciated and enjoyed hearing the beautiful service of the Episcopal church, so read that it could be understood. The sermon was very interesting, which with the fine reading, and the beautiful singing and chanting by the choir of St. Mary's, made it one of the most delightful services we have had for a long time. We shall anticipate great pleasure when Mr. S. can repeat his visit.—*Providence R.I. Paper.*

RUNOVER.—A little son of J. R. Currier of the Bake House, ran out into the street Saturday afternoon, and was knocked down by a team coming round the corner of Main and Railroad streets. It was thought the wheels ran over him, but as no bruises were found upon his person, it is probable he was only knocked down. The child is three years old, and his escape was quite remarkable.

[For the Woburn Journal.]

TEMPERANCE POLITICS.—No. 3.

You indicated in your last issue that the drift of what I have said on Temperance Politics was not exactly clear, or I had or might get diverted from my main subject, I will say, therefore, by your permission. First, that I view intemperance as one of the greatest of evils. Second, I am opposed to the present prohibitory law, as it has proved a failure after having been tried for more than twenty years. Third, its enforcement has proved only a political feint, unjust and undemocratic. Fourth, the moral sense of the people is not up to the standard to tolerate Prohibition. Fifth, a stringent License Law ought to be tried with a reasonable hope of doing more to suppress intemperance than Prohibition. Sixth, I intended to show that apothecary stores, not designedly, under the prohibition act were doing more to injure the cause of temperance than regular liquor stores, as they sell under cover of medicine, temperance and the Prohibitory Law. Seventh, Mr. Talbot ought not to be our next Governor, as he suppressed by his acts, the License Law of the last Legislature, thereby keeping the Prohibitory Law in existence, which has proved worse than useless, exhibiting too much the one man power, and thereby proved himself an injudicious and unsafe legislator. Eighth, I intended to show that no great good ever had been or could be accomplished at once, and all progress, relating both to the works of God and man had been gradual, and any effort either moral or legal to overthrow any great evil at one fell sweep, must prove abortive, and consequently, the Prohibitory Law was stamped with its own defeat. Ninth, It has been my desire in saying what I have to induce yourself and all your readers to vote for some other person than Mr. Talbot for Governor, expecting and hoping, nevertheless, all voters will be true to their own ideas of right whether they are my ideas or not. C.

(Written for the Journal.)

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.—It was our good fortune on the forenoon of last Sabbath to listen to a familiar discourse upon the true workings or development of the great law of love, as understood in its inner sense and as an active principle of daily intercourse between man and man. In the discussion of this subject the Rev. Mr. Cutter by quite a number of appropriate and well chosen illustrations, brought this Christian duty directly before the mind of his hearers. As he understood this to be one of the Christian graces, to be regarded as active, and not passive, he earnestly urged its practice upon all occasions, and at all times. Could every one so regard these little acts in themselves, as amounting in the aggregate to what may in the end shape a character for good or win a soul from error.

G. A. R. FAIR.—A meeting in the interests of a Fair for the G. A. R. Charity Fund was held in the Unitarian vestry Thursday evening. Rev. Mr. Barnes presided, and A P Barrett was secretary. A committee consisting of E F Wyer, George Parker, W T Grammer, A S Leslie, John L Parker, James Walker, C K Conn, J G Pollard, G M Champney, Susan Edgell, Mrs. C W Carswell, Mrs. Sullivan Simonds, and Rev. W S Barnes, were appointed to select a general committee from all societies and locations in town who shall act as a committee of arrangements. Capt. Wyer's committee will report at the Unitarian vestry next Wednesday evening at half past seven, when it is hoped a large gathering of onr citizens may be seen.

NOMINATIONS,—The Republicans of the Twenty-Sixth Representative District, comprising the towns of Reading, North Reading and Wilmington, have nominated Augustin P Cook, of North Reading for representative to the General Court.

The Republicans of the Nineteenth District, (Acton, Sudbury, Maynard, and Wayland) have nominated William H Bent, of Wayland.

PATENT CASE.—In the United States Circuit Court, before Judge Shepley, a hearing was had last week on application for a temporary injunction to restrain the infringement of a patent, originally granted to D. E. Hayward for an improved heel stiffener or counter. The suit is brought by the assignee of the patent, Benjamin F. Spinney, against Russell, Johnson & Co., of Woburn. The injunction was refused on the ground that there is no infringement E. Merwin appeared for complainant and J. E. Maynardier for defendant.

POLICE COURT.—Oct 25, John H Connolly illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor, fined $10 and costs, and recognized in the sun of $100. James Rogers was served the same way for a like offense. Oct 29, Barney McElhany, assault on officer Mann, bound over in the sum of $200 for appearance at Superior Court. Oct 30, John Reddy, single drunk, fined $3 and costs. Bridget Haggerty, single drunk, fined $5 and costs, committed to House of Correction for non-payment.

North Woburn.

FAIR.—The ladies of the Liberal Christian Association at North Woburn will hold a fair at their new Chapel on Wednesday evening, Nov. 4th. Supper and ice cream will be furnished, and a good assortment of fancy articles offered for sale. The proceeds are to be used in furnishing the Chapel. The horse cars will leave North Woburn at 9 and 10 P. M.

LYCEUM.—Col. Conwell's lecture last Tuesday evening was quite pleasing and instructive. The next lecture will be by Mrs. Livermore, "Concerning Husbands." It will be given next Tuesday evening.

REPRESENTATIVE.—The probabilities are that John Cummings by the Republicans and Walter Wyman by the Democrats, will be the nominees for Representative to the General Court.

☞ Do you have a pain in your back in the morning, and is it with difficulty that you can move in your bed? If so, your kidneys are diseased. Don't use plasters, they will do you no good; take *Hunt's Remedy*, and be cured. This medicine cures dropsy, and all diseases of the kidney, bladder, and urinary organs.

POLICE.—Our police have come out with regulation caps, each bearing a number. They look quite professional.

THE CUMMINGS SCHOOL.

Press of matter rendered it impossible for us to report as fully as we desired, the dedication of the Cummings Grammar School. We have been requested, however, to re-produce the remarks of the Chairman of the School Committee, Rev. Leander Thompson, and below they will be found:—

Mr. Chairman of the Building Committee:—

I receive these Keys at your hand with no ordinary gratification, because I see in them the proof of an accomplishment to which I have long been looking forward with earnest and anxious interest. The Committee I have the honor to represent, have, for several years been deeply sensible of inadequacy in our school buildings, to meet the rapidly growing want of our children. More than four years ago, the gentlemen then constituting the School Board, presented in their annual report a well sustained plea for a new building containing eight school rooms for the accommodation of the Grammar scholars in our Central School district alone. With an increase, since then of between four and five hundred scholars in town, and an average of at least one Grammar School in this district for each year, it is not strange that the successors of the men who constituted the Committee five years ago, have felt prompted to give emphasis to that plea. And, with this beautiful, commodious and convenient structure presented to them through you as the Town's noble answer to that plea, how can they do otherwise than congratulate our children, our teachers, and the Town itself on this auspicious occasion?

I congratulate you, Mr. Chairman, and those whom you represent, on the signal success which has crowned your fidelity, your taste, and your perseverance in the work entrusted to your oversight. You present, through the School Committee, to the Central Grammar School to-day, an edifice of which, in years to come, no right-minded and large hearted citizen will, in my judgment, ever have reason to be ashamed. And I embrace this opportunity of expressing my honest conviction that, at a day much nearer than most of our citizens suppose, your services will be needed in superintending the erection of a Grammar School building equally large and comfortable on some suitable spot as far north of the old Centre as this is south. This onward march of affairs is inevitable. We can not prevent it if we would; we would not if we could. In one of his witty communications published many years ago, the famous Sydney Smith represents Dame Partington as vainly struggling to sweep out from her door the roaring and on-rushing tide of the ocean with her broom. The good woman, he says, was excellent at a puddle, but she was no match for the Atlantic. The swelling tide of increase in our population is independent of our election, and we must meet it and direct it as best we can. Nor do I think that even if an immediate absolute necessity for such an edifice as this on the north of the old centre should occur, it could, on any principle, or by any rule of genuine wisdom be regarded as a proof of impending calamity either in the matter of increase to our population or of prosperity to our enterprise in business.

If our time permitted, it might be proper and profitable for us to review the history of our town in relation to this matter of public schools. Let us note here only a few of the more prominent points.

It is remarkable that, in our Town Records, there is no mention of schools prior to 1673, thirty-one years after the town was incorporated. This silence of the Records, however, does not make it certain that there was no school, nor that our fathers of that day were indifferent to the subject of education. It is supposed, with good reason, that a school was sustained by private subscription, which the law then allowed instead of a public tax. And even if a school was sustained by tax, the Record itself may have been defective in that, as it is known to have been in many other matters. That the fathers of the town cherished a warm interest in education during that period appears from the well known fact that they raised by contribution for Harvard College a sum which was exceeded by only two towns in this county, and by only five in the entire Colony. Cambridge itself did not contribute so much for the College at that time as Woburn.

Yet that was of necessity the day of small things. In the entire town, including what subsequently became Wilmington, Burlington and Winchester, there were considerably less than one hundred families even from thirty to forty years after the act of incorporation.

In a list of expenditures for 1673, the town is made "Dr. to Allen Converse' wife and Joseph Wright's wife for teaching," in the sum of ten shillings, each, so far as appears, having taught half of the time and each receiving half of the ten shilling. One year later, in Oct. 1674 just 200 years ago, the Selectmen agreed with Jonathan Thompson to teach the larger, and Mistress Converse the smaller children. These persons entered upon their work in 1675, and received as their wages £1. between them. How the money was divided does not appear, but it is safe to conjecture that my honored and excellent progenitor received the larger share.

In 1685, the town now numbering one hundred families, was for the first time required by law to sustain a Grammar school in which boys, if it were desired, could be fitted for college. Mr. Samuel Carter, a graduate from Harvard College in 1660, and probably a son of Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of the town, was appointed master *for one year*, with a salary of £5. To the surprise of all he had no scholars. But as the town was liable to penalty if a Grammar school was not sustained, Mr. Carter was again appointed, with the stipulation, however, in this instance, that he should received in case he had no scholars, only 30 shillings, and £5 if scholars should come. None came the second year, and accordingly the teacher received £6 10 shillings, for teaching two years, though he had no scholars to teach, and had all the time and all the room to himself.

After the failure of this first attempt to sustain a Grammar school, there were several years of inaction. Except perhaps in devices for evading the law. And then came a revived interest, which continued for many years, during which there was a long succession of accomplished teachers, graduates from college, among whose names stand conspicuous those of Fox, Flagg, Tufts, Saltonstall, Sewell, Hancock, Walker, Wyman, Weld, Clark, Richardson, Thompson, Fowle, and others. On the arrival of one of these teachers from a distant town—Wadsworth by name— "the Selectmen ordered James Fowle to board him upon the town's account."

It is worthy of remark here that in those days, when a committee would obtain a well qualified master, it was generally found necessary diligently to search him out, go from town to town, far and near, and be often disappointed even then, before the man could be found and secured. In 1874, when it became known that a Grammar chool master was needed for this building, more than one hundred men applied for the position.

Before I close, I may be allowed for a special reason, particularly to congratulate my old friend and schoolmate, the chairman of this meeting, upon our mutual share in the joy of this occasion. Born in the same year, we spent many of our early school days together in the same school at the old "West Side" Do you remember, sir, that low, square, small, dingy, dirty, dark old school house—one of the only five in town, each almost the exact copy of the others, each containing the same three narrow plank seats extending in tiers around the building, only one of which had a back, and that one a high, straight, unpainted board back, for the youngest scholars who sat nearest the rusty old box stove in the centre of the building? Ah, those were great days for us, boys! We see a great deal of poetry in them as we look back. But meanwhile, what a change has come over the town! You and I understand it, as most of those who compose this assembly cannot. And recognizing, as I gladly do, your steadfast labor and zeal for the accomplishment of this change, as seen in the better accommodation and more complete education of our youth, I congratulate you to-day upon the fact that this latest, largest and best of our many school edifices has received your name. Henceforth this is to be known as the "Cummings School."

It only remains for me now to pass these keys to the Master of this school. You, my dear friend, are not unknown to us; and you are not the first Grammar school Master in our town of your name. In the long list of names alluded to as borne by the masters of the Grammar school in Woburn in other days, I find the name of James Fowle, and later, that of John Fowle, who for many years was a distinguished teacher of the same school, and familiarly known far and wide, by the title of "Master Fowle."

To you, then, as the representative of our honored Woburn name, and as coming in the line of succession to your office, I am happy to deliver these keys. Keys are sometimes symbolic. As the literal key assumes the existence of a lock and something to be reached by its means, so the key of knowledge assumes the existence of mind to be unlocked and mental powers to be liberated and developed by its means. To educate is not to put faculties into the mind of the child, but to lead out and lead on faculties that are locked up there already. And remember that as the key must correspond to the wards and other peculiarities of the lock it is intended to open, so your instructions when intended to furnish to your pupils the key of knowledge, should always correspond and be adapted to the idiosyncracies of the mind you would unlock and set free.

And then you will bear in mind that these keys are symbolically not more the keys of knowledge than they are the keys of authority. You are the Master of this school.

May God help and prosper you in both departments of your responsible work.

OPENING.—On Thursday and Friday Mr. A. Cummings had his usual Fall opening. The store has been enlarged, which improves it considerably. He has all the different styles of hats, trimmed and untrimmed, with a large stock of flowers, feathers, velvets, &c, to select your own trimming from if you prefer it. There is one case containing articles wholly for baby wear. If you go you cannot fail to be satisfied with the display which is as can be shown outside of Boston.

BITTEN.—Mr. Samuel Breckenridge, residing in Central Square was severely bitten in the right wrist on Saturday last, by a dog belonging to Mr. Horace Conn.

CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus for nomination of Representative meets on Saturday evening in Lyceum Hall. Let there be a full attendance.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.—No more delicious, refreshing, nourishing and wholesome beverage has ever been manufactured.

NEW BELL.—A new bell has been presented to the Episcopal, Society and placed in the belfry.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

In one of the leaders of one of our exchanges, in which we have often found much to commend, we are sorry to notice a querulous, fault finding article upon some of our public schools. We have heretofore, in our strictures of the public schools, spoken very plainly, so much so as to have given some unpleasant feeling to some of the "head masters" of some of our schools. This we have felt it our duty to do, believing that the stability and permanency of the same much depended upon the manner of teaching, full as much as the studies taught in them We cannot therefore endorse the ideas broached by our cotemporaries, that "there is no permanency and stability in our public schools, and that their speedy downfall will soon take place." The subject is an open one, and every intelligent man well knows that the public school system, much as it falls below what we know to be its requirements, and the demands of the age, is nevertheless the best we have at present, and we must be satisfied with the best we have, with all its numerous imperfections, until time shall give us a more perfect system. We look for as real and as permanent a growth and progress in our schools, as we do from the first germination of the oak until this first germ becomes the sturdy, well developed tree.

Every man who is well informed upon the subject of common school education, well knows it is not an experiment, but a fact, and it is progressive for good, and although many men may find not much good or advancement in it, we find both, and are very thankful for the few gleams of a better day. Truly we can say of our common school system it is casting its scales, it is leaving behind much of its old lumber, and the debris of the past. However much of prejudice may have governed the criticisms of some, and the unjust prejudice of others, the system still remains and is becoming, yearly better, as educated and intellentual school boards are placed at the head as a controlling influence. We have the right to test the soundness of the policy, or system of to-day by a stringent honest, impartial criticism, if we are the true friends of education we shall cast aside any and all the trammels that bind us to a partial, one sided or undeveloped system. We do not need the aid of the lightning calculator to tell us how long a time it will take for a better and more enlightened practical policy to take of the present system of our school system. In our future examination into the wants and requirements of the public school system of Massachusetts, we shall notice the past from the earliest times, the days familiarly known as the days of the "old pedagogues." From the days of small beginnings, just as the oak from the acorn grew, has been the progress of the system of training our youth for a future stalwart manhood. As progress and permanency fixes the standard of usefulness of any institution established for intellectual advancement, we trust in our discussion of a subject of such importance to the future of not only individual, but the public want, will be recognized by many others besides.

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

GOING WEST.—The oft ridiculed advice of the late Horace Greeley, "young man, go west," has more of good counsel that it would be well to heed, than many are willing to admit.

If the opinion so decidedly given by very many of the best informed men in all branches of business be correct, that a large part of our past and present hard times is owing to over-production of manufacturers, the conclusion is irresistible that too large proportion of the population are engaged in trade and manufacture.

If this theory be correct, the remedy lies in a larger number becoming producers rather than consumers only. The history of nations who have fallen from the proud eminence at some time attained in the scale of refinement, luxury and the arts, proves that in proportion as a people change from a producing to an importing and consuming one, they lose that character which is the only solid basis of any country, and become weak, effeminate, idle and corrupt.

If there were no other inducements for a change, the financial and physical advantages offered seem sufficient to cause thousands, now eking out a bare subsistence in our crowded manufacturing cities and villages, living in unhealthy tenements, exposed to all the ills abounding in densely populated places, to leave this foul air, and test the pure and invigorating breeze of the distant portions of our land, whose yet unturned virgin soil invites them to come, and in return for their labor, reap the golden harvest. Living in comfort and happiness in that occupation which the highest human authority has declared to be the noblest, healthiest and happiest employment of man. TRAVELLER.

New Publications.

AMERICAN PIONEERS AND PATRIOTS. New York, Dodd & Mead. CAPT. WILLIAM KIDD and Other Pioneers and Buchaneers. By John S. C. Abbott; illustrated.

This is a very interesting, pleasantly told story upon quite an exciting subject. This work will find many readers particularly among our young folks. Many of these incidents are actual facts, and although apparently improbable are nevertheless true. Esquemeling's "Zee Roovers," a work published in Amsterdam, 1864, is a work upon the same subject, and from its pages are taken many astonishing and startling facts. Mr. Abbott in this new field of romantic literature has proved himself amply able to write either a history of the Empire, or a tale of the Buchaneers, or Pirate. This is a chastly-written, and unexceptional book.

BY THE STILL WATERS. By Rev. E. P. Roe. N. Y; Dodd & Mead,

This is a story of quiet life as found resulting from a conscientious study of what is right to do under all circumstances in life, however trying they may seem, and is a beautiful pastoral of active life lived amid the most humble circumstances. There is in this work no striking catastrophe, nothing tragic or even romantic incident to excite the morbid sensibility of the boarding-school miss, or cause unreal tears to flow at the unreal story of incidents that never happened. It shows to every reader that there is always in the possession of every person one talent to use for the glory of God. and the good of society around us, and they will be found guilty who neglect the use of the same. It is a reformatory, healthful work, well filled for Sabbath School libraries.

ALDINE.—The Aldine for November comes to us richly freighted with art and literary treasures. The place of honor is held by a picture called "Dinner Time," showing a dark haired Gretchen feeding her ducks. The other full page pictures are "Rescues at Sea," a representation of the steamer Baltic taking off the passengers of the wrecked ship Assyria, and "Normandy Cattle." Of other pictures, there are two views of the Alhambra at Granada in Spain, two nearly full page pictures by Bunner, "Under the Elms" and "The Stepping Stones;" a glance at dog life in "Master's Slippers," by Elwes etc. In this number commences a continued story, "Lost Lillian Bracy," which is a new feature in this magazine. There is another story of much power by Mrs. H. G. Rowe entitled "The Eagle in the Sea Bird's Nest." The other literary matter embraces an article on "Rescues at Sea," a paper on Art in Washington," descriptive papers on "York Minster" and the Alhambra, an article on "Musical Education;" a critique on Holman Hunt's great picture, "The Shadow of Death;" a paper on Mr. Toole, the English actor, etc. For poems there is "Puss-in-the-corner," by George Cooper, "November," by Side Meriwether, "Home," by Mrs. Mary B Dodge, and "Doubt" by D M Jordan. Taken all in all the *Aldine* presents a noble number for November that must command attention in the literary and artistic worlds.

Winchester.

☞ Mr. J F Stone has been appointed Water Register.

☞ D. N. Skillings has received the Democratic nomination of Special Commissioner for Middlesex County.

WRITING.—The old depot has been converted into a writing school, and sessions are held twice a week, by a competent teacher.

MOVED.—Hereafter the town officers will be found in their new quarters in the old engine house, which has been fitted up especially for them.

BANKS.—This Friday evening the friends of N P Banks will hold a grand rally in the hall, which will be addressed by Gen Banks, Col R H Conwell and others.

GOOCH.—There will be a grand Republican rally in the interests of D. W. Gooch in Lyceum Hall on Saturday evening, Oct 31. Mr Gooch, C W Slack, Esq, and B W Harris are expected to address the meeting. Music will be furnished by the North Woburn Band.

FIRE.—About 12 o'clock fire was discovered by a member of the family in the house of Mr Marcus C. Cook, on Main street. It was caused by a defective flue, and had it occurred in the night time the result would no doubt have been more disastrous. The fire was confined entirely to the L, which was damaged to the amount of $500, on which there is an insurance. This was the first trial of the hydrants for a fire, and the result was most satisfactory. The Steamer, Waldmyer Hose and Chemical were present.

WATER CELEBRATION.—We learn from the Water Commissioners that it is their intention to celebrate the advent of aqueduct water and the completion of the Highland Water Works some time next spring when the Common shall have been graded and curbed as contemplated by the plans now being perfected. Although we are in the enjoyment of the water, the work is still somewhat incomplete, and next spring we shall be in better condition to celebrate, and with fairer skies and the vernal air may better rejoice than in this autumnal season.

CAUCUS.—The Republicans held their caucus in Lyceum Hall on Thursday for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative from the 6th district. The meeting was organized by the choice of J F Dwinell for chairman, and D W Kimball secretary. But one ballot was taken with the following result:—

A. B. Coffin,	72
S. W. Twombly,	61
Scattering,	3

and Mr. Coffin was declared the nominee. He made a few remarks defining his position on the different questions that would undoubtedly be brought up. A rallying committee was appointed, after which the meeting adjourned.

For the Woburn Journal.

MR. EDITOR.—Are we safe in keeping our valuables in our houses? Since the Milford, N. H. robbery it would appear that the only condition of safety is in removing all temptation from our places of residence. I understand that in Milford, the inhabitants have taken extra precaution in fortifying themselves, but I think the better way is that adopted by numbers of the wealthy citizens of Winchester, among the number our venerable Ex-Treasurer, Stephen Cutter, Esq., who months ago removed all his bonds and money to a safety deposit bank in Boston, and since the Milford affair he has, I learn, sent even his safe in which he kept his ordinary papers into Boston. The writer of this is induced to be thus personal because he would have others follow this example. For why should wealthy men tempt the cupidity of the burglar fraternity by keeping about their houses or persons valuable property. We have warning enough in the recent robberies in Winchester, Woburn and elsewhere the past year. R.

Wilmington.

MR. EDITOR.—The Rev. S. S. Matthews of the good old theological town of Andover, was installed over the First Congregational church and Society of this place last Friday. The examination of the candidate was spirited, close, sharp and searching, in which he acquitted himself admirably and much to the credit of a person of his years. He showed himself to be a full match for the eminent array of talent represented by the theological logicians of the day there present, who exhausted their test of criticisms without finding one vulnerable tendrum susceptible of weakness. much to the surprise of the old sage heads who were awake to the suspicion that a tendency was manifested which would develop a want of mental training. This, however, was dissipated by the prompt and disingenious answers which betokened the skilled, classic mind, backed by a most invulnerable, intellectual warehouse of tenetical ideas, ever ready to clash against any formidable combatant with successful effect. Mr. Matthews is a young man of brilliant, intellectual and marked ability. and, being the successor of the Rev. Benjamin A. Robie, now of Groton (who stands high among the foremost in the Congregational association of ministers), has a fine field for initiative achievements. The occasion was one in which the citizens all joined, irrespective of denominational lines, thereby rendering it verily a holiday. A dinner was partaken of by the clergy and invited guests, which was furnished by the ladies in the most sumptuous manner, supplemented by a beautiful floral display, with which the tables and church were very handsomely decorated. To the committee of arrangements, Messrs. Geo. Cook, Darius Buck, Allen Sheldon, Dea. Nehimiah Manning and Warren Eames, much credit is awarded for the successful arrangements which afforded so pleasant a pastime for parson and people. HARMONY.

Lexington.

REPRESENTATIVE.—The convention of the Republicans of the 21st Middlesex District met at Bedford Thursday evening and nominated N. A. Taylor of Carlisle for Representative to the General Court.

ATTENTION.—All those persons whose names are not on the voting list, and who are entitled to vote here are notified that the Selectmen will be in session at their room in the Town Hall, on Monday, the second day of November next, from six to nine o'clock P M, and on the day of election from twelve to one o'clock, P M to revise the Voting List, and no case requiring investigation will be entertained after the polls are opened.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting will occur Nov. 3d (Election Day) at 3:30 o'clock P. M. The polls will be opened at one o'clock P. M., and will be kept open until four o'clock, P. M., and as much longer as the meeting may direct—the time not to extend beyond sunset. The business meeting at 3:30 o'clock P. M., will consider the following subjects, viz:—Carrying out the improvements on Main street, as ordered by the County Commissioners; improving of Waltham street; removing the ledge on Main street near the residence of Asa Cottrell; disposition of the rents of the Town Hall building, and Adams Engine house; providing of bedding, etc., for the lockup at East Lexington; the painting and furnishing of the hall of the Adams Engine house; procuring a hook and ladder truck; providing a general watering trough near the hay scales at the junction of Main and Bedford streets and the reports of any committee.

REPRESENTATIVE CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus called for the choice of delegates to the Representative District Convention (at Bedford, Oct 29th) was held in the Town Hall Tuesday evening Oct 27th. It was called to order by the chairman of the town committee and organized by the choice of Frank E Wetherell as chairman, and George O Davis as secretary. It was voted that the meeting express by ballot its preference for a candidate to be presented by the delegation at Bedford. Mr M H Merriam in a brief speech nominated Mr W H Munroe as the fittest man to represent the town, and as one who had been presented in previous years, but had been withdrawn in deference to the claims of other towns in the district. Mr Munroe's claims were further supported by Mr J Raynor, who seconded the nomination.

The result of the ballot was as follows:—

Whole number of votes	81
Necessary for a choice	41
Leonard A. Saville	58
W. H. Munroe	23

and Mr Saville, the candidate of last year, was the choice of the caucus.

Mr Raynor moved that a marking list of 36 names be opened, from which 18 should be chosen as delegates to the convention.

Mr C M Parker moved an amendment that the meeting proceed to ballot for 18 names, and the amendment was carried. The result of the ballot was as follows:—

Whole number	62		
Necessary for a choice	32		
Hon. Charles Hudson	61	Franklin Patch	62
Webster Smith	62	J. F. Simonds	61
George H. Cutter	62	Gershom Swan	62
George E. Muzzey	62	Loring Wetherell	62
Hon. B. T. Batcheller	62	L. A. Saville	62
C. M. Parker	62	Geo. W. Nichols	62
D. A. Tuttle	62	John P. Reed	62
A. W. Locke	62	Geo. H. Jackson	62
F. E. Wetherell	62	Charles Robinson	62

A ballot for town committee resulted as follows:—

Whole number	36
Necessary for choice	19
F. E. Wetherell	21
Hon. B. T. Batcheller	21
Webster Smith	21
M. H. Merriam	15
James S. Munroe	15
Geo. W. Robinson	15

and the first three were chosen.

☞ The surrounding of the house of a quiet and peaceable citizen by a gang of rough workmen clamoring for money, naturally excites public comment. During the last week we had an example of this, and we have taken occasion to investigate the facts, and we gladly give them publicity, because a worthy gentleman has been the object of unjust suspicion. Mr. George Sparhawk of Hancock street has lately been a party in a divorce suit, the decree in which ordered him to pay annually the sum of $4000 to the other party in the suit. He is also the owner of 40 acres of land suitable for building purposes in Ward 19 (Brighton) Boston. Wishing to increase the value of this land and render it marketable so as to meet his increased expenses, he decided to divide it into house lots, and in order to do this his engineer planned the laying out of six streets, each about 1200 feet long and 40 feet wide, the filling necessary in some places being five feet. This job he let out in Aug. 1874, to Mr. D. L. Toppan, for 40 cents per cubic yard. The written agreement was that at the first of each month the Engineer should survey the work accomplished, make out a statement, pass it to Mr. Sparhawk for examination, and that it should be paid on the 10th of the same month. The engineer had the right to break the contract whenever it was not adhered to. Agreeably to this contract, two payments were made upon the Sept 10th, and Oct. 10th, of $1300 and $2400 respectively, Mr. Sparhawk reserving 10 per cent of each bill as per contract. Toppan it appears, did not work his men to advantage, and found he was losing money. After the second payment he decamped, and the men worked until the 15th inst (pay day), when not seeing anything of the funds they expected, work was suspended. The workmen appealed to Mr Sparhawk and were quite riotous in their proceedings. On the 19th inst twenty one trustee processes were served upon him, and then for the first time he learned the extent of their claims upon Toppan. He could do nothing, however, as the processes would not justify his making any payments. On the 19th inst, four men called upon him and stated that they were destitute, no home, and nothing to eat. Two had teams, but no food for the horses. Mr. Sparhawk explained that he could do nothing, that he owed them nothing; but his generosity prompted help them, and to the first two whose claim was $60, he gave five dollars each, to the others whose claim was $100, he gave ten dollars each. While making this gift, one of the men snatched Mr. Sparhawk's pocket book, but was prevailed upon to give it up by his companions. On the 20th twelve more appeared with like demands, At first no attention was paid to them, but they staid about the house all night and the next day. Mr. S., to get rid of them paid their bills, amounting in the aggregate to $400. On the 23d inst, an arrangement was effected by which Mr. S. was to pay on the 26th inst, to the engineer the reservation of 10 per cent on the two payments, and the balance due for work from Oct 1st to Oct 15th, less the $400 mentioned above, making a balance of $1800, which has since been paid. On this day also, ten of the men came here with the same story. Mr. Sparhawk told them what he had done towards helping them, and gave them one dollar apiece, which they took and departed. The arrangement for settlement was made on the 23d inst, and on the 24th another party, hungrier and more savage than the rest came upon the scene. In vain were they told that on the 26th the engineer would have the money and pay them, They wanted the money and they would stay there till they got it. They remained about the house until five o'clock P. M., when Mr. Sparhawk started after his mail. When he came back, they met him at the gate, and forming a line across the driveway, refused him admittance. In attempting to pass, they seized him, and in the struggle bruised one of his hands Mr. S. freed himself and drawing his revolver, turned the tables upon them, and they thought it best to retreat. Since that time he has been free from their calls, and as we have said, on Monday he paid all that was due Toppan to the engineer. It was a great annoyance to him and he bore with them as few men would. The public will hardly fail to accord him his proper position in the case, and praise him for his forbearance during such a disagreeable period.

Arlington.

☞ Hon. H. J. Wells has been elected chairman of the Republican Town Committee for the coming year.

☞ Mr. Henry J. Bacon offers for sale in the advertising columns of this week's issue, a nice little farm in Belmont. The terms are moderate.

☞ Quite a delegation from the town went over to Medford Monday evening to hear Gen. Banks. They had a pleasant ride and a good time.

OVERCOATS.—Mr. Frank Rogers, in Dodge's building, announces this week a full line of goods for heavy and medium overcoats. Frank will always insure you a good fit.

☞ Don't forget that the Selectmen will be in session this(Saturday) evening Oct 31st, and on Tuesday morning, for the purpose of revising and correcting the voting list.

☞ Last Sunday the Sunday Schoo connected with the Orthodox church, voted on the matter of changing in the hour of meeting. The following was the result of the ballot:

CHORAL SOCIETY.—The regular meeting of this society was held last Tuesday evening the vestry of the Universalist church, and was very well attended. All present had a good time.

TYPOGRAPHIC MESSENGER.—The summer and autumn numbers of this publication are at hand, and contain a fine assortment of calendars for 1875. Some of them are elegant.

THEFTS.—Mr. Ephraim Tufts had a barrel of apples stolen from his place on Saturday night, and George C. Russell lost his entire crop, barrelled and ready for housing Monday night. Our informant wishes to know how Capt Hopkins will now get his half.

HIGHLAND HOSE NO. 2.—The first dance given by this company this season came off at the Spy Pond House on Wednesday evening and was a complete success. We made an error last week in our announcement in regard to the time, by inadvertently confusing the dates of the two parties.

PROF. CHURCHILL.—The reading of Prof. Churchill in the Town Hall on Monday evening, was well attended and was a real treat. The effect of his voice and face on the audience was magical. The next lecture of the Lyceum Course will be on November 9th, by Mary A. Livermore.

NEW TROUGH.—Last Wednesday Mr. P. R. Carpenter of West Medford brought over and set at the town pump at Town Hall a very substantial stone trough. The pump was turned partially around, and now faces northeast, making the approach to the drinking fountain better than formerly.

VESPERS.—At the Unitarian church there was a very pleasant service last Sunday evening, consisting of selections by the choir, a brief address by the pastor, and closing with singing in which the whole congregation joined. These services will be continued monthly during the winter.

☞ The Republicans of Arlington hold a grand mass meeting on Monday evening to ratify the nomination of Hon. D. W. Gooch for Congress. Addresses will be made by Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, Gen. Hall of Maine, and by Mr. Gooch. The Cambridge Brass Band of twenty-five men furnish music during the entire evening, and will also play in front of the hall before the meeting. A grand time may be expected.

NEW BARBER SHOP.—This week Mr. Joseph Ronco occupied his elegantly fitted and furnished rooms in the Bank Building. He has spared no pains to make them pleasant, and we trust his numerous old customers and scores of new ones will appreciate what he has done for their comfort, and call upon him professionally as often as necessary.

MONUMENT RECORD.—No. 2 of this neat little paper, printed by Father Finotti and the committees in the interest of the Catholic Fair soon to be holden at Lexington, has been issued from the *Arlington Advocate* press, and is full of interesting matters. We hope No. 2 will have a larger sale than its predecessor.

LEAKAGE. — Tuesday evening about nine o'clock, Mr. L. C. Tyler had occasion to visit the store he has leased in the Bank building, and on opening the door found it flooded with water, which was pouring down from the ceiling above. On examination it was found to come from a defect in the new piping for Ronco's barber shop. The water was shut off, but not until quite serious damage had been done to the building and the counters in the lower store.

BANKS CLUB.—The Banks Club have this week put up a transparency over the entrance to their room, and no pains have been spared to make the room attractive. A large number gather every evening to discuss the prospects of the campaign. On Friday evening Gen Banks, T J Gargan and Colonel Conwell addressed our citizens. The hour at which we are obliged to go to press prevents a report.

TOWN MEETING. — The Selectmen have added four articles to the warrant calling the annual town meeting for the election of State and other officers, relating to town affairs. The first after the election of moderator, is to see if the Town will make an appropriation to liquidate expenses incurred and damages adjusted by the Selectmen. The second is regard to a system of telegraphic fire alarms, and the third is in relation to the suits now pending brought by mill owners and others.

GOOCH CLUB.—In response to a call by the officers of the Gooch Club, a fair audience assembled in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening. In the absence of the president, Hon. J. S. Potter occupied the chair, and after a few remarks on the duties of the hour, called on gentlemen present, Judge Wells, Mr Jas Durgin Mr Norton and Mr John Schouler spoke The last named gentleman informed the audience that he should vote for Banks. The meeting adjourned to Thursday evening.

☞ Those of our citizens who sat up to witness the eclipse of the moon last Saturday night, must have felt repaid, though the brilliancy of the colors was somewhat clouded by the hazy atmosphere which prevailed during the eclipse The shadow gradually, like a great dragon, seemed to eat up the moon's face, as if it were but a seed cake or cheese, and about 1:45 but one half of the moon's face was visible. About 2:15 all was hidden by the shadow, which was of a dark copper color. The last contact of the shadow was 140 degrees from north to west; the moon entered penumbra about midnight; the eclipse was total about 2:15; middle phase arrived about 2:32; eclipse ended to right 2:49, entirely free from penumbra, 4:07. This was the first total eclipse since 1856, though there have been several partial ones.

NEW WATER WORKS.—One day this week in company with J. F. Hobbs Esq, we visited and inspected the recently completed water works for the supply of a dozen or more families in the upper part of the town. They were put in by Mr. E. P. Goodsell of Boston. The source of the water supply is a long used fountain known as the "Highland spring." gushing out from the base of an immense boulder near the top of the hill, on Mr. G's land, opposite Mr. Hobb's residence. A short distance below the spring, a brick reservoir, capable of holding 2500 gallons, has been built, and the water is conveyed through 2500 feet of pipes to to the consumers, the first 200 feet being two inch, and the balance 1 1 2 inch. The supply is ample, and the quality of the water cannot be excelled. We believe the rates charged by Mr. Goodsell are the same as those charged by our Water Commissioners. The total cost was about $1000

VISIT.—The quiet town of Arlington was made the scene of a very pleasant occasion on the afternoon of Sat. Oct. 24, by a visit from teachers and scholars of the "Wayside family school." Concord, Mass. The Principal, Miss Pratt, ever desirous of promoting the happiness as well as improvement of her scholars, having chartered a vehicle sufficient for their accommodation, they left Concord at 1 P. M. for a ride through Lexington, from thence to Arlington, thus affording a rare opportunity of enjoying many fine views of the scenery in this glorious autumn time. After making several calls, they were very hospitably entertained at the residence of Mr. Schouler on Pleasant street, which was thrown open for the enjoyment of the young ladies, and who seemed to appreciate in no small degree the gorgeous view from the house, as well as the many choice paintings and works of art which it contains. After a short time spent in social enjoyment a collation was served and the merry party started homeward to enjoy a moonlight ride.

THE NORTHWEST PARISH OF CAMBRIDGE SINGING SOCIETY.—There has lately been placed in our possession the record book of the Northwest Parish of Cambridge Singing Society, organized June, 1804, when the spirit of music, that "very essential part of public devotion," had become "something languid" and "its genious" seemed "about to withdraw" from that precinct, now Arlington.

The names of the members were Artemas Kennedy, Ephraim Cutter, Benjamin Harrington, James Hill, Daniel Locke, Jason Kennedy, John Perry, Isaac Locke, Timothy Swan, Amos Lock, William Hill, Jr., David Hill, Joseph Adams, Amos Hill, William Wyeth Amos Davis, Ichabod Fessenden, Ebenezer Hall, Jr., William Adams, Jr., Samuel Hill, Walter Russell, James Russell, Jr., Francis Locke, Jr., Thomas Fillebrown, Daniel Wilson, Moses Cutter, Joseph Hill, James Cutter, Jr., George Swan, Benjamin Cutter, Jr., John Wilson, Joel Frost, James Fillebrown.

Artemas Kennedy, president; Isaac Locke, secretary; A. Kennedy, chorister; Daniel Locke and John Perry, bass assistants; Isaac Locke, tenor assistant; Jason Kennedy, treble do; and James Hill, treasurer, were the first officers of the society.

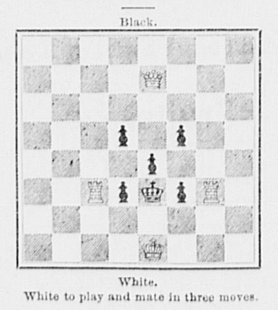
On the incorporation of the parish as the town of West Cambridge, in 1807, this society was merged into the West Cambridge Musical society, instituted Oct. 1807, with a similar object, and Samuel Wilson, Abijah Cutter, W. B King, Nathan Locke, Thomas Hill, Samuel Ames, William Mann, Jonas Adams, Philip B. Fessenden, Asa Frost, William Frost, John Crosby, Ammi Cutter, Ephraim Frost, 3d, and Thaddeus Frost, additional members. The last entry in the record book, relating to the proceedings of the society, is dated December 30, 1816.

Female singers had no place in this organization, all the parts being sustained by the voices of the men.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 26.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

WOBURN, Oct. 29th 1874.

MR. EDITOR.—I give the following as solution of Problem No. 25:—

White	Black
Q to Qs Kts sq.	K to KsB4
Q to Kts4	K KsB3
Q to KsB8 (mate)	
Q to QsKt sq	K to Kts2
Q to Kts8	K to R3
Q to KR8 (mate)	
Q to QKt sq	K to K2
Q to Kts8	K to B3
Q to B8 (mate)	

Very truly yours,

H. F. SMITH.

Special Notices.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

The Republican Voters in the Town of Woburn are requested to meet in Caucus at Lyceum Hall, Saturday evening, Oct. 31, 1874, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent the 22d Middlesex District in the next Legislature, and transact such other business as may properly come before it.

JACOB BROWN,
E. E. THOMPSON,
W. T. GRAMMER,
W. R. PUTNAM,
W. B. JONES,
Republican Town Committee.

Oct. 30th, 1874.

NOTICE.

Stockholders owning shares in the Woburn Gas Light Company on the first day of October, 1874, are notified that a dividend of three dollars on a share has been declared, payable on demand.

AARON THOMPSON, Treas.

Woburn, Oct. 22, 1874.

Married.

In New York city, Oct. 21, at the Gramercy Park House, by Rev. Dr. Bellows, J. F. Hemel, of that city, to Sarah E. Smith, daughter of the late Walter Frost, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Oct. 28, at the residance of L. H. Allen, Esq., by Rev. Dr. Young, Mr. A. Cooper Jennings, of New York, and Mrs. Julia M. Dodge, all of Lafayette, Ind.

In Sherborn, Mass., Oct. 22, by Rev. Edmond Dowse, Mr. Charles Butler and Miss Sylvia F. Hayward, both of Philadelphia, Pa.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Oct. 25th, Thomas D., son of Enoch H. and Mary E. Curtis, aged 9 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 27th, Mrs. Susan Tay, aged 86 years, 8 months.

In Woburn, Oct. 23rd, George W. Wentworth, aged 23 years, 8 months, 23 days.

In Woburn, Oct. 24th Alton A., son of Josiah A. and Pattie E. Bartlett, aged 8 months.

In Arlington, Oct. 25, Julia C., wife of Kimball Farmer, aged 33 years.

In East Boston, Oct. 21, John S. Butler, aged 23 years, 3 months, 6 days.

Special Notices.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

THE PRICE TELLS

AND

EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

AT RETAIL

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.

All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.

$12 to $24.

Styles Equal to the Best.

Sock Replenished Daily.

ONE PRICE

BLUE STORE.

12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William A. Wilson to Anna P. Ripley, dated Oct. 26, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Middlesex County, Southern District, Lib. 1234, Fol. 284, will be sold at public auction for breach of conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the 10th day of November next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises hereinafter described as follows: All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, being part of lot numbered thirty-six, as shown on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans number five, plan twenty-third, and bounded northerly by lot numbered thirty-five, two hundred feet; easterly by part of said lot thirty-six, fifty five feet; southerly by part of said lot thirty-six, two hundred and eighteen and eight-twelfths feet; and westerly by Tremont street, fifty eight feet, and containing eleven thousand five hundred and thirty square feet more or less, being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all the benefit and equity of redemption of the said William A. Wilson his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale The equity in said premises are now owned or supposed to be owned by the said William A Wilson.

ANNA P. RIPLEY, Mortgagee,
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

WOBURN, Oct. 21, 1874.

SELECT DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. J. A. COOPER

Assistant teacher at Russ B. Walker's Academy, Boston, will give a course of 12 lessons in Modern Dancing to Young Ladies, Misses and Masters, in Central House Hall, commencing Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Mr. C. has had eight years experience in the profession, and guarantees satisfaction.

CROSSE & BLACKWELLS

English Pickles & Sauces,

Fry & Son's Caracas Chocolate, Cocoa and Creams.

Keen's London Mustard.
Peek, Frean & Co., Fancy Biscuits.
Rae & Co's Sublime Lucca Oil (sweetest and best).
May's Washing Powder, Conti's Castile Soap.
London Porter, Maccaroni, Olives, Prunes, Sardines, Peas, Truffles, Gelatine, Scotch Oatmeal, China Ginger, &c. Also,

DAY & MARTIN'S BLACKING,

From 97 HIGH HOLBORN, London.

INVOICES of this justly celebrated leather polish and preservative, frequently arriving and for sale to the trade by the agents, BRAY & HAYES, 99 and 101 Broad Street, Boston. 155

Mortgagee's Sale.

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

To all persons interested in the premises hereafter described.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Charles McCormick and Maria J. McCormick his wife, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated May 1st, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex, Lib. 1208, fol 510, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on Monday, the 16th day of November next, at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of a private way leading westerly out of Main street in the southerly part of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, at land of William Courts, thence the line runs westerly on and by said private street sixty six feet to a stake at land of Thomas Richardson, thence northerly by land of said Thomas Richardson, one hundred and sixty-six feet to a stake; thence easterly by land of Heirs of Josiah Richardson, deceased, sixty six feet to a corner; thence southerly by land of said William Courts, one hundred and sixty feet to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to Maria J. McCormick by James Burke by deed dated September 1, 1870, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 1127, Page 481, and also being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Charles McCormick and Maria J. McCormick, their several heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein,

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagees,
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn Oct. 29th, 1874. 157

VISITING CARDS—50 real neat Bristol board cards with your name beautifully printed and sample sheet of 50 different designs for printing for 20 cts. AGENTS wanted. Have not sold "500,000 within 6 weeks!" neither can I warrant $59 a week, but I will send a plain, truthful circular, with full particulars for one 3ct. stamp. I don't say my cards are the best in the world, but one experienced agent says HE has seen "NONE that will come up to mine." I furnish more than 40 kinds of visiting cards, have the largest assortment of designs for visiting-card printing, and the prettiest styles ever shown, and no finer impression can be made than from my NICKEL SILVER PLATED TYPE. Nearly all say, "more than pleased." I could fill this paper with compliments my cards have lately received. Address, W. C. CANNON,
15 Box 4863, Boston Mass.

Collector's Notice.

The Collector will be at his office, Bank Block, every afternoon and evening until Oct. 15th inclusive, to receive taxes.

N. B.—Interest at the rate of 12 per centum per annum will be charged on all taxes not paid on or before that date.

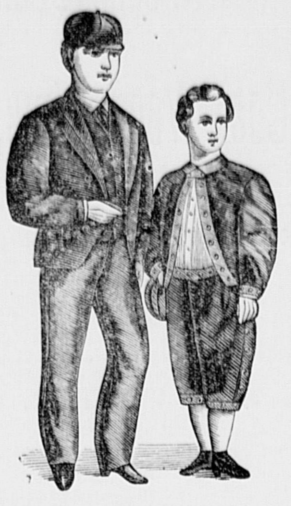
EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers of

Men's, Boys'

—AND—



Children's

Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and

Winter Clothing

At BOTTOM PRICES.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock.

☞ One Price to all.

GEO. H. LANE & CO.,

31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

FOR SALE.

BAY HORSE,

Seven years old, weigh 1200 pounds. Splendid work horse and good traveller.

N. H. HYDE,
Salem Street, Woburn, Mass.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, we are now prepared with an entire stock of New Goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library and Dining-Room

FURNITURE.

Draperies & Interior Decorations

At prices that defy competition.

HALEY, MORSE & Co.

411 Washington St. 122

Side Board For Sale.

A nice Black Walnut Marble Top Side Board for sale. Apply at this office.

Tenement To Let!

One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

THE

BRYANT & STRATTON

Commercial School,

BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete

Commercial Education.

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);

COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)

COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);

COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal 54

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

Nos. 44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

JOHN B. SOUTHER

Successor to Souther, Flint & Co.

MANUFACTURER,

offers for sale at prices from 15 to 25 per cent lower than usual retail prices, A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of all articles usually found in a furniture establishment, and as he manufactures most of his goods he is enabled to warrant them to be faithfully made.

All those who are about to replenish their furniture, or to furnish their houses entirely new, are invited to call and examine his stock and compare prices with those of other dealers. 121

JOHN B. SOUTHER,
44 and 46 Union Street, Boston.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

☞ 3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

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BARBER SHOP.

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WOBURN.

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Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

"Don't you forget it!"

Large Lot

Latest Styles

HOUSE PAPER

SELLING LOW AT

Horton's Bookstore,

195 Main Street,

WOBURN.

ADMINISTRATR'X SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a license from the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at public auction, on Monday, the second day of November next, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, a certain lot of land containing about 8712 square feet, with the buildings thereon, being lot No. 14 on plan of the Danforth estate, situated in Woburn, in said County, near Salem street, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of a private way leading northerly out of said Salem street; thence the line runs northerly by and with said private way 93 feet to a stake; thence easterly by land of George Flagg, by the wall 103 feet to a corner of the wall; thence southerly by land of John P. Moulton, by the wall 86 6-10 feet to a stake; thence westerly by land now or formerly of C. P. Danforth 101 feet to the point of beginning, together with the right at all times to use said private way for all proper purposes of a passway in common with others having the same right, but not to obstruct the same. Said lot of land is the same conveyed to Patrick Toland by S. F. Thompson, Tr., by deed dated March 1st, 1867, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1007, Page 144. Terms at Sale.

MARY E. TOLAND,
Adm'x of estate of Patrick Toland.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

Woburn, Oct. 16th, 1874. 142

For Sale.

A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

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OF ALL KINDS OF

STEAM COAL

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At his Wood and Coal Yard,

No. 93 Main Street.

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SAW WOOD,

For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

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$2.00 A YEAR.

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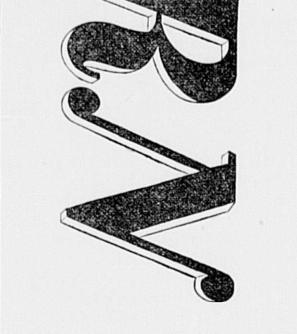

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A new and most interesting book of

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49. 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.
29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

T. BRENNAN,

Horse Shoer,

Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

MRS. W. T. AYERS

Will attend to

Dress and Cloak Making,

at her residence, 39

COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.

Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

AGENCY

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DYE HOUSE,

BOSTON,

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Cleansed

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in the best manner. Now is the time to

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AND MAKE

Old Clothes NEW!

BRING THEM ALONG TO

195 Main Street, - Woburn.
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JUL. COHEN'S

NEW STORE!

199 MAIN STREET,

Three doors above Post Office,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.

At Very Low Prices!

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TEACHER OF

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Pupils instructed at their homes, or at the residence of the Teacher,

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Orders left with G. W. Pollock, 213 Main St., or Miss M. Clementine Stearns, 224 Main Street, will receive prompt attention. References given if required. 101

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.

WILMOT'S.

121 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.

The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.

No. 9 Railroad Street,

where may be found at all times,

Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.

Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.

JACOB R. CURRIER.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,

CLOTHES DRYERS!

AND CLOTHES HORSES.

Thompson's HARDWARE STORE

BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in 40

Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

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Miss Alice E. Bancroft,

would invite the Ladies to call at

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The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.

Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.

NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it.

MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,

213 Main Street, Woburn.

Hearth and Home

1875.

LADIES WANTED As Agents.

A MODEL WEEKLY PAPER FOR THE HOME. The Choicest Literature, Superb Illustrations, Twelve GRAPHIC ETCHINGS, copies of celebrated works of art, presented *at once, free,* to every subscriber. AN UNRIVALLED PREMIUM! Twenty pages weekly, only $3.00 a year, postage prepaid on the paper. See it at news stands. Ask your Postmaster to show you HEARTH AND HOME and the Etchings, and give him your order.

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ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

ODELL & HUDSON'S

Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55

Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,

WINCHESTER, MASS:

A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY

☞ Orders by Mail Solicited. ☜

THE RELATIONS OF CLERGYMEN TO WOMEN.—Recent events have given rise to a fresh discussion of the relations of clergymen to women, some of which have been wise and some widely otherwise. It is supposed by many that the pastor is a man peculiarly subjected to temptations to unchaste "conversation" with the female members of his flock. It is undoubtedly and delightfully true that a popular preacher is the object of genuine affection and admiration to the women who sit under his ministry. A true woman respects brains and a commanding masculine nature; but if there is any one thing which she naturally chooses to hide from her pastor, it is her own temptations—if she has any—to illicit gratification. She naturally desires to appear well to him upon his own ground of Christian purity. To expose herself to his contempt or condemnation would be forbidden by all her pretensions, professions and natural instincts. A bad woman might undertake to atone for, or to cover up, her outside peccadillos by the most friendly and considerate treatment of her pastor, but she would not naturally take him for her victim. It is precisely with this man that she wishes to appear at her best. Any man with the slightest knowledge of human nature can see that her selfish as well as her Christian interests are against any exhibitions of immodest and unchaste desires in the presence of her spiritual teacher.

There are only two classes of women with whom a minister is liable to have what, in the language of the world, would be called "dangerous intimacies." The first consists of discontented wives—discontented through any cause connected with their husbands or themselves. A woman finds herself married to a brute. She suffers long in silence; her heart is broken or weary, and she wants counsel, and is dying for sympathy. She tells her story to the one who is—to her—guide, teacher, inspirer, and friend. He gives her the best counsel of which he is capable, comforts her if he can, sympathizes with her, treats her with kindness and consideration. That a woman should, in many instances, look upon such a man as little less than a god, and come to regard him as almost her only solace amid the daily accumulating trials of her life, is as natural as it is for water to run down hill. That she should respect him more than she can respect a brutal husband—that half-an-hour of his society should be worth more to her heart and her self-respect than the miserable years of her bondage to a cruel master—is also entirely natural. He cannot help it, nor can he find temptation in it, unless he chooses to do so. Women, under these circumstances, do not go to their pastors either to tempt or to be tempted.

There is another class of women who are thrown, or who throw themselves, into what may be called an intimate association with the clergy. It is a class that have nothing else to do so pleasant as to be petting some nice man, to whose presence and society circumstances give them admission. They are a very harmless set—gushing maiden ladies, aged and discreet widows with nice houses, sentimental married women who, with no brains to lend, are fond of borrowing them for the ornamentation of all possible social occasions. A popular minister receives a great deal of worship from this class, at which, when it is not too irksome, we have no doubt he quietly laughs. The good old female parishoner who declared that her pastor's cup of tea would be "none too good if it were all molasses," was a fair type of these sentimental creatures, to whom every minister possessing the grace of courtesy is fair game. To suppose that a pastor, sufficiently putty-headed to be pleased with this sort of worship, or sufficiently manly to be bored by it, is in a field of temptation to unchastity, is simply absurd. One is too feminine for such temptation, and the other altogether too masculine.

When these two classes are set aside, what have we left? Virtuous and contented mothers of virtuous daughters—daughters whom he baptizes in their infancy, trains in his Sunday school, marries when they are married, and buries with sympathetic tears when they die. In such families as these his presence is a benediction; and to suppose that he is tempted here, is to suppose him a brute, and to deny the facts of human nature. We verily believe there is no class in the community so little tempted as the clergy, and there certainly is no class surrounded on every side with such dissuasives from unchaste conduct. To a clergyman, influence and a good name are inestimable treasures. To stand before confiding audiences, Sunday after Sunday and preach that which he knows condemns himself in the eyes of a single member of his flock, must be a crucifixion from whose tortures the bravest man would shrink. There are bad men in the pulpit without doubt. There is now and then a woman who would not shrink from an intrigue with such, but women do not choose ministers for lovers, nor do ministers, as a class, find themselves subjected to great temptations by them. If ministers are tempted by the circumstances of their office, they may be sure that they are moved by their own lust and enticed, and that their office may very profitably spare their services.

As a class, the Christian ministers of the country are the purest men we have. We believe they average better than the Apostles did at the first. Jesus, in his little company of twelve, found one that was a devil. The world has improved until, we believe, there is not more than one devil in a hundred. In any scandal connected with the name of a clergyman and a female member of his flock, the probabilities are all and always in favor of his innocence. The man of the world who keeps his mistress, the sensualist who does not believe in the purity of any man, the great community of scamps and scalawags, are always ready to believe anything reflecting upon a clergyman's chastity. It only remains for clergymen themselves to be careful to avoid the appearance of evil. Nothing can be more sure and terrible than their punishment when guilty of prostituting their office, and nothing is so valuable to them as an unsullied name. To preserve this, no painstaking can be too fatiguing, no self-denial too expensive, no weeding out of all untoward associations too exacting.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for November.*

An affecting sight—Barrels in tiers.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.—Fifty-one doubtful and divided men, of infinite variety in opinions, education, and character, met in the hot days of July, 1776, in that plain room at Philadelphia where was decided the chief event of modern history, to found a republic. They were about to reverse all the inculcations of recent experience, and to enter at once upon a new era of uncertainty. From all the models of the past they could borrow little, and they overleaped barriers that had affrighted all former legislators. Not Cromwell and Hampden, not the plebeians of Rome and the Demos of Athens, not the republican of Venice nor the Calvinists of Halland and Geneva, had ventured upon that tremendous stride in human progress that would alone satisfy the reformers of America. Educated in the strict conceptions of rank and caste which even Massachusetts had cultivated and Virginia carried to a ludicrous extreme, they threw aside the artificial distinction forever, and declared all men equal. One sad exception they made, but only by implication. Rousseau had said that men born to be free were every where enslaved; but Adams and Jefferson demanded for all mankind freedom and perfect self-control. Yet still the same dark shade rested upon their conception of independence. But in all other matters they were uniformly consistent. In all other lands, in all other ages, the church had been united to the state. The American reformers claimed a perfect freedom for every creed. Men trained in the rigid prelatical rule of Virginia and the rigorous Calvinism of Massachusetts joined in discarding from their new republic every trace of sectarianism. Religion and the state were served for the first time since Constantine. Of the many important and radical changes that must take place in human affairs from the prevalance of the principles they enunciated a large part of the assembly were probably unconscious. Yet upon one point in their new political creed all seemed to be unanimous. The people were in future to be the only sovereigns. The most hetrodox of all theories to European reasoners, the plainest contradiction to all the experience of human history, they set forth distinctly, and never wavered in its defense. The English Commons had been content to derive all their privileges from the condescension of the crown. The people of France were the abject slaves of a corrupt despotism. Two or three democratic cantons in Switzerland alone relieved the prevalence of a rigid aristocracy. All over Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia the people were so contemned, derided, and oppressed as scarcely to deserve the notice of the ruling classes. The few ruled over the many, and slavery was the common lot of man. Nor when the reformers of America proclaimed the sovereignty of the despised people, torn and dismembered by the tyranny of ages, could they hope to escape the reproach of wild enthusiasm, or to be looked upon as more than idle dreamers.

Yet the chiefs of the republican party were men so resolute, pure, sagacious, as to deserve the esteem of the most eminent of the Europeans. Touched by a secret pang of admiration for an integrity which he did not share, the historion Gibbon, in the midst of a stately review of the miseries and the joys of all mankind, confessed the sentiment while he clung to his salary and his place. Robinson and Hume, bound to the scheme of royalty by pensions, honors, and official station, dropped a sigh for that independence which they were never to know. Adam Smith lent the Americans a full and generous sympathy. Fox, Burke, and Barré, Wilkes, and even Chatham, joined the brilliant but narrow circle of the friends of America. On the Continent philosophers and poets, princes and as New York, and perhaps the possessor of more wealth. It was the first city on the continent, and the fame of Franklin had already given it a European renown. Yet Philadelphia when it rebelled against George III. was only an insignificant town, clinging to the banks of the river; and New York invited the attack of the chief naval power of the world with its harbor undefended and it whole population exposed to the guns of the enemy's ships. The southern cities were yet of little importance. Baltimore was a small village. Virginia had no large town. Charleston had a few thousand inhabitants. Along that immense line of seacoast now covered with populous cities the smallest of which would have made the New York and Boston of our ancestors seem insignificant, only these few and isolated centres of commerce had sprung up. The wilderness still covered the shores of Long Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and the Carolinas almost as in the days of Raleigh.—From "The First Century of the Republic," in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

☞ Some engineers in Baden have contrived an ingenious arrangement by which to provide for the simultaneous lightiag of all the gas lights of the town. Their apparatus can be affixed to all gas jets, and acts not by any special mechanism, but simply by the increased pressure of the gas from the gasometer when the lamps should be lighted. The one act of turning on the gas at the main ignites it at all the burners fitted with the new apparatus. In achieving this result the designers did not really obtain any very practical advantage over the method of ignition by electricity. But they pushed this invention still further, and have provided that when the pressure is diminished at the main the gas can either be totally extinguished or let down to a thread. It is chiefly in the lighting of the streets of a town that the invention will be of practical use. Directly the gas is turned on the whole city will be simultaneously illuminated, and when in the early morning the pressure is reduced the light may be totally extinguished or gradually diminished. This plan has been adopted in some of the public buildings and streets of Heidelberg.

☞ A lecturer wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he had outgrown it said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? "You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh no!" replied the little one, "We let out the tucks."

☞ What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A man who plays practical jokes upon his wife deserves to be punished. His wife has a dread of cats, and before retiring at night she always looks carefully under the bed to see that no stray puss and no man on robbery intent are concealed there. A few nights ago, after Mr. and Mrs. Slatterly had retired, Slatterly, who had been learning ventriloquism, thought he would amuse himself and scare his wife by gently yowling and making the sound come from under the bed. Mrs. Slatterly instantly sat up and exclaimed:

"Josiah, I do believe there is a cat in this room."

"O, nonsense," grunted Slatterly; and then he made the noise again.

"I tell you Josiah," exclaimed Mrs. S. "I hear a cat under this bed. I wish you'd get out and drive it away."

"O, go to sleep," said Slatterly. "I don't hear anything. "There's no cat about."

Then Josiah, with his mouth beneath the covers, uttered a louder screech than before.

"Well, if you won't clear that cat out, you brute, I will," said Mrs. Slatterly.

So she reached over, picked up Josiah's boots, and put them on in bed in order to protect her feet and ankles from the infuriated animal. Then she took Slatterly's cane and stepped down to sweep it beneath the bed. Just as she did so, Josiah emitted a fearful yell which might have come from a cat in the last paroxysms of hydrophia. This startled Mrs. Slatterly so that she sprang backward, and in doing so she stumbled against the baby's cradle, which was overturned and she went head foremost against the twenty-five dollar looking-glass on the bureau, while the cane flew out of her hand and lighted with considable force on Slatterly's head. The screams of Mrs. Slatterly aroused all the neighborhood, and even brought out the fire department, so that by the time the baby was rescued from the wreck, and the broken glass picked up, two engines had streams playing on the house, and the front door had been burst open by the police; and the firemen were engaged in dragging a wet hose upon the entry carpet and up the front stairs, just as Slatterly came down to explain things. The feline ventriloquism cost him just ninety dollars for carpet and looking-glasses, and a contusion on the head, which the people of Muncy to this hour believe he received in a pugilistic encounter with his wife.

OCTOBER.—Meanwhile, O friendly reader rejoice in the October days. Open all your senses, and drink to the full this brimming cup of old, best wine of all the year. As old Horace says, *Carpe diem*—seize the day. Walk as children of its golden light, heavy with the dreamy sunlight, drowsy with the smell of marigold and asters, the new-mown rowen and great, nodding sunflowers, glowing with mingled splendors of painted leaves, shimmering with the yellow warmth of corn-shocks and gleaming pumpkins, musical with the rhythm of the whopping flail, and blue jay's shrilly scream and whir of the startled partridge, and dropping of the nuts. Have you the love of Nature, any inward sense of her harmonies? Have you any brooding cares, monetaries anxieties, a hard winter's work before you, notes coming due, trade uncertain? Do you feel leaden, wooden, nervous, cross, sensitive, thin-skinned, constitutionally discouraged? Get out of this into the grand sun-bath of this October glory. Imbibe the spirit of these rejoicing days. *Carpe diem.* Let Poor Richard and his stingy maxims wait. Take your wife and children out to ride, or your sweetheart, or your aunt, or somebody, if you are reduced to that, and, next day, somebody else, and so on, while these days of royal opportunity survive. And as the ruddy glow and changeful glory of the sunset give way to the chill of the October night, light up upon the hearth your open fire, which, if you haven't any, proves that you do not fully understand the art of living and will require another article on hearths and open fires—*Springfield Republican.*

SHORT AND SWEET.—An Iowa editor who attended a party, was smitten with the charms of a fair damsel who wore a rose on her forehead, and thus gushed about it:

Above her nose
There is a rose;
Below that rose
There is a nose.
Rose, nose,
Nose, rose,
Sweet rose,
Dear nose.

Below her chin
There is a pin;
Above that pin
There is a chin.
Pin, chin,
Chin, pin,
Sweet pin,
Dear chin.

Whereupon a rival editor thus apostrophises the Iowa chap:

Above the stool
There is a fool;
Below the fool
There is a stool.
Stool, fool,
Fool, stool,
Old stool,
Damphool.

Below his seat
There are two feet;
Above the feet
There is a seat.
Seat, feet,
Feet, seat,
Soft seat,
Big feet.

MODERATE DRINKING.—Maj. McCafferty, the well known Irish lawyer at Worcester, recently made a speech at a temperance meeting, which is thus reported: He said no man should be a moderate drinker, for two reasons—first, on account of its expense; secondly, on account of the liability to become a drunkard. It was every man's duty to acquire property sufficient to leave his children well off, but this could not be done if they spent it for drink. By saving every day only what a man who calls himself a moderate drinker, spends for ale or other liquor, a young man of twenty could in thirty years of active live, easily lay up $20,000. It is the amount which every moderate drinker should consider he was foolishly wasting, if he expected to reach the age of fifty years. The speaker presented a vast array of other figures and arrangements, conclusive and to the point, to show the benefits of total abstinence, and the evils of indulgence in liquor.

☞ The proprietor of a hotel in New York advertises that he has "pleasant suits of rooms for wedding parties of ladies and gentlemen."

Another Chance!
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10 Cash Gifts, 14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts, 5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts, 4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts, 3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts, 2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts, 1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts, 500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts, 100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts, 50 each,	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all cash,	2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets,	$50 00
Halves,	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon,	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22 ½ Tickets for	1000 00

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CARPETS.

The cheapest line of FINE CARPETS that can be found in the market are now for sale by the

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A large stock just purchased of the administrator of the estate of a late manufacturer, comprising elegant Tapestries, solid Brussels, Kidderminsters, Extra Superfine, Super, Ingrains, Stair Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc. *All of which will be sold very much under market value.* Many styles for three quarters or one-half current prices.

BRUSSELS,	$1.50
TAPESTRIES,	1.00
EXTRA SUPERFINES,	1.00
SUPERFINES,	87 cents
INGRAINS,	75 cents
TWO-PLYS,	50 cents
CHEAP INGRAINS,	30 cents
CANTON MATTINGS,	12½ cents
STAIR CARPETS,	12½ cents
OIL CLOTHS,	30 cents

New England Carpet Company.

Removed to 85 Hanover St., opposite American House, Boston. 146

Collector's Notice.

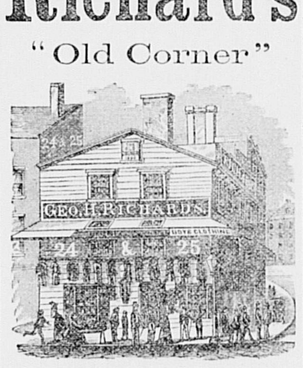
The Collector will be at his office, Bank Block, every afternoon and evening until Oct. 15th inclusive, to receive taxes.
N. B.—Interest at the rate of 12 per centum per annum will be charged on all taxes not paid on or before that date.
EDWARD SIMONDS, Collector.

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 21

Tenements To Let.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

Richard's
"Old Corner"



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24.....DOCK SQUARE.....25

Is now furnished with the Largest and Best display of seasonable
MEN'S
YOUTH'S and
BOY'S CLOTHING,
That we have ever had upon our counters. We have laid in for the
FALL of 1874,
A prime assortment of everything desirable, from the smallest ready made Suits for CHILDREN, to the complete outfit for GENTLEMEN, or BOY'S wear—in all the varieties of fabric and styles—and our notable
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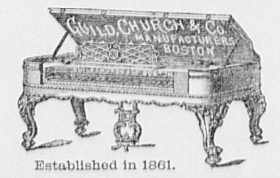
Are so well known all over New England, that we again invite out of town buyers to remember, when visiting Boston, if they would
SAVE 30 PER CENT
In their FALL and WINTER CLOTHING purchases, that
RICHARDS' "Old Corner,"
Is the place to call at, where they will not be disappointed in
PRICE,
QUALITY,
GOODNESS,
OR STYLE
24 DOCK 24
25 SQUARE 25
BOSTON. 137



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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
The best and largest Stock of
Pianos & Organs
Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly
Reduced Prices for Cash
OR INSTALLMENTS.
Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann,	New York
McCammon,	"
Guild, Church & Co.,	Boston
W. P. Emerson,	"
Vose & Sons,	"
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&c.,	&c.

STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties,
Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,
FOR SALE CHEAP.
O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,
16 WOBURN, MASS.

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WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.
James Partridge, Proprietor.
Painting, Graining, Guilding,
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PAPER HANGING.
Also—Whitening and Tinting.
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.
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Coal, Wood, Lime,
Cement & Hay.
Office, 113 Main Street, Ellis' Store,
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YARD near Horn Pond Station.
CHAS. K. CONN. 60 C. H. POLLARD.

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Has removed to his residence on
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where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 61
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A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

IMPORTANT!
The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 63
Go to "Grant."
He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs
THE BEST WORKMEN,
who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments
As they should be made.
So if you want to get suited in any department of a
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Call on
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169 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

REMOVAL.
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Has removed his LAW OFFICE into one of the offices occupied by H. Collamore, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, in Wade's Block, 67
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
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Carpetings,
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Mattresses, &c.
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114 Blackstone Street,
AND
151 Hanover Street,
Corner of Marshall, Boston.
Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge.
Fred. G. Walbridge. 68

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B. F. WYER
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Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 76
Meat and Vegetable Market.

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Office at Residence, corner of East and Carter Sts.
Genealogies traced and compiled, Family Registers engrossed, Diplomas filled out, Marriage Certificates written, &c.
Office Hours 1 to 5 P. M.
Instruction given in Penmanship and Book-keeping. Terms for 12 lessons in advance, $2.00 for Penmanship, $3.00 for Book-keeping. 35

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DEALERS IN
Lumber!
Coal and Wood,
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SHINGLES,
Clapboards,
Laths, Pickets,
Conductors,
Caps and Irons,
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for inside and outside finish.
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RED and WHITE CEDAR POSTS all lengths.
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Franklin Coal,
Hard and Soft
WOOD.
All of which will be sold at the LOWEST CASH prices, at 69
96 Main Street.

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Spring & Summer tyles,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, &c
AT 70
J. W. HAMMND'S.

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STOVES AND FURNACES,
Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE and ARLINGTON RANGE 71

Oil Carpets.
The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had are now for sale at the old stand, 74
OPPOSITE THE COMMON.
W. WOODBERRY.

T. V. Sullivan,
Gas Fitter and Plumber,
BASEMENT OF NEW POST OFFICE,
Corner of Walnut and Main Streets
WOBURN MASS. 75

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E. O. Soles,
Would inform his friends and the public that he is ready and willing to attend to the wants of all those who will give him a call, at his New Store
Cor. MAIN & RAILROAD Sts.,
where will be found a general assortment of Provisions, Foreign and Domestic Fruits, [illegible] &c., &c.
E. O. SOLES, 32

Brown's Boots.
Our own make sewed, $6, pegged $5, new and latest styles French Ties, Strap Shoes, High and Low Button, Grecian Congress Button Union, Prince Alberts the Boston and Toothpick Congress, Annie's Dream and the largest Shoes in the world, No. 101, 4 feet long, all made on the Nihil Supra Lasts, new, nobby and desirable, at
BOWN'S NEW STO E,
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Ladies' side Lace and Button Kids, from $3 to $6. Cloth Button, $2 to $4. Slipper 50 cts. to $2
New Spring Goods opening every day.
J. K. BROWN,
☞ State what paper you saw this in 73

Cor. Main and Railroad Streets.

A LECTURE:
TO YOUNG MEN.
Just Published, in Sealed Envelope. Price six cts.
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
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☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*
Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two post age stamps. Address the Publishers.
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L. THOMPSON, JR. 78

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As low as they can be bought anywhere, at
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J. BUEL. 81 J. R. FLINT

Table and Pocket Cutlery
NAILS, TACKS, SCREWS, AXES, HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 131 Main Street, Buel's Block, 82
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

Chas. A Smith,
DRY GOODS.
83
177 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, MASS.

Morris &
Ireland,
64
Sudbury Street,
Boston, Mass.
Safes!
Champion Record
IN THE
84
Great Boston Fire.

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Lyceum Building,
WINCHESTER, MASS.
Constantly on hand a good assortment of
MEATS, VEGETABLES,
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Such as
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and all other articles usually kept in a Provision Store, as good quality as the market affords
☞ N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered in any part of Winchester free of expense.
Order Box at Depot. Orders collected at 7½, 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M. 85

Central House,
MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Lee Hammond, - - Proprietor.
This well known hotel has recently been re-fitted and furnished, and is open to the public. It contains fifty light and airy rooms, and is supplied with the modern conveniences. A commodious dancing hall is connected with the house, and parties may be sure of excellent accommodations. Hacks connect with all trains, and livery horses may be obtained at the Stable. Board by the day or week on reasonable terms. 86

JUST RECEIVED
And for Sale.
1 Extension Table, 1 Parlor Desk, with drawers each side and Book Case on top, 1 Sink, 1 Cupboard with wire doors, 1-2 doz. nice Office Chairs, 1 Weed Sewing Machine, One Lounge, 1 Baby Carriage, &c 56
INQUIRE OF
G. W. POLLOCK.

JOHN L. WYMAN,
Magnetic Physician.
Rooms in J. W. Manning's Photograph Establishment,
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Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 4. Other hours he will visit the sick at their homes.
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UNDERTAKER
COFFIN WAREHOUSE,
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WOBURN.
CASKETS and COFFINS of various Styles and prices. ROBES in great variety. Also, CATHOLIC HABITS, and every article necessary for the burial of the dead furnished at short notice.
The attention of the public of this and the neighboring towns is called to the fact that this is the only Coffin Manufactory in the vicinity, and goods are furnished here at less than Boston prices, and delivered free of charge within ten miles.
He likewise offers the new invention for preserving the bodies by cold air alone, without direct application of ice. When preserved by the cold air process, a glass reveals at any moment the features of the deceased, and the corpse will keep much longer than in the old way. I have a sufficient number of these preservers for Woburn and the neighboring towns.
Hearse with one or two horses, and Carriage furnished.
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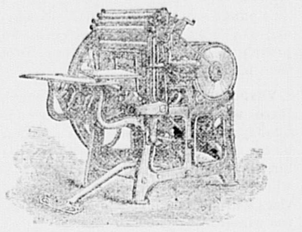

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to. 92

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Lots furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery
All orders promptly attended to. 93
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EASTERN, WESTERN,
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BUILDING MATERIALS
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Shop and House corner Mt. Pleasant and Prospect Streets. 94

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FANCY AND STAPLE
DRY GOODS,
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FROM $15 TO $50 Per week can be made by either sex. Soliciting for our vulcanized RUBBER STAMP. The Stamps and Ink are first class, best made. We want Local Agents in every town and city throughout the United States. Send stamp for samples and terms, (no postal cards) to
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The demand for SOMETHING NEW to take the place of the Nubia, so long worn, is resulted in the production of this stylish Article for Ladies' wear, called the
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WOBURN. 17

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MIDDLESEX · CHARLESTOWN VILLAGE LOCATED A.D. 1640 · WOBURN · INCORPORATED AS WOBURN A.D. 1642 · COUNTY

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874. NO. 8.

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Are showing
FALL
STYLES
in great variety.
Coatings,
Pants Goods,
Vestings,
AND
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
171 Main Street,
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THOMAS S. BANKS,
FLORIST,
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.
Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants. Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice. 2

E. K. Willoughby,
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,
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Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore. 3

JOHN C. BUCK,
TEACHER OF
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,
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WOBURN. 5

JOHN R. CARTER
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Roads located, Grades established, &c. Also attention given to
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Monday and Thursday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work. 6

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and Auctioneer.
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G. F. SMITH & Co.,
Watchmakers & Jewelers,
DEALERS IN
Watches and Jewelry,
No. 187 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, - - MASS.
Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed. 9

PLUMBING
T. J. KINNEY,
106 Main St., Woburn
Particular attention paid to fitting up houses with Water Pipes. Jobbing in all its branches promptly attended to.
PUMPS and WATER PIPES REPAIRED. 10

For Hardware or Tools
CALL AT BUEL'S BLOCK 131 MAIN ST. 11
L. THOMPSON, Jr.

STRAW MATTINGS.
A large line of Straw Mattings, just received and for sale at the lowest prices, by 12
WM. WOODBERRY.

American Sewing Machine.
The NEW IMPROVED AMERICAN, *self-threading, with new self threading shuttle* (the only one of the kind) is acknowledged to be the most *complete, simple and durable, as well as the lightest running and best Family Sewing Machine* the world ever produced. Ladies will not buy any other after having seen it.
Agents wanted for and sell them in all unoccupied territory. Address for terms to any of the agents in your vicinity, send for circulars to
EDWARD DEWEY,
41 Avon Street, Boston,
General Agent for New England State 49

Hiram Childs
Setter of all kinds of Granite Work
Particular attention paid to Cemetery Lots and Monuments. Work executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Residence, High Street, Woburn, Mass. Orders by mail promptly attended to 95

M. N. BROOKS
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Woburn that he has taken a stall at
No 9 Central Market
Where he would be pleased to supply his friends with Butter, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Beans, &c., at the LOWEST cash price. 45 and 50 North Street, Boston. 96

Poetry.

HYMN FOR HHE SEASON.

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd
And Summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,

Save when by fits the Summer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered tower,
She lies in pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Sets all the young blooms listening through the grove.
Sits rustling in the faded boughs to-day,
And makes his cool and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red;
The mullien-stalk its yellow stars has lost,
And the broad meadow-pink hangs down her head,
Against earth's chilly bosom, nipped with frost.

The robin, that was busy all the June,
Before the sun had kissed the topmost bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
Has given place to the brown cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesome at noon;
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides;
Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn
Creep to their strawy sheds with nettled hides.

Shut up the door! who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle and his story book,
And live with me the poetry of Spring!

Selected.

Peter Raymond's Boy.

Twenty years ago Peter Raymond owned a hard, stony farm, eighteen miles from Hartford. One September evening about nine o'clock, as he returned home from a neighbor's, he suddenly recollected that he had left a bridal hanging on a bar-post by his sheep barn when he turned his old white mare to the pasture that afternoon. He sprang over the wall and struck across lots, hoping to secure it before any greedy-mawed bovine should make it forever useless for bridal purposes. As he drew near the barn he thought that he heard voices inside. What any one should be here for he could not conjecture. He stepped as lightly as he could on the unmowed rowen and slipped in behind the big door, which was standing ajar, and listened.

Philip, his eldest son, was there, and Clinton Dexter, son of the man at whose house he had been to call. The lads were about of an age—both nearly fifteen. Philip was talking when his father went up to the barn, but he finished what he was saying just as Mr. Raymond got into a position to catch the words, and young Dexter commenced to reply. He said:

"Well, Phil., my father is just as inconsiderate as your father is. I don't think that he remembers he ever was a boy. There is scarcely a day in the year that he does not ride out—he rides more'n he used to before he was first selectman; and you may be sure that he always has something on hand to be done, just as your father does. Soon as the frost is out of the ground, in the spring, he tells me before he rides off that I may pick up stones or spread manure till it is time to milk and fodder; after that comes plowing and planting; a little later in the season he tells me to hoe corn or potatoes, or weed the garden, till it is time to get up the cows; and, if he is at home when I take the pails to go out and milk, he always tells me to be sure and strip the cows clean, just as though I should be lazy and dishonest enough to have the milk in their bags, if he did not tell me so; and he would be just as likely to tell me that before a dozen visitors as any way—makes a fellow feel mighty comfortable, you know. In the winter I have to chop wood most of the time that I am not in school; and I don't think my father ever feels quite satisfied if I don't chop as much and hoe as much, and plough as much as a full grown man could do in the same time. I didn't know till the other day just how it was with you, Phil. I don't wonder that your patience is worn out; and I assure you that I am quite as tired of living in this way as you are."

"I hesitated a good while, Clint," Phil. replied, "before I decided to speak to you about it; but I made up my mind in haying time that it was the last summer that I should stay at home and help hay it and fare as I did then. Father is always ready to find fault—he generally says when he gets home: 'I don't think you have hurt yourself working today, Philip!' And sometimes he asks me if my back doesn't ache. I've chopped so much or hoed so much; and, no matter if I work as hard as I can from sunrise to sundown. I never hear anything more encouraging — never get one word of praise. I feel sorry to clear out on my mother's account. I love her, and I believe that she loves me, but if father loves me he never shows it—never speaks a tender, loving word to me. My mind is fully made up, Clint. I am going to run away; and I want to get off to-night. Never mind about your clothes; I've got shirts and handkerchiefs and stockings enough put up, and I'll divide with you till we can earn more. Last week I thought it over, and I thought it would grieve mother so I pretty much decided to give it up; but I got so provoked the day that father went to Hartford that I determined that I would go anyway. You see, here I've lived ever since I was born within eighteen miles of Hartford, but never was there, nor in any other city. I asked father if I might go with him last June, when he was going, and he said I couldn't go very well then; but I should go with him the very first time that he went after haying. Well, when he spoke of going last week, I asked him if he was going to take me along, and he answered pretty crabbedly 'No, sir; pretty time for you to think of going when the hired man is gone! I told him that I would get you to come and do the chores, and that you would be as faithful in doing them as I would be; but he wouldn't hear a word about it. I didn't feel very light-hearted after he was gone, but I tried to brave it out the best that I could; and I worked hard all day. That afternoon was a dark, cloudy afternoon, and I got up the cows and milked them, a little earlier than I supposed that I did; but I don't think the sun was five minutes high when I got the chores done. I took the newspaper and sat down in the door, so as to be on hand to take care of the horse when father came; and I hadn't read a quarter of a column when he drove up. Well, Clint, as true as I live and breathe, after his promising me that I should go to Hartford with him the first time he went after haying and then leaving me to feel disappointed and to work hard all day, the first thing he said to me, when he drove up, was: "What are you sitting there a reading for? Why arn't you doing your chores?' It galled me, I tell you, but I replied as calmly as I could that the chores were all done; and he said: 'Oh, ho, that is it, is it? You do the chores in the middle of the afternoon, when I am gone, and then sit down and read do you?'" It was so confounded cutting, if he had stuck a knife into me he couldn't have hurt me any worse. I vowed then that I would see Hartford on my birthday, and I shall be much mistaken if I am not there to-morrow morning; and if my father sees me again for one year, he'll see more than I think he will. I will be here at the barn at just midnight. My bundle of clothes is here now out in the oat bin. Don't fail to be on time, Clint. We must get to Hartford by sunrise. I want to get a little glimpse of the city before the steamboat goes out. I don't know what the fare is to New York. I doubt if we have money enough to take us there. If we havn't we can stop at some of the landing places on the way." What a variety of feelings Peter Raymond had in the fifteen minutes he stood behind that barn door and listened. At first he was so utterly surprised he could hardly believe his own ears, but as he took it all in—as he comprehended what his son contemplated doing, he was in high dudgeon, he unconsciously closed his teeth very firmly, and clutched his right fist tightly. He could hardly refrain from pouncing on his son then and there, and give him a sound drubbing, but he decided that it would be wise to hear the boy's talk out and learn all their plans, and then confront them. But as Philip talked on, Raymond's teeth were less grimly closed, and his fist relaxed and when Philip said in a half sad tone, "I doubt if my father loves me at all," a dozen different feelings stove for mastery.

"Don't love him?" he repeated to himself, "the ungrateful rascal! Havn't I been scrubbing along as savingly as possible, and privately putting little sums in the savings bank, so that I could send him away in a year or two and give him a better chance for an education than I ever had? Havn't I often said to my friends that he was one of the most faithful, trusty boys in the world? and that I could leave him at home any time, day or night, and never worry about things as long as he was there to take care? If he does doubt my love up to this time, I have loved him, and have been proud of him. I havn't been very demonstrative about it, to be sure. I never thought it wise to pet or praise children. Perhaps I have been a little too unsocial, and cold, and strait laced with him. Maybe I'd better not let them know that I've heard this talk about running away; but I shall of course do something to prevent their going. I'll go up to the house and think over what course to take."

And Peter Raymond crept away from the barn as though he were a sneak thief, and then hurried home as fast as he could, not once thinking of his bridle. He had hardly seated himself in his usual place in the big arm chair before Philip came in. Philip had expected his father would say gruffly, "It is high time you were in bed." And so he was taken quite by surprise when his father said gently:

"Won't you hand me the almanac before you sit down, Philip?"

Philip's mother raised her eyes from her sewing, and glanced at her husband as though she wondered what had called forth such unusual gentleness. Raymond opened the almanac at September, and, after glancing down the page, he turned to his wife and asked, "Is to-day the third or fourth Tuesday of the month?"

"The fourth," she replied; "tomorrow is the last day of the month."

"Are you quite sure about it?" he queried. "If you are correct, I am a week behindhand in my reckoning. I've had so many things crowding upon me lately, I've hardly known which way to turn first. I promised Mr. Skidmore that I would take that two year old heifer away that I bought of him before the first of October. She must be got home tomorrow."

Philip got up to go to bed. Raymond said:

"Don't hurry Philip; I'm thinking how to get that heifer home. I believe I will take you down there early in the morning and leave you to drive her up. It is nine or ten miles there, but you can come back leisurely, and let her feed alongside the road. You'd like it as well as to stay at home and work, wouldn't you Philip?"

"Yes, sir."

Philip replied in an absent minded way. He was in a quandary. Perhaps he had better try to stay at home a little longer, and see if things didn't seem more agreeable to him. Maybe he had judged his father a little too harshly. Clinton Dexter would come to the barn at midnight to meet him, and—

Philip was arrested in his cogitation by his father saying:

"I have so many cares, so many things to think of that I can hardly keep track of my children's ages. I believe, Philip, your birthday comes the thirtieth of September, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so you will be fifteen years old tomorrow. Well, well, it does beat all, how time flies. Fifteen years! It doesn't seem half that time since you were a baby. Let me see, I believe I promised to let you go to Hartford this fall, didn't I? We shall be half way there when we get to Skidmore's; seeing tomorrow is your birthday, perhaps we had better keep on. I don't know as we shall have any better time to leave. We can take an early start—have breakfast at half past five, and get off by six, and by nine, if we have good luck, we shall be there. We can stay till three o'clock in the afternoon, and you wouldn't be late home. It will be light tomorrow evening—there is a good moon now. Well you may as well go to bed and get all the sleep that you can. I shall call you up at four o'clock."

Philip started the second time to go, but just as he got his hand on the door latch his father said:

"Wait a minute, Philip. If you had some one to keep you company from Skidmore's and help you drive the heifer, I wouldn't mind staying till nearly night before we left the city. Perhaps Clinton Dexter would be willing to walk up from there with you and help drive her, if he would go with us to Hartford and spend the day. If you think that he would, and you would like to have him go, you may run over to Mr. Dexter's and tell him if it is convenient for him to spare Clinton, I would like to have him go to Hartford with us tomorrow and walk home from Skidmore's with you in the evening. And be sure and tell Clinton if his father consents to his going that we will call for him as early as six o'clock."

Philip said, "Yes, sir," and took up his hat and went into the hall; but before he got to the outside door, his father called out:

"One thing more, Philip. I left my bridle hanging on a bar post down by the sheep barn, this afternoon. If you'll come back across the lots and bring it up, it'll save going for it in the morning. I intended to get it myself when I came home from Mr. Dexter's, but it slipped my mind."

"Lucky thing it did," Philip said to himself, as he stepped out of the door. "If he had come around that way home, and heard Clint and I talking in that barn I guess he wouldn't be in quite so gentle a mood to-night. He would have given me 'Hail Columbia' right and left; and Clint would have fared worse than I, for when his father's back is up he's as savage as a tiger. Strange what has come over father to-night. I noticed that mother was surprised to see him so much more social and gentle than common."

On his way over to Mr. Dexter's, Philip had as great a variety of feelings and as great a conflict with them as his father had while standing behind the barn door; but before he got there the summing up was that he was an ungrateful scamp, and that his father was all right; only he had so many cares and anxieties that it sometimes made him a little stern and crabbed.

Mr Dexter was always ready to oblige his neighbor Raymond, and he cheerfully gave his consent to Clinton's going. Clinton didn't know what to make of this sudden turn of affairs. As he went with Philip to the door, he whispered:

"What's up Phil? what has happened? Has your father found out anything?"

"Not a thing—not a thing," Philip hurriedly whispered back. "You don't suppose, Clint, he'd be taking us to Hartford tomorrow if he had. It's all right, but it's the strangest thing that ever happened—I'll tell you about it tomorrow—can't stay long enough now."

Mr Raymond took up a newspaper and bowed his head over it as soon as his son started for Mr Dexter's; but if his wife had observed him closely she would have seen that he did very little reading, and that there was a troubled expression on his countenance. He did not raise his eyes from the paper when he heard returning footsteps, but he listened very intently, and he knew that Philip stole softly and hurriedly to the back end of the hall, and opened the chamber door before he came over to the sitting room. A look of relief came into his face, and he straightened up as if a great burden had been lifted from him. He had no doubt that that bundle of clothing had been brought up from the oat bin and left on the chamber stairs till Philip should go to bed. This is what he hoped his boy would do when he asked him to come around by the barn and get the halter. He had no fear that he would attempt to give him the slip that night.

Mr. Raymond and Philip rode up to Mr. Dexter's door for Clinton, the next morning, just as the sun was peeping over the hills. It was as delightful a September morning as they could desire As soon as they were well on the road Mr. Raymond said:

"Now, boys, you must keep your eyes opened—see all there is to be seen, and get all the enjoyment out of going that you can. We don't have holidays very often, and we must make the most of them when we do have them. Philip and I have worked pretty hard lately, and I guess, Clinton, that you have. I believe a play day will do us all good. I made up my mind, this morning, to try and leave all my cares and business behind me, for once; so you need have no fears, if you talk to each other all you please, and ask me many questions as you wish, that it will disturb me at all."

It did not escape Mr. Raymond's observation that his remarks caused the lads to glance at each other in blank astonishment, and it cut him to the quick. "What kind of a father have I been," he asked himself, "not to be able to speak a few civil and kind words to my son without having it received with much surgrise. Poor boy! Wonder, pleasure, guilt and grief are all depicted in his countenance to-day. After this, with God's help, I'll so manage that he'll never doubt my loving him—never plan to run away from his father's house again."

Mr. Raymond spared no pains to have the boys enjoy their first trip to Hartford. He called their attention to everything that he thought would interest them on the way. He told them who owned such and such a farm when he was a boy; what the land was worth an acre then, and what was its market value now; who built this house and that; and he pointed out where General —— was born, and where Hon. —— lived till he went to college. He was no less painstaking when they got to the city. He took them past Trinity College, the State House, and the high school; he pointed out the different churches and told who preached in them; he went with them to the Atheneum, and spent an hour with them there.

Sometimes Philip looked at his father in dumb bewilderment, and wondered if they really were in Hartford or if it were all a dream. How social and interesting his father was! He felt as if he never was acquainted with him before. What a delightful time he should have if he had not been planning to do so mean a thing. If his father knew it, how he would despise him; he looked at him so earnestly, sometimes, he was afraid that he saw guilt in his countenance. If he could only get up courage he would confess the whole to his father and implore his forgiveness.

Thus the day wore away, and Philip was not sorry when it was time to start for home. After Mr. Raymond left the lads to follow on with the heifer, they talked over the events of the past twenty-four hours together, and they were both very decidedly of the opinion that they had a very narrow and providential escape from committing a very disgraceful act; and they both agreed, after a little discussion on that point, that they would never divulge to a human being that they had even dreamed of running away.

It was half-past nine when Philip drove the heifer into his father's barnyard. After he had had his supper his father asked him to step out to the shed and get a package that was under the wagon seat. When he brought it Mr. Raymond opened it and took from "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and sat down to his desk and wrote on a fly-leaf:

"Presented to Philip C. Raymond, on his fifteenth birthday, by his affectionate father, Peter Raymond. And then without closing the book he passed it to Philip.

Philip could bear no more. The tears that had come to his eyes twenty times during the day and as many times had been forced back, now overflowed his eyelids and ran down his cheeks. He stammered:

"You are too kind to me, father. I do not deserve this."

"Don't deserve it Philip!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond with much apparent surprise. "I think you'd better leave that to my judgement. I should like to know what boy does deserve kindness from his father, if you don't? If I had a dozen sons I could not ask them to be more faithful and industrious than you have been. There, there! don't shed any tears over it—you're tired—better go to bed as soon as you can, so as to feel fresh in the morning. If it's a good day to-morrow, we must secure that rowen."

"Thank you, father, Philip said, with a quivering voice, and went immediately up stairs. If he had been a little less overcome himself he would have noticed that his father's voice was slightly shaky: and if he had looked back as he passed out of the door he would have seen his father hastily brush a tear or two from his own eyes.

Henceforth there was no lack of confidence, sympathy and affection between Mr. Raymond and Philip; and by reason of a private interview that Mr Raymond had with Clinton Dexter's father, Clinton's home life was much more agreeable than heretofore.

Philip has always looked back to his fifteenth birthday as a remarkable epoch in his life; and he never ceased—until his aged father recently visited him and heard him speak rather harshly to his own little son—to marvel at the wonderful change that came over his father, himself, or both at that time. Then his father took him aside and told him the whole story, and cautioned him against growing into the habit of speaking in that way to his children.

"Always remember, Philip," he said, "that crustiness and harshness are no more agreeable to a child's feelings than they are to a grown person's; and that they are more likely to lead any one out of ths right path than into it; and that they never will forget love."

SIMPLICITY REWARDED.—Doctor Erskine, a celebrated Scottish divine, was remarkable for his simplicity of manner and gentle temper. He returned so often from the pulpit minus his pocket handkerchief, and could tell so little how or where it was lost, that Mrs. Erskine at last began to suspect that the handkerchiefs were stolen, as he assended the pulpit-stairs, by some of the old wives who lined it. So, both to balk and detect the culprit, she sewed a corner of the handkerchief to one of the pockets of his coat-tails. Half way up the stairs the good doctor felt a tug, whereupon he turned round to the old woman whose was the guilty hand, to say, with great gentleness and simplicity: "No' the day, honest woman—no' the day. Good Mrs. Erskine has sewed it in."

☞ An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared very little about what she ate compared with knowledge.

☞ Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

THE COUNTY INVESTIGATIONS.

Hitherto the Old Bay State has been almost regarded as holy ground. Her law courts, it was believed, were administered by unpurchasable men; but the story goes, and it is not related in shrinking whispers either, that more than one District Attorney, who has eloquently pressed in open court for the conviction and punishment of offenders, has not hesitated to stoop to traffic indirectly with other criminals not less guilty but only more wealthy than those who were relentlessly put behind prison bars. There can be no doubt of this. There can be no shirking the issue that, through collusion with prosecuting officers, some of the greatest villians known in our criminal annals have been released from custody to freely walk the streets of this or other cities, for the reason that the plunder they had acquired was liberally shared with others. Precisely to what extent the practice has been carried, is not accurately known. Enough, however, is said to have been revealed to show that the roots of the practice reach way back to District Attorney Nelson's time, and forward to the hour when the late District Attorney Goodrich passed in his checks to the amount of $3000, and quietly accepted the intimation that "he couldn't run the machine any longer." By various methods, which will be disclosed before the conclusion of this article, an immense sum has been diverted from the treasury of the county of Middlesex alone. One authority puts the figures at $100 000. Another even goes so high as $200,000. The most moderate estimate that has been made in quarters reliable, and by men unexcitable, is that within the last ten years $40,000 have been dishonestly diverted; for a period almost surpassing belief, rarely a dollar was paid into the county treasury for forfeited recognizances. It is incredible that within the period named a host of prisoners did not jump their bail, and that surety after suroty were not compounded with, or obliged to meet their obligations in full. The process by which the county treasury has been made to sweat is well understood at the Middlesex bar. Every lawyer of any practice must have been cognizant of it, and, indeed, there is only too much reason to suppose that, under Lord Brougham's rule of subservience to the interests of clients, many have not refrained from aiding and abetting it.

THE COUNTY TREASURER

has known for years that he was receiving nothing from a source from which formerly he had received much. Sheriff Kimball, if he is acquainted with his duties at all, has long understood that the county was failing to obtain its just dues. Above all, the Clerk of the Courts, Mr. Theodore C. Hurd of Framingham, must have been familiar with the existence of "the irregularities." Indeed, in certain circles, the matter has been the subject of common gossip. The principal cases concerning which there are suspicious circumstances include the Groton pickpocket affair, in which it is asserted $2500 were divided among three confederates; the Merrimack House robbery, in which New York panel thieves named Albuters and Rice, in association with a woman by the name of Connolly, were concerned, and for the settlement of which it is alleged that $20,000 were paid to interested parties of Middlesex county; and the Lowell lottery case. These are the mammoth allegations. Yet it appears that the aggregate sums asserted to have been paid for the benefit of the great rogues, fail completely to equal the amount derived from the multitude of minor indictments that have never been prosecuted. The fruitful fountain of corruption existed in liquor cases. The constabulary law carries innumerable evils with it; and not the least among them will be found to be the piratical spirit with which many Massachusetts officials have under its influence, become imbued.

The method by which the District Attorney is supposed to have worked, is simple in itself. Criminals of all classes, rogues and liquor sellers, have been put on trial. If they desired to escape punishment, they of course waived examination and were held in bonds. In some cases it is presumed that for a consideration, what is known as "straw bail" has been accepted without difficulty. In others bail has been defaulted, suit begun against sureties, apparently in good faith, and then mysteriously arranged, the result being that while criminals walked the streets in broad day with bare-faced assurance, cases against them were placed on file, or proceedings singularly interfered with, with the design of permitting them to escape scot free. By the same marvellously effective system, it is said that dealers in liquor, under sentence to the House of Correction for violation of the law, have been enabled to avoid even entering upon their terms. In brief, it is alleged that the whole administration of the law, so far as the District-Attorneyship was concerned, was a question of dicker and not a question of justice.

THE TRIAL JUSTICES

are also included in the number against whom wholesale charges are brought. One gentleman of standing declares that there is but one in the county whose skirts are entirely clean. It is but right, however, to say that there may be proper evidence for support of the statement, and yet that the trial justices are not so widely involved as might be supposed. This class is entitled to receive from the county treasurer certain sums to be used to defray the expense of criminal proceedings before them. In these sums are included fees due to witnesses. It is a provision of law that all fees unclaimed at the expiration of three years shall be returned to the treasury. As a matter of fact, none were returned. The presumption has been that the claims of the witnesses were fully liquidated. Such appears not to have been the case. Many have remained unpaid, and fees justly due them have been diverted into the pockets of the justices. In other instances witnesses have been paid wherever casually met, and no receipts taken, the justices making all things even at last by assuming that all witnesses indicated on the list had been at some time compensated. Another "irregularity" consisted in the destruction of records of proceedings. According to the views of some, the practice has been divulged in to conceal iniquity; according to the opinions of many of the justices, because the records after they had served their immediate purpose were valueless. It is said upon authority which seems excellent, that the pinch will come in the determination of the investigating committee to hold all accountable who are unable to show vouchers for their disbursements.

POLICE COURT CLERKS.

System and accuracy appear also to have been wanting in the police courts Under the law, the county cash box should be the receptacle of costs, fines, forfeitures and unclaimed fees, but under the law the custodians of those cash boxes have only power to take what the clerks of courts were willing to render. On the one hand, it is said that the accounts of many police courts are largely in arrears; on the other, it is contended that Mr. Bailey's of the Charlestown court alone remains unsettled. For four terms of the Charlestown court, together constituting one year, that gentleman's accounts have been permitted to remain unsettled, but it is only fair to him to say that he contends that the county is indebted to him, rather than he to the county.

THE SYSTEM

under which deception has been possible was originated in 1860. Previous to that time the Commonwealth paid two thirds of all criminal costs, but at that period some person with a genius for reform devised the method now in force, and it was carried through the Legislature under the idea that putting all costs upon counties would give them a burden that the legal representatives of the people would be disposed to render as light as possible. To carry out such a plan, needed, of course, the cooperation of honest officials, and the services of these, it would seem, the county of Middlesex has not richly enjoyed. From the passage of the act under which the change was made, no person has had full supervision of affairs. The late District Attorney had no right to handle the money which he is accused of retaining. Sheriffs are the proper custodians of sums arising from these sources, and from their charge they should go to the county treasurers. It has been publicly said that "it is possible for such frauds to be committed without the connivance of the treasurers, to whom both classes of officers report, and it is undoubtedly true that this has often been the case, though there are instances where only a remissness and carelessness that fall hardly short of criminality can relieve the treasurer from suspicion of abetting the crime. When, for example, it is discovered that the clerk of a police court in a large place, who held the office for years, *paid over no fines at all*, it is impossible to acquit the treasurer, to whom he should have handed the money, of almost equal guilt." There is no pretence, we believe, that the treasurer, sheriff or clerk of courts of Middlesex county were ignorant of the transactions, and it certainly has not been the writer's privilege to hear the integrity of the two officers questioned. These things have been conversed about openly and freely within the last ten years, and it has been represented to the writer by persons who have certainly no reason to be biased in judgment by undue partiality for Mr. Amos Stone, the treasurer, that his criticism has been so freely expressed that his re-election to his post was thereby endangered. The only charge that can be made against the sheriff or treasurer is that they lacked courage, but even in pressing this it must be remembered that they had none of the proof that has been deduced recently, to work upon. They had suspicion merely as a basis; and the persons suspected stood as hon red men before the community, receiving the indorsement of the Republican party, and the approval of the people. The only course open to them and to the County Commissioners taken. They talked, and the Representatives and Senators of the county should have early brought about legislative inquiry. They knew of the alleged corruption, and the writer was assured that special effort was made without avail to induce Senator Salmon to open up the investigation. The fact appears that an immense effort has been made to repress rather than reveal. Political and friendly alliances have been regarded as more precious than purity. Even now, everything is done to prevent all the facts from reaching the public ear and an immense effort is making to strike down those who are earnest in prosecuting the examination.—*Boston Herald.*

☞ A man, recently, visiting one of the cemeteries at Portland, overheard a thrice-made widow, not yet old nor homely, who was standing beside three mounds remark to a gentleman who is known to have been attentive to the widow in her youth, "Joe, you might have been in that row had you possessed a little more courage."

☞ A bear attacked a Texan farmer's cabin one night, when the farmer got up into the loft, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves. The wife siezed a poker and aimed a happy blow at bruin. "Give it to him, Nancy!" cried the valiant husband. After Bruin was dead he came down from the loft, and exclaimed: "Nancy, my dear, ain't we brave?"

WOULD WORRY IT.—The plaintiff in a recent Cincinnati street railway case was asked by one of the railroad men present in court what he (the plaintiff) expected to gain by such a suit. His reply was: "You have heard of the man who, going down the river in a flat-boat, moored the boat one day to the bank, and, going up into the timber, found a man busily engaged climbing first one tree, then rapidly descending (and occasionally falling), and running to another tree, and repeating the operation. Continuing this for some time the flat-boat man approached the stranger (being curious to know the object of his strange manœvures), and asked what he was doing. The stranger, pointing to a woodpecker on the topmost branch, asked the flat-boat man if he saw that woodpecker. 'Yes,' said the other; 'but you certainly do not expect to catch it?' 'No, of course not,' said the stranger; 'but I will worry it.'"

☞ Accommodation train between Jamestown, and Lake View was the scene of a little incident on Thursday. "You don't think that the boy is under 10, hey, and you won't pass him for half fare? Just look at that, will ye?" And from out the old carpet-bag the old lady, with trembling eagerness, brought the well-worn family Bible, and turning to the page reserved for births and deaths, held it triumphantly up under the conductor's nose, with, "Does that look as though I was a liar, young man?" With such testimony before his eyes, the conductor could do no less than pass the boy for half fare, amid subdued applause from the passengers.

☞ The late Justice Talfourd, in his charge to the jury in an action wherein it was alleged that the defendant had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me. I am a gentleman. You are a tradesman," took occasion to observe, "Gentleman is a term which is not confined to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, the tradesman who discharges his duty with integrity, and the humblest artisan who fulfills the obligations incumbent upon him with virtue and honor, are alike entitled to the name of gentlemen, in preference to the man, however high his station, who indulges in ribald and offensive remarks."

☞ Young America, although unusually wide awake, in due time became sleepy, as did little Dicky, one evening. His grandmother put him to bed, and, as was her custom, read to him a chapter in the Bible, remarking, "Now, Dickey, I have read you a whole chapter, and you must go to sleep." "No, grandma, I ain't sleepy now; read another." The old lady complied, and said, "Now you must go to sleep; I have read you two chapters." "No, not yet; read one more—read the rubber, grandma." What else could the good woman do?

☞ The editor of the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye* has discovered a woman who will get up at six o'clock, kindle the fire, get breakfast, rout out the family, wash the dishes and six children, sew a button on the neck of her husbands shirt, and hunt his hat, go to a Mission Sunday School and teach a class, attend church, rush home and have dinner over and the things cleared away in time for afternoon Sunday School, read the Sunday School papers to the children, go to church at night, and talk on her way home about Sunday as a "day of rest."

☞ A young man having put a crown piece into "the plate" in an Edinburgh church, by mistake, instead of a penny, asked to have back, but was refused. In once, in for ever. "Aweel, aweel," grunted he, "I will get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny ye meant to gi'e."

☞ "Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh, y-a-a-s," replied the youth. "But I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither, and 'twixt she and I, we've about got the dog so he don't."

—— An old gentleman went into the office of one of the papers in St. John, N. B., the other day, and presenting a slip cut from a London paper announcing the death of a person well known in St. John, asked to have it inserted, "as there are a great many friends of his here who would like to hear of his death."

——Confidence in oneself is the chief nurse of magnanimity, which confidence, notwithstanding, doth not leave the care of necessary furniture for it, and therefore all the Grecians Homer doth even make Achilles the best armed.

☞ If you have been picking or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and stain will disappear.

——No man expects to find the true knowledge of God and eternal life who does not seek them with supreme desire, and holds himself ready to part with everything for their sake.

——It is not in placing the words that the effect of a good writer consists; it is in the thoughts bringing its own words, that leaps to it like the particle to the magnet.

☞ Simkins playfully remarked to his wife that he had four fools—beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and delightful. "Poor me!" said she; "I have but one."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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SATURDAY, NOV 7, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE ELECTION IN WOBURN.

The fight of last Tuesday was one of the most peculiar known to the politics of the town. It was full of surprises, and the victors were no less astonished than the vanquished. It was thought that Mr. Cummings would be surely returned to the House, and although the chances for a Gaston vote were better than for a Talbot, no one looked for the former 400 in advance. Yet there we were, beaten out of our boots, and happiness transferred to the ranks of the Democrats. Hiram Whitford, as a temperance candidate drew 37 votes, mostly from Cummings, and many who had deemed Cummings's election sure with only Wyman for a competitor, and were about to vote for him, concluded there was a show for Walter with three in the field, and threw their vote for him. The troops fought bravely, however, to the end, and nearly 1400 votes were thrown.

In the evening news came of the election of Banks, and music, torches, and huzzas became conspicuous. The first returns received at this office from eight towns in the 6th Senatorial District, gave Thompson 130 plurality, but the remaining five towns changed the scene and Britton was announced the victor with 375 to spare. The Banks men continued to march about town, cheering everybody. And here let us acknowledge our thanks for a cheer as they passed the *Journal* office. They were armed with brooms, and as the despatches came in, showing their friends had made a clean sweep of the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 10th districts, and finally had elected Gaston Governor, their cup of joy ran over, and more good feeling was never shown in Woburn. Having made sure that Britton was elected, with that crumb of comfort we went home, and left them alone in their glory. Next morning instead of the news coming better, it was worse, and the list of casualties something was awful to contemplate. Well, it is some score of years since we had a Democratic Governor, and a good many of us don't know how it seems. We are sorry to lose Gov. Talbot; he is a good man, a man of nerve and of principle, but people must have their rum and so Mr. Gaston is to be Governor. The Legislature has a hard task before it, to make a liquor law that shall be satisfactory. We do not envy any member his position.

We have experienced a shock, and the State has been considerably shaken. It can hardly be called a Democratic victory, although it is a Republican defeat. A good deal may be learned by a careful study of the phenomena of Tuesday, and he is a wise politician who shall improve by the lesson.

The following is the vote of Woburn:—

For Governor	
Thomas Talbot, of Billerica,	549
William Gaston, of Boston,	803
For Lieutenant-Governor,	
Horatio G Knight, of Easthampton,	584
William L Smith, of Springfield,	779
For Secretary of the Commonwealth.	
Oliver Warner, of Northampton,	591
B F Mills, of Williamstown,	768
For Treasurer and Receiver-General.	
Charles Adams, Jr, of North Brookfield,	589
Nathan Clark, of Lynn,	767
For Auditor.	
Charles Endicott, of Canton,	590
C Osgood Morse, of Newburyport,	764
For Attorney-General.	
Charles R Train, of Boston,	588
Waldo Colburn, of Dedham,	767
For Representative to Congress,—Fifth District.	
D W Gooch, of Melrose,	461
N P Banks, of Waltham,	880
W T Grammer of Woburn,	2
For Councillor,—Sixth District.	
George O Brastow, of Somerville,	583
Alonzo V Lynde, of Melrose,	773
For Sheriff of Middlesex County.	
Charles Kimball, of Lowell,	841
Godfrey Rider, Jr, of Medford,	472
For District Attorney of Middlesex County.	
George Stevens, of Lowell,	582
Charles J McIntire, of Cambridge,	773
For County Commissioner.	
Harrison Harwood, of Natick,	581
George H Stone, of Ashland,	772
For Commissioners of Insolvency for Middlesex County.	
Francis S Hesseltine, of Melrose,	587
John Spaulding, of Ayer;	586
John Haskell Butler, of Somerville,	586
A R Brown, of Somerville,	772
James Gerrish, of Ayer,	772
Clement Meserve of Hopkinton,	772
For Special County Commissioner.	
Lyman Dike, of Stoneham,	585
Samuel Staples, of Concord,	585
John M Tobin, of Belmont,	769
D N Skillings, of Winchester,	771
For Senator 6th District.	
Richard Britton of Wakefield,	533
A E Thompson of Woburn,	817
Nathan Wyman,	1
Peter Kenney,	1
For Representative 22d District.	
John Cummings,	616
Walter Wyman,	705
Hiram Whitford,	37
Samuel Cook,	1
William Woodbury,	1
Daniel Richardson,	1

MECHANIC'S FAIR.—Of the awards at the above fair, we find bronze medals were awarded to

A. N. Bowers of Woburn, for Hartwell's patent brush hammer.

Woodrough & Co of East Woburn for a frame of saws.

Harrison Parker & Co, of Winchester, for case of sample veneers.

Diplomas were awarded to White, Osborn & Co, (shop in Woburn), for a fine display of leather stock.

N J Simonds & Co, of Woburn, for a case of heel stiffenings.

W. H. Pearson & Co, (W. T. Grammer), for a case of boots and shoes.

Schayer Brothers of Winchester, for dressed alligator skins, and for boots and shoes from alligator stock.

☞ "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

VOTE OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY FOR COUNTY OFFICERS.

Towns.	Sheriff.		D. Att'y.		Co. Com'r.		Special Co. Comm'r.				Commissioners of Insolvency.					
	Kimball,	Rider,	Stevens,	McIntire,	Harwood,	Stone,	Dike,	Staples,	Tobin,	Skillings,	Hesseltine,	Spaulding,	Butler,	Brown,	Gerrish,	Meserve,
Acton,	266		117	152	167	98	117	116	151	151	95	118	119	152	151	152
Arlington,	287	249	262	274	263	278	261	258	276	258	266	266	266	277	277	277
Ashby,	112	66	111	66	112	66	112	112	66	66	112	112	112	66	66	66
Ashland,	198	168	193	167	171	190	193	193	174	175	193	192	192	174	174	172
Ayer,	182	108	285	7	147	148	147	147	148	146	120	137	147	148	143	147
Bedford,	62	52	61	55	64	51	63	61	54	54	63	63	63	54	54	54
Belmont,	103	142	104	141	106	139	99	103	144	141	104	104	104	141	141	141
Billerica,	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Boxborough,	69		28	41	29	40	28	28	41	41	28	28	28	41	41	41
Burlington,	41	74	35	79	35	79	35	35	79	79	35	35	35	79	79	79
Cambridge,	2393	2417	2289	2554	2315	2575	2284	2336	2549	2555	2049	2336	2280	2562	2559	2557
Carlisle,	73	44	68		72	45	73	73	45	45	73	73	73	45	45	45
Chelmsford,	199	128	192	127	195	132	194	195	132	132	112	195	195	122	122	122
Concord,	219	107	210	112	212	114										
Dracut,	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Dunstable,	32		32	57	32	57	32	32	57	57	32	32	32	57	57	57
Everett,	257	141	257	116	258	144	257	257	145	145	232	258	258	145	114	145
Framingham,	476	423	470	428	458	435	458	473	426	426	457	473	473	426	426	426
Groton,	135		139	70	111	86	134	134	70	70	129	123	134	70	70	70
Holliston,	470		264	224	224	229	242		221		242		221			
Hopkinton,	238	350	233	349	233	348	233	233	350	350	233	233	233	349	349	349
Hudson,	306		199	108	194	108	197	198	108	107	158	198	198	108	108	108
Lexington,	155	160	153	163	154	165	152	153	166	165	153	153	152	166	166	167
Lincoln,	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Littleton,	100	28	99	30	93	37	98	98	30	30	98	98	98			
Lowell,	3600	2007	2981	2393	2999	2549	2991	2996	2501	2483	2894	2996	2995	2509	2506	2502
Malden,	835	399	855	376	859	381	863	863	376	376	863	865	863	381	373	380
Marlborough,	443	449	410	483	408	485	409	410	484	484	378	410	410	484	484	484
Maynard,	83	82	83	82	83	82	84	84	81	81	83	83	83	82	82	82
Medford,	684	433	695	428	867	252	697	697	428	425	632	582	697	428	428	428
Melrose,	413	218	414	217	414	119	412	414	119	119	398	413	408	214	218	217
Natick,	1052	19	535	555	640	388	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Newton,	1122	495	953	406	1133	494	1065	1143	493	495	1017	1147	1144	494	493	493
North Reading,	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Pepperell,	224		224		114	110	115	114	110	110	114	113	115	110	110	110
Reading,	311	135	311	135	309	136	311	311	135	135	275	312	312	135	135	135
Sherborn,	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....
Shirley,	82	87	86	83	83	86	86	86	83	83	86	86	86	83	83	83
Somerville,	1101	743	977	855	1029	811	1036	1038	810	809	1031	1038	1028	811	811	809
Stoneham,	516	358	515	356	517	358	495	516	352	358	516	517	517	358	358	358
Stow,	110		64	46	64	46	64	64	46	46	64	64	64	46	46	46
Sudbury,	88	72	85	72	86	72	88	88	72	72	88	88	88	71	72	72
Tewksbury,	106	49	103	52	101	53	103	103	52	52	103	103	103	52	52	52
Townsend,	168	131	170	128	170	128	170	170	128	128	170	170	170	128	128	128
Tyngsborough,	51	16	34	26	34	26	35	35	26		35	35	35	42	42	42
Wakefield,	428	370	425	375	423	372	427	427	371	370	427	427	428	372	372	371
Waltham,	965	465	642	798	647	793	647	647	794	794	645	645	646	795	795	795
Watertown,	403	269	403	271	405	269	405	405	269	269	405	405	405	269	269	269
Wayland,	128	125	138	125	130	125	138	138	125	125	115	138	138	125	125	125
Westford,	157		151	202	128	213	151	151	202		151	151	151	202	202	202
Weston,	129	17	128	18	126	18	126	128	18	18	126	128	128	18	18	18
Wilmington,	46	39	46	38	46	39	46	46	39	39	46	46	46	39	39	39
Winchester,	319	140	298	166	290	162	297	296	161	145	298	296	298	157	162	162
Woburn,	841	472	582	773	581	772	585	585	769	771	587	586	586	772	772	772
Total,	20878	12247	18189	14776	18331	14903	17252	17190	14476	13980	16531	17051	17357	14269	14683	14349

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.—The Democratic caucus held in Temperance Hall, Saturday evening, Oct 31st, was to order by A E Thompson, Esq, Chairman of the Democratic Town committee, who read the call. The meeting organized by choice of Wm M Miller, chairman, and S F Trull, Secretary. On motion of John I Munroe it was voted to proceed to ballot for Representative. Messrs John I Munroe, Peter Kenney, and Capt J P Crane were appointed by the Chair a committee to receive, sort and count the votes. The balloting resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes,	97
Necessary for a choice,	49
Walter Wyman,	60
Chas. B. Winn,	19
John I. Munroe,	15
John P Crane,	3

On motion of John I Munroe the vote was made unanimous, and Mr Wyman accepted the nomination in a few remarks. A E Thompson, Sewall D Sampson, Thos H Hill, James McGuire and Wm M Miller were appointed a Town Committee. After choosing a rallying Committee and listening to speeches from several gentlemen, the meeting adjourned.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.—The next lecture of the Channing Fraternity Scientific course will be given in the Unitarian vestry on next Thursday evening, Nov. 12th, at 7 3-4 o'clock, by Parker L. Converse, Esq., of Woburn. His subject will be "Probabilities," and will treat of the science of the weather.

The remaining lectures of the course as aaranged may now be announced as follows: Nov. 20, Prof. E. S. Morse of Salem. Subject, "Flowers and their Friends." Nov. 30, To be announced. Dec. 10, Rev. W. S. Barnes, subject, "Coal." Dec. 17, Prof. W. H. Niles of Cambridge; subject, "Rambles among High Alps." Dec. 28, John Clough, M. D. Jan. 14, To be announced. Jan. 28, Ephraim Cutter, M. D. Feb. 11, Prof. L. S. Burbank of Woburn; subject, "Mammoth Cave." March Prof. Kneeland of Boston; subject, "Iceland. John Cummings, Esq., of Woburn and Prof. G. L. Goodale of Cambridge will speak in the above course. Any changes of date or name that may be necessary will be duly announced. Tickets may be obtained of members of the Fraternity, at several of the stores and at the door,

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republican caucus Saturday evening was called to order by Jacob Brown, chairman of the Town committee. The meeting was further organized by the choice of Hon. J. G. Pollard as President and Capt. E. F. Wyer as Secretary. On motion of J. R. Kendall the meeting proceeded to ballot for representative, Joseph McIntire, C. K. Conn, and Nathan Wyman acting as tellers. The ballot resulted as follows:—

Whole number of votes,	103
John Cummings,	102
G. W. Pollock,	1

Col. Grammer and G. W. Kimball were appointed a committee to notify Mr. Cummings and invite him to the hall. They returned with the report that he was not in the village, but they would notify him before the election. On motion of Jacob Brown a list of rallyers and vote distributors were appointed by the chair, and the meeting adjourned.

☞ William Gaston, Governor elect, was born in Killingsly, Conn., Oct., 3, 1830, and graduated at Brown University. Has served three years in the House, one year in the Senate, two years as Mayor of Roxbury, two years as Mayor of Boston. He is one of the leaders of the Suffolk bar.

William Winn of Burlington has been in the House six years—in 1870 for the last time. He is a Democrat, but personally very popular, and very apt to carry the House by one of his downright appeals, in a tight condition of things.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Cummings of Woburn, who has been engaged in unearthing the "irregularities" of the Middlesex county officers fails of a re-election to the House. He is succeeded by a Democrat.—*Boston Journal.*

W. M. P.—The Assembly at Armory Hall, last Friday evening, was a very satisfactory inauguration of the course. The appearances indicate a successful course. The ball and all the surroundings are pleasant, and our dancing friends are sure of a good time. The next assembly will be on Nov. 13.

EVERY TIME.—Gen. Banks at the Parker House, last Tuesday evening, remarked, (so says the *Post*), "For myself, I cease from this day forward to be a party man. [Great applause.] I am for my country, all its parts, all its people, all its interests, *all its honors, every time* and always.

☞ The dust is as thick this (Friday) morning as the smoke was last Tuesday. Both were bad for the eyes.

REPRESENTATIVES. — The following have been elected to the House from the Middlesex County Districts:

James W McDonald, Ind.

John D Flynn, John Sanborn, both Dem.

Joseph W Hill, Rep; L R Brintnall, Dem.

S Z Bowman, J A Cummings, of Somerville, Jas Pierce, of Malden, all Rep.

D W Lawrence, of Medford, Dem.

A B Coffin of Winchester, Rep.

Levi L Cushing of Cambridge, Dem.

Daniel H Thurston, Austin Wellington, Ed Kendall of Cambridge,all Rep.

J W Coveney of Cambridge, Rep.

Isaac T Burr, Isaac Pratt, both Rep.

Franklin G Morris, Rep.

Wm E Bright of Waltham, Rep.

J B Fairbanks of Natick, Rep.

Lowell Coolidge, Rep.

Clement Meserve of Hopkinton, Dem.

George Haven of Framingham, Rep.

F C Curtis of Marlborough, Rep.

Wilbur F Brigham of Hudson, Rep.

Wm H Bent of Wayland, Rep.

George Hayward of Concord, Rep.

William Winn of Burlington, L.

Walter Wyman of Woburn, Dem.

John Best of Stoneham, E S Goss of Melrose, Reps.

A P Cook of North Reading, Rep.

Albert J. Trull, Rep.

Artemus S Tyler, C A F Swan, Reps.

J E Hill, Dem.

Joel Knapp, Rep.

Cyrus K Russell, Rep.

Gayton M Hall of Dracut, Rep.

E. C. Williard, Dem.

E A Spaulding, Dem.

Republicans 30; Democrats 9; Liberals 1.

SENATORS.—The following Senators have been selected from Middlesex:—

1st Dist,—R R Wiley of Charlestown, Ind.

2nd Dist.—Christopher E Rymes of Somerville, Dem.

3rd Dist.—Ezra Parmenter of Cambridge, Dem.

4th Dist.—Ezra D Winslow of Newton, Rep.

5th Dist.—Joseph A Harwood of Littleton, Rep.

6th Dist.—Richard Britton of Wakefield, Rep.

7th Dist.—William E Livingstone of Lowell, Dem.

LAST GUNS.—Last Monday evening the Republicans met in Lyceum Hall. Col. Grammer was president, and very gracefully introduced Hon. J. G. Blaine of Maine, who spoke for an hour in review of the records of the two great parties, on the Constitutional amendments, and on the importance of maintaining Republican supremacy in Congress. He was followed by Gen. J. A. Hall, who was on his way to Arlington, and stopped in passing to speak for half an hour. One remark of his has great significance. He said "if the Republicans are defeated to-morrow, I will take your check list and point you to the names of enough Republicans who remained away from the polls, to have changed the result.' The North Woburn Band furnished music. There was a goodly number of ladies in the audience.

At the Banks meeting, Monday evening, after an outside display of music, torchlights and fireworks, &c, the people assembled in Yale's mammoth tent to listen to addresses by General N. P. Banks, Mr. Hamilton of Dedham, and Col. Russell H. Conwell of Somerville. The platform was occupied by the members of the Banks Club, and prominent Democrats of the town. The speakers were introduced by John I Munroe Esq. We are unable from lack of room to give full reports of the speeches, but they were very good, and patiently listened to. Col. Conwell said Banks is to be speaker of the next House, and next President of the United States.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting of the Board on Thursday evening. All present but Cummings and Putnam. Petition received from E W Gray and others for the laying of water pipes in Vernon Place. Voted that the whole Board view the nuisance complained of on Conn street, on Monday morning at 8 1-2 o'clock. Voted to call a Town Meeting for Monday, Nov 16. The usual monthly bills were approved.

POLICE COURT.—Oct. 31st, Arthur Lynch, assault and battery on Andrew Dorrington, sent to House of Correction for 90 days. Nov 2, Thomas Magrath, single drunk, fined $3 and costs. Nov. 3, William Flynn, single drunk, $3 and costs.

☞ The broken Banks of Waltham have resumed.

☞ The shoe linings made by Cutter & Walker, of Lowell, Mass., seem to be in excellent repute among our leading manufacturers, for they are in use with the Bubiers and Olivers, D. Cummings & Son, L. F. Sweet, and many more Lynn houses, with Chace & Laubam, J. H. Farnsworth, and G. L. Davis & Co., of Haverhill, with Asa Cushman & Co., of Auburn, Me., with the Bay State Shoe Company of Worcester, and with Harris, of Philadelphia. All these first class houses speak in the highest terms of the quality of the linings. The firm turn out 1000 cases a day, besides a full line of suspenders, shoulder braces, supporters, etc. The linings are made of fine bleached cloth, from remnants, and the staying of bed tickings, cut an inch wide, and suitable for heavy shoes.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

The suspenders of the above firm are very deservedly popular in Woburn, and Hammond sells great numbers of them.

Vote for Senator in the Sixth Middlesex District:

Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District.	Richard Britton, of Wakefield.	A. E. Thompson, of Woburn.
Bedford	61	56
Billerica	243	37
Burlington	32	82
Lexington	133	182
Melrose	358	240
North Reading	94	38
Reading	307	135
Stoneham	482	391
Tewksbury	101	50
Wakefield	419	361
Wilmington	46	40
Winchester	222	237
Woburn	533	817
Total	3031	2656

GOOD TEMPLARS.—At a regular meeting of Woburn Lodge of Good Templars the following officers were elected for the ensuing quarter:

W C T,—David Cronin,
W V T, Mary Bowers.
W Sec,—Scott Ward,
T—Frank Graydon,
F S,—Emma Merrill,
N M,—Robert Shaw,
Chap,—Susie Gillespie,
I G,—Lizzie Neville,
O G,—Thomas Heartz,
W D M,—Mary Jewett,
A S,—Maggie Cushing,
R H S,—Mrs P M Leighton,
L H S,—Mrs Q R Ward,
P W C T,—F W Vye.

ANOTHER FIRE.—About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the house of W P Strafford on Wood's Hill was found to be on fire. The steam gong blew a center alarm at first, and then blew District 4, causing a little delay. The Steamer, Hose 1, 4 and 5, and Hook & Ladder 1 responded. Water was taken from the hydrant opposite Vernon Place, but there was not head enough, and the Steamer was set to work, and the fire was drowned out. The fire caught from the chimney. The house was badly damaged with fire and water. Mr. and Mrs Strafford were away at the time of the fire, leaving the children and an old lady at home. Their goods were removed by the neighbors. Loss $1500; insured for $1200.

ACCIDENT.—While the steamer was playing at the fire on Sunday, a carriage driven by Peter Marm, now of Lynn, formerly of Woburn, attempted to pass. The horse was frightened, and J W Vye attempted to lead him by. At the same moment the safety valve opened, and the escaping steam startled the horse again, so that it ran away, threw out Mr Marn, his wife and child, and dragged Mr Vye some distance. The horse was stopped near the railroad bridge. Mrs M was slightly injured about the head.

WOODEN WEDDING.—That was a pleasant party at Mr and Mrs James Skinner's house on Mann St, Wednesday evening, met to celebrate his fifth wedding anniversary. There were some very nice presents, which were presented by John I Munroe in the name of the visitors. An elegant supper was partaken of, and all were happy.

FIRES.—Last Sunday morning Col. Cyrus Tay of the night police, soon after retiring, was awakened with the intelligence that the house was on fire. Making search, he discovered a closet in flames, the fire having caught from the chimney, which was heated over night to cook the Sunday breakfast. He put out the fire with a few pails of water, and without creating an alarm.

LYCEUM.—Mrs. Livermore lectured on Tuesday evening, but it was 'Lection night, and the audience was small. The lecture, however, was great. Next Tuesday evening, Mons. Dubois, the humorist, will unroll his "Budget of Blunders." Admission 25 cents.

G A R FAIR.—The committee on the G A R fair met Wednesday evening, and appointed the following gentlemen on the general committee:—

J G Pollard, John Cummings, W S Barnes, H S Kelsey, W M Young, C A Merrill, H C Townley, Geo M Champney, T J Pierce, D D Hart, E W Hudson, S O Pollard, W R Putnam, G R Gage, Walter Wyman, Nathan Wyman, A E Thompson, John Clough, L L Whitney, M M Tidd, D O Blanchard, L Warren Fowle, L W Cooper, C A Smith, Jacob Brown, John D Tidd, John Burke, Geo Buchanan, Wm M Miller, O F Bryant, Samuel Cook, William Ellard, S D Samson, W B Harris, Samuel Walker, John R Carter, E E Boardman, D McFarland, Marcellus Littlefield, Alex Ellis, E H Davis, James I Hanson, Charles H Buss, John I Munroe, A S Wood, Benj E Bond, John C Nichols, Simeon Weymouth.

The following ladies are associated on the general committee:—

Miss Susan E Edgell, Mrs Timothy Winn, J E Littlefield, Chas Choate, C W Carswell, W H Davis, Sullivan Simonds, Jr, Oliver Parker, W R Wheelock, Geo S Dodge, Martha F Pollard, Chas Nichols, Q R Ward, Richard Barrington, W R Putnam, J H Parker, F B Dodge, Jacob Kendall, Walter Wyman, Albert Thompson, L W Osgood, Geo H Conn, W H Howland, Katie M Conn, Charles S Converse, W T Grammer, J P Crane, John Clough, Martha Johnson, Chas G Lund, J Dexter Taylor, Samuel Walker, Abbie Dimmick, J B Sawtelle, Austin Wyman, J M Randall, Andrew Brooks, SA Grammer, George A Pindar, Amos Turner, G W Wolgamott, John True, E H Haggins, A T Young, Chas Tay, C Alonzo Pierce, Edw Fowle, Harris Johnson, R T Pickering, Hattie Woodman, W A Colegate, J E Faucett, Wm Totman, J E Marion, S D Sampson, Miss E Bancroft, Lousia Vinal, Ann Maria Snow, Louise Engard, Lucy M Cragin, Mary A Frost, Ruth M Leathe, Josie Randall, Jessie Dimmick, E F Pollard, Abbie Hanscom, Emma Fowle, Nellie Hayward, Mollie Conn, Carrie Wheeler, Eva Davis, Josie Ellis, Mary Champney, F McFarland, Julia Lincoln, Mary Abba Richardson, Clara Carter, Maggie Cutler, Etta Bowers, Susie Parker, Ella Dimmick, Lavinia Hart, Miss Rice, Miss Burdell, Mary A Richardson, Abbie A Campbell, Gertie A Leslie.

The general committee will meet next Tuesday evening at the Unitarian vestry, when a full attendance is desired.

CHARITY CONCERT.—The Charity Concert will be given at the First Congregational church, Wobhrn, Monday evening, Nov 9, at 7:30 o'clock precisely. It is to be a first class entertainment. The members of the Woburn Relief Association have interested themselves in getting it up, and not only spend their time in doing the work, but will pay for their own tickets to the concert. Let every family or individual who can possibly afford forty cents or a dollar, be present. A hard winter for poor people is at hand, and the society feel anxious to get the treasury well filled. This organization was originally started on the basis of assisting all without distinction of sect or party. If any discrimination was made, it was in favor of needy soldiers and their families. This principle will be adhered to in the future. Who will refuse to spend a dollar, when it is to relieve some fellow creature from suffering, hunger and cold? In addition to the attraction already offered at the concert, on next Monday evening, Mr C E Hay, the rising young basso will render valuable assistance. This gentleman has made rapid strides in his studies the past year, and is determined to take a prominent plrce among the resident artists of Boston. C.

North Woburn.

FAIR.—A fair and sale was held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week in the new chapel which is being completed by the Unitarians of this village. Quite a number of people from the center were present, and all the appointments of the festival were in admirable taste. The chapel is exceedingly pleasing and convenient in its arrangements for religious and social purposes and will afford a pleasant and much needed home for the Sunday School and congregation. For several years the Sunday School has been carried on with excellent spirit. During a portion of the time its meetings were held in the Congregational church of the village by the kindness of that society worshipping there. It is pleasant to observe the cordial feeling of the people, and the village as well as the young society may be congratulated upon the near completion of so neat and creditable a new place of worship.

Vote in the Fifth Congressional District.

	Talbot	Gaston	Gooch	Banks
Arlington	243	298	226	316
Belmont	97	146	86	157
Burlington	27	85	39	74
Boston, Ward 20, " " 21, " " 22	1849	2747	1439	3432
Everett	249	152	196	209
Lexington	134	183	132	188
Lynn	1852	1824	1182	2524
Malden,	747	476		
Medford	566	545	396	716
Melrose	399	239	358	276
Nahant	22	68	14	78
Saugus	262	174	124	320
Somerville	942	894	800	1047
Stoneham	489	381	317	538
Swampscott	106	110	63	155
Wakefield	411	387	344	457
Waltham	613	813	369	1068
Winchester	287	170	215	244
Woburn	549	803	461	880
19 towns.	9844	10,495	6761	12,673

Vote for representative in the 21st Middlesex District, Nov 3d, 1874:

	Wm Winn.	N. A. Taylor.
Lexington	187	125
Bedford	54	62
Burlington	89	31
Carlisle	41	64
	371	283

One scattering vote in Lexington for William Munroe. Winn's majority over all, 87. S. S.

SERENADE.—The North Woburn Band, on their return from Winchester on Saturday night, stopped at the residence of Mr. L. J. Lyman on South street and gave him a serenade. They were invited in, and were provided with a collation.

☞ Hundreds of lives have been saved by the use of *Hunt's Remedy*, the great kidney medicine. It cures dropsy and all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs. It is purely vegetable and used by physicians in their practice daily. Don't delay, but try it immediately.

New Publications.

KATHERINE EARLE. By Adeline Trafton. Boston. Lee and Shepard.

One of the sweetest, most naturally told stories we have lately read A story of American life well told, and in this particular field of literature the authoress stands unexcelled. It is a sensibly written, thoughtfully conceived and carefully wrought American story, that developes all those finer episodes of the many life characters of the age. The story of child life and each one perfect in themselves, yet very necessary in their connection with the whole story. Every one who reads this book, and it is destined to be read by everybody, will be delighted with Delphine, Jack and Katey. We can cheerfully recommend it to all our readers.

AMERICAN WILD FOWL SHOOTING. By J. W. Long. J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y.

This work is at this time a very acceptable little companion for our American sportsmen, a very well executed volume of 300 pages. As an instructive work it will be very valuable as the information herein written may be relied upon as true to the letter. Without any pretentions to literary merit, Mr. Long tells us of a true sportsman's experience in terse, strong terms. As far as our experience goes (being something of a sportsman ourself) we endorse its truthfulness with much satisfaction. As the author truly says "Wild fowling as an art, is but little understood by the great majority of sportsmen," therefore a work like the one before us is truly a valuable addition to the sporting lore of every man who loves to shoot. In this work will be found a technical description, so plainly painted that the sportsman, although he be an amateur only, will know his duck like a book when he sees him. A large amount of useful, first class information makes this one of the very best companions for the American sportsman.

NORWOOD. New England Village Life, by Henry Ward Beecher.

In speaking of this not new work by any means, we could, were we to write a critical notice of this latest edition, only utter the same sentiments that its charming and varied contents first called forth. In the words of the eminent author —"The habit of looking upon men as the children of God and heirs of immortality, can hardly fail to clothe the simplest and most uncouth elements of daily life with influence and even dignity." This as every one will at once concede, is a work of the highest style of thought, and as incident after incident pass before the mind, the most cursory reader will find in his own mind this as an ever present thought —"How natural, how true to daily life is this thought or fact." We can recommend this American novel, for it is a novel, to the careful perusal of the student professor, of the straightest sect, without any consciousness of wrong doing. It should be found in all our Sabbath school libraries. It should be read by old and young.

HOSE 3.—John Cummings Hose Co. have elected J W Ellard foreman in place of George Brown, resigned. Theodore Taylor is elected clerk, and Charles Marion treasurer.

SMASHUP.—S O Pollard's horse, left to his own devices, walked toward the stable, and tipped over the carriage to which he was attached, somewhat demoralizing the top.

☞ A clothes-line on Glenwood street was robbed Wednesday evening before ten o'clock. We are loth to believe any one would steal clothes from an editor. There must be some mistake.

COUNTY VOTE.—We give in another place the vote of 49 towns in Middlesex County, by which it appears that all the Republican county officers are elected with good majorities. The *Journal* is the only paper which gives these returns. The towns to hear from would not affect the result.

☞ The Charity concert is to be Nov. 9, instead of Oct. 9, as some have announced.

☞ At a meeting of the Board of Trade in Boston on Friday last, Mr. John Cummings was elected President.

PATENT. — N. J. Simonds has been granted a patent for molding shoe stiffenings.

☞ Bro. Winn had a blow out at the hotel in Lexington, Thursday evening. No reporters were present.

☞ A Democratic friend asks us where are the 20,000 majority for Talbot. We are puzzling over the same question.

☞ We give our readers to day information concerning the vote of the county, which will be news to all of them. Our tables settle the question of Who is District Attorney.

Winchester.

TOWN MEETING.—Agreeable to a warrant calling for a town meeting on Tuesday afternoon, at half past two, the voters of the town assembled, and disposed of several articles of importance. The Town Clerk called the meeting to order, and under Art. 1. D. N. Skillings, Esq. was chosen moderator. Under Art. 2 the jury list as prepared by the Selectmen, was with a few alterations accepted. Art. 3 in relation to taking a part of common street for a sidewalk, was left to the Highway Surveyors. Art. 4 was in regard to purchasing four hose carriages, and to provide suitable houses for them. After some discussion it was voted to purchase four carriages at an expense not to exceed $1000. and also to provide houses. Art. 5. Under this article the Treasurer was authorized to borrow $4000, to defray the expense of hose carriages and buildings. Art. 6. It was voted to build a school-house in the Adams District, and under Art. 7 the Treasurer was authorized to borrow a sum of money to be expended in building the house. Art. 8, in relation to paying Wm. Boynton the sum of $200 for change of grade in street was left to the Selectmen.

FIRE.—Last Friday afternoon the dwelling house near the depot, owned by James Houston, and occupied by Henry Bishop, the depot master, caught fire from sparks from a locomotive. It was promptly discovered, and streams from the hydrant and from the J. F. Dwinell chemical engine soon quieted all fears of a conflagration. Damage to the building slight.

H. & L.—The new Hook & Ladder Truck, "J A Huse" has been completed, and was on exhibition Tuesday. The truck is a good piece of work, and reflects credit on C P Pollard, the builder, and W Connor the painter.

LYCEUM.—Prof Churchill had a good house Monday evening, Nov. 2, '74 Next lecture by Rev G W Gardner; subject, "Raineland and Switzerland," Monday, Nov 16, 1874 Tickets for balance of course $1. Admission each evening 25 cents.

BAPTIST.—Preaching services will be help at the Baptist church by Rev. Dr. Gardner on successive Friday evenings, beginning Nov. 6, at half past seven. All are cordially invited. Last week the ladies of the Baptist society presented the pastor's wife with a sewing machine, a most welcome token of good will.

Lexington.

TOWN MEETING.—The meeting organized at 3:30 by the choice of Frank E Wetherell as moderator.

In relation to the improvements on Main street it was voted that the Selectmen ask the County Commissioners to reconsider their action upon that street

In relation to improving Waltham street, the matter was referred to a committee who should report at the March meeting. Committee consists of Franklin Patch, John P. Reed, C M Parker, Walter Wellington and A W Locke.

The consideration of the question of removing the ledge in front of Mr. Asa Cottrell's estate was postponed until the March meeting.

It was voted to continue the devoting of the rents of the Town Hall building and the Adams Engine House, to the fund for the statues of Hancock and Adams.

Voted, That the constables be authorized to procure the necessary furniture and bedding for the lockup in East Lexington, the amount to be paid for the same not to exceed $50.

Voted, That the Selectmen order the painting of the Adams Engine house hall and the furnishing of the same. It was also voted that the rental should be at the disposal of the Selectmen, and on the same principle as that of the Town Hall. Under this article, $700 was appropriated to carry out the provisions of the vote, and a committee of five was appointed whose duty it shall be to oversee the expending of the same. Committee consists of Messrs T G Hovey, D A Tuttle, L S Pierce, J B Fowle, Augustus Childs.

Voted $500 for the purchase of a Hook and Ladder Truck, to be done under the supervision of the engineers.

Postponed indefinitely the question of providing a general watering trough near the hay scales, at the junction of Main and Bedford streets.

Voted to instruct the Selectmen to secure one of the cannon lately donated by the National Government to the town, and that it be placed in the Memorial Hall as a trophy.

OBITUARY.—We give place to the following from the *Boston Journal* of the 3d inst., knowing that the very many friends of Mr. Lyman S. Dupee will be pleased to read it:

The death of Mr. Dupee of pneumonia, after a brief illness of less than three weeks, will cause a very wide spread feeling of deep regret among a very large circle of friends. The attack was a very severe one, and though possessing naturally a strong physique, he failed to rally, and died on Sunday at his residence in Lexington. For upwards of twenty years Mr. Dupee has been with the firm of Chandler and Co., and for many years at the head of one of their departments, taking entire charge of it. His kind and agreeable manners won for him the confidence of hundreds, who found in him so many excellent traits of character, that all his acquaintances became his firm friends, and at his death, probably no man in a similar position enjoyed more general confidence and respect. With these claims to consideration he combined still greater merit. He was a fond, faithful and most affectionate son, fulfilling every duty towards his mother with such alacrity that her comfort and happiness were the constant objects of his solicitude. There will be many to mourn for Mr. Dupee, many who will miss him from his accustomed place. They will ever retain pleasant recollections of one, who in his sphere was obliging and generous, and who as a good son and warm friend, has passed away in the very prime of his manhood.

☞ The Minstrels are coming next Wednesday, Nov. 11th, at the Town Hall. The talent will be wholly local, and after the variety portion of the entertainment, a popular and amusing farce will be played. Those who wish to help the young people who are interested in the Centennial, and who also wish to have a good time be sure and go to this entertainment. Tickets only 25 and 35 cents. Prices popnlar. Fill the house.

☞ Our fellow citizens in the southern part of the town are desirous of keeping up with the enterprise of the centre They are now agitating the subject of street lamps, and ere long they hope to present their streets to the public all equipped with lights. It will be found to be of great advantage. We wish it could be extended to other sections of the town.

☞ The teachers connected with Mr. Westcott's Sunday School, surprised him at his house last Friday evening, it being the anniversary of his birthday, and a very pleasant evening was the result. A bronze statue representing Science, was presented by Mrs. Robinson in behalf of her associate teachers.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. — The Democrats held their representative convention in Lexington last Saturday evening. William Winn Esq., was nominated on the first formal ballot and afterwards declared the unanimous choice of the convention.

DIPLOMA.—At the Twelfth Exhibition lately held at Quincy Hall, the Waverly Butter Co., of which Mr. R. W. Reed is a member, received a diploma for specimens of suet butter.

PRAISE MEETING.—There will be a Praise Meeting at the Unitarian church, to-morrow evening at 7 1-4 o'clock. All are invited.

Bedford.

AMUSEMENTS.—Waning autumn warns us that the long evenings of winter will soon be with us, and the natural inquiry has been of late, What are we going to have for entertainment all this season which looks so long as we view it from the start? An answer is already suggested by what we are having just now. A round of surprise parties has commenced, and but a few evenings since Mr. W. A. Lane was caught on the wing and taken into captivity by forty or more of his neighbors and friends from the village. William was hard to subdue, but after finding that the company had anticipated a call from the inner man and provided for such, he submitted with grace and concluded that quite a stroke of business could be carried on without spreading a placard at every waymark with the familiar clause of "W. A. Lane will sell by auction, etc." Such things are contagious, and soon we see a party of the juveniles wending their way to the home of a mate, and making each and all happy. Now comes a birthday, and of course we ought to do something to celebrate it. Lyman E. Wait, son of C. L. Wait, Esq., is eighteen on Nov. 2nd, and a plan is made to give him a grand surprise. The Town hall is engaged, invitations given, and a party of about one hundred and fifty are gathered, the young man having been out to tea in honor of this anniversary, came to the hall to assist in making arrangements for a coming entertainment when old and young rushed upon him as bees to a molasses-hogshead. After the storm subsides L. recovers to find that "Ignorance was bliss" in this case. The entertainment is as varied as interesting; while some are engaged in the good old fashion of touching each other's bill just for fun, others are making merry in various ways. Several young men from abroad added much to the entertainment, and the company were greatly indebted to Earnest Clark of Washington, D. C., for tastes in elocution, and to Mr. Fish for a feast of comic songs. A bountiful supper was done justice to, and a jolly company they were when midnight drew near.

LYCEUM.—An association has lately sprung into existence which is calculated to entertain and edify as well, called, "The Young Folks Lyceum." A part of the evenings thus far have been spent by reading some of the popular works with a charade thrown in now and then for rarity. We think this bids fair to be a success, for on Tuesday evening of next week Rev. Mr. Porter of Lexington, is to give us a lecture, subject, "Cemeteries, Ancient and Modern." Although the subject is a *grave* one, we are satisfied from what we have heard from him in the past that this will be well worth attending. A lecture by a clergyman from Boston is anticipated during the season. Why not believe that we shall have a plenty of entertainment this winter?

STREETS.—The town voted a short time since to widen and straighten the street that leads to the depot. She has just begun and before winter is settled upon us we expect to go the station of the Middlesex R. R. through an avenue that will be a credit to the town and an attraction to those who are looking for a place to locate and build some elegant residences.

ABRAM.

REPUBLICAN-DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The convention which was held at Bedford Oct 21st, was called to order by L. Wetherell of Lexington, chairman of the District Committee, and Hon. Chas. Hudson of Lexington was chosen president, and George H. Robbins of Carlisle, secretary. Messrs G E Muzzey of Lexington, E S Hutchins of Carlisle, Marshall Wood of Burlington, and Thomas Stiles of Bedford were chosen a committee on credentials, and reported 4 towns represented by 38 delegates. Selah Simonds of Carlisle nominated Nathaniel A. Taylor of his town, as a gentleman who he thought would fairly and faithfully represent the district. Hon. Chas. Hudson spoke of the duties of the hour, urging upon the district the necessity of choosing the best man. He nominated Mr. L. A. Saville of Lexington, and stated that he was the choice of the caucus in his town by a large majority. It was voted to take an informal ballot and Messrs Muzzey of Lexington, Hutchins of Carlisle, and Webber of Bedford were appointed committee to receive, sort and count the votes. The result was as follows:

Whole number	38
Necessary for choice	20
N. A. Taylor	20
L. A. Saville	18

It was voted that this result be declared the formal action of the convention, and then made unanimous. E S Hutchins of Carlisle, M B Webber of Bedford, H S Marion of Burlington, and F E Wetherell of Lexington were chosen a district committee for the ensuing year. The candidate was at this point introduced to the convention, and returned thanks for the somination.

Arlington.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION.

On Tuesday last Arlington polled the largest vote she ever cast at any election and probably never before has so deep and general an interest been felt. The campaign though brief, has been spirited and at the different meetings our people have heard the merits of the questions and the candidates who are to act upon them discussed by the ablest of speakers. Gen. Banks, Mr. Gooch, Mr. Blaine, and others at the meetings held, have gone over the merits of the question, and the following is the result so far as Arlington is concerned:

For Governor	
William Gaston, Democrat	298
Thomas Talbot, Republican	243
For Representative to Congress	
Gen. N. P. Banks, Independent	316
D. W. Gooch	226
For Representatve to Legislature	
John H. Hardy, Arlington	261
A. B. Coffin, Winchester	260

The poll in Winchester stood 161 for Mr. Hardy, and 292 for Mr. Coffin, thus electing the latter gentleman to the popular branch of the Legislature by a majority of 128. The vote on the balance of the ticket varied but little from that of Governor.

In a dazed and dumbfounded political campaign, consequent upon the result of the October elections, loaded with side issues, personal contests and all elements of local quarrel and distrust, weighed down and handicapped by the responsibilities and consequent grudges of long-continued power, the Republican party in this district particulraly, and through it the State, had suffered a defeat. Wherever votes could have been of most use to the party, and of course to their principles, they were withheld or given to the Democracy, and the sober result, the after-thought of the next morning, now comes up for careful consideration.

We do not regard this action of a powerful political party as a whim or a fantasy. The truth is that there was a grave discontent within the party, and they incurred a premeditated defeat. There were real causes, and obscure causes which controlled them, and perhaps the obscure causes were the most influential. There is a disposition to hold any party in power responsible for policies which have nothing to do with politics. In the flush times that preceded the panics of late years, little thought was given to these matters. In the pinch which follows our financial troubles, thousands turn their thoughts to all these minor issues, are sure mistakes have been committed, and are convinced that the leaders and public men, however honest and wise in the wisdom of a year ago, should be convicted and punished for what the event proves to have been the unwisdom of to-day. Load down this mistake, common as it is to all classes, part as it is of all that is prompt and hopeful in human nature, with a few charges of corruption in office, and the thing is settled. People wanted a change; they have got it. The Athenians got tired of Aristides the Just and ostracised him.

SAVINGS BANK BUILDING. — The most attractive and convenient building in the center of the town for business or other purposes, is the new Savings Bank Building, on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant streets. Ground was broken on the 20th of May last under the direction of the building committee of the bank, Messrs. G Y Wellington, Wm G Peck and D P Green, by the contractors, Messrs. Henry A and Henry J Bacon, and the work has been pushed forward with more than usual energy, so that on the 29th of October, the structure was turned over to the building committee entirely complete. The building, erected with face and brick and granite trimmings, is three stories high, and quite ornamental. A granite tablet inscribed "Savings' Bank" "Odd Fellow's Hall," occupying a large space in the third story. In the basement is a large store now occupied as a grocery, and convenient rooms for other tenants. The ground floor which is raised about four feet above the level of the street, contains two splendid stores, and in the second story are the banking rooms, substantially fitted up and very convenient, besides four rooms suitable for offices, etc. The Odd Fellows have been fortunate in securing the entire third story for lodge purposes. As they are still engaged in fitting it up, we defer a description until its completion. We are informed by the contractors that this has been in many respects one of the pleasantest ever undertaken by them, no change having been made in the original plans, and not so much as an unpleasant word passing between them and the committee during the entire time. Only one room remains unoccupied. The carpenter work was sub-let to Mr John M Dolly of Cambridge; the painting to Mr Coburn of East Cambridge; and the plumbing was done by our townsmen, R W Shattuck & Co. The entire cost of the building was about $28,000.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last week Friday evening, a partially blind man named Thomas Miller, while passing in front of Shattuck & Co's hardware establishment took the outside of the walk to avoid some teams standing in front of the store when he was struck and knocked down by a team owned by Wm. Kinnimly of North Cambridge, and driven by Patrick Shehan of Arlington. The injured man was picked up and taken to his home. Medical attendance was summoned, and all that could be was done, but he died Sunday morning. The coroner, Mr. J. T. White of Medford was notified, but as he deemed an inquest unnecessary, this victim to fast driving now lies in a pauper's grave, and his children and wife mourn because he is dead. Not even a post mortem examination was held. Would such have been the case had he filled a different station in life?

INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.—One of the amusing incidents of the late campaign occurred on the evening of the Banks meeting, Oct 30th. A company of boys paraded with fife and drum, one of their number bearing a transparency with two figures, one burned and scarred with the legend—"Banks—gone up," and on the other a picture supposed to represent Mr. Gooch. They got along nicely until they neared the centre, when they were set upon by other lads, who destroyed the obnoxious transparency and put the company to an ignominious flight.

On Tuesday morning after the Gooch meeting in Town Hall, some person or persons reversed the town pump,—a piece of malicious mischief it seems to us.

The transparency which was carried in the band wagon, announcing the Republican meeting in the town hall last Monday evening was found the next morning on the steps of the residence of one of the leading members of the Banks party.

TOWN MEETING.—About 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, on motion of Mr J W Peirce, article 2 of the town warrant was taken up, and Hon. J S Potter was chosen moderator. On motion it was voted to adjourn to Tuesday evening Oct 18th, when the remaining articles will be acted upon. The first after the election of moderator is to see if the town will make an appropriation to liquidate expenses incurred and damages adjusted by the Selectmen. The second is in regard to a system of telegraphic fire alarms, and the third in relation to the suits now pending, brought by mill owners and others. There should be a full attendance.

ROYAL ARCH.—The following officers were selected by Menotomy Chapter Thursday evening:—

M E H P—Joseph W Whitaker,
E B—Augustus E Scott,
E S—Henry J Crosby,
Treas—J Winslow Pierce,
Sec—George W Storer,
C of H—Charles E Goodwin,
P S—Henry Locke,
R A C—William H Poole,
M of 3rd Veil—F W Knowles,
M of 2nd Veil—L D Bradley,
M of 1st Veil—H Frost, Jr,
Chaplains—W P. Rider and G W Cutter,
Tyler—James Thaxter.

SMASHUP.—As the three o'clock train was nearing the depot last week Thursday, a spirited young horse, belonging to Mr. William Munroe of Waverly, attached to a light buggy was approaching the crossing. The horse became frightened at the train, and taking a sudden turn, upset the buggy, throwing out the occupant, a son of Mr. Munroe, who was quite severely bruised. The horse took to the sidewalk in front of the Town Hall and was finally secured in the yard at Pattee's bakery. The team was a perfect wreck.

RUNAWAY.—The horse attached to the express team of the B & L R R Co, at the centre depot, took fright at the train which arrives at 8:30 approached the depot Wednesday morning, and dashing in front of the engine, returned to the stable without a driver. He dashed the team against the telegraph post at the crossing, but did no damage, and was stopped in the stable yard.

FOX SHOOTING.—Several sportsmen in the upper part of the town started out one day last week to hunt a fox who had for some time been living off the hen roosts in the neighborhood. In the afternoon Mr. C. G. Locke joined in the pursuit and was lucky enough to secure the chicken thief. His skin is now nearly ready for the market.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Last Sunday evening Dea. Adams started up the railroad track from the centre depot, to visit the residence of Mr. S. A. Fowle, but mistaking the way, he stumbled and fell into one of the coal pits belonging to Mr. J. W. Peirce, on the right hand side of the track. Fortunately he escaped with a few bruises.

STOPPAGE.—Last Friday and Saturday the smaller mill of Mr. S. A. Fowle was obliged to suspend operations by the clogging of the water wheel with enormous eels, some of them more than three inches in diameter and three feet long, who found their way through the gate into the turbine wheel. A similar accident occurred about a year ago.

☞ The town pump at the centre looked so shabby beside the new granite drinking trough, that on Thursday of last week it put on a new dress of blue by the help of the painter's brush, and now shines out as bright as a new dollar; we mean of the old solid kind.

PERSONAL.—We desire to say that any of the local happenings which interest a dozen or more of our citizens will be given a place in our columns, and we hope interest enough will be taken to forward them to our address, Box 292.

☞ One of our town officers *cabbaged* our reporter this week. He owned he was *beet*. A pile of "Nonesuch" apples and other useful household supplies healed his wounded feelings.

☞ Judge Carter did quite a lively stroke of business this week in assisting at the grinding out through the naturalization mill at Boston and Cambridge new voters.

RESIGNED.—Rev M B Cummings, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Arlington, has been transferred by the Presiding Elder to Rockport, Mass. His place here will be filled by Rev Mr Tuttle, late of Minnesota.

☞ The next lecture of the Citizen's Course will be delivered by Rev Fred. Woods, next Wednesday evening, Nov 11, in the Town Hall.

☞ There was a lively and exciting race along the avenue last week between a pair of finely trained goats to wagon, and two Shetland ponies to saddle. The goats won. No time taken.

☞ John H Hardy, Esq., has opened a law office in the Bank Building, and will be in attendance every evening from 6 to 8 o'clock.

CONCERT.—The Sunday School concert at the Congregational Church takes place tomorrow evening, when Rev E G Porter of Lexington will speak.

☞ First Congregational Church. Rev Dr Hosmer will preach at 10 3 4 A M. Evening service at 7 o'clock. All are invited.

☞ The new grocery store opened in the basement of the Bank building is well stocked.

☞ Any one having a small tenement to rent can find a good tenant on application at this office.

☞ Notwithstanding that lotteries have been in favor from the earliest times, and great fortunes made by those who are willing to risk a little for the chance of getting much, there is a good deal to be said against them. And a good deal *has* been said against them, so that thousands who would like to take a chance are kept from it by the notion that it is not moral to make a fortune at one lucky stroke. Then there are so many bogus schemes offered, in which the tickets are all blanks, managed by unknown persons, in whom the public has no confidence, that a cautious man naturally hesitates before investing even a small sum.

Such prudent people now have a chance to try their luck in a magnificent scheme, where everything is fair, and the chances great. The Public Library of Kentucky will give its fifth and last gift concert at Louisville, on the 30th of November, 1874. Two and a half million of dollars in cash will be distributed in twenty thousand prizes, the highest of which is $250,000 cash. Whole tickets cost only $50, and a tenth of a ticket, or one coupon, $5. The concerts, of which this is positively the last, are under the management of Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette, of Kentucky, associated with other gentlemen of the highest character and standing.

THE PRICE TELLS

AND

EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

AT RETAIL

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.

$12 to $24.

Styles Equal to the Best.

Sock Replenished Daily.

ONE PRICE

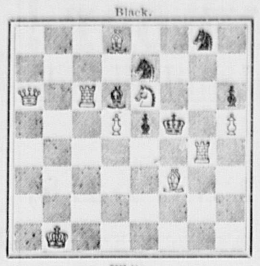
BLUE STORE.

12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 150

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 27.

Black.



White.
White to play and mate in two moves.

WOBURN, Nov 5, 1874.

MR. EDITOR:—The following seems to be the solution of Problem No 26:—

White	Black
Q to K6	P to B5
R x BP chk	K x R
Q to KR3 mate	
Q to K6	K to KB5
K to B2	P to K6 chk
Q x P mate.	
Q to K6	P to B5
R x BP chk	K to Q5
Q to KB6 mate.	

Should Black move P to Q5 first, then Q&R checks, and the other moves follow.

Yours truly, H. F. SMITH.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

The undersigned desires to thank the Winchester Fire Department, and his neighbors and friends who aided him on the occasion of the fire at his home last Friday.

HENRY BISHOP.

Winchester, Nov. 3, 1874.

NOTICE.

Stockholders owning shares in the Woburn Gas Light Company on the first day of October, 1874, are notified that a dividend of three dollars on a share has been declared, payable on demand.

AARON THOMPSON, Treas.

Woburn, Oct. 22, 1874.

Married.

In Woburn, Oct, 30th, by Rev. John Quealey, John McGovern and Mary Scanlan, of Woburn.

In Woburn, Oct. 29th, by Rev. John Quealey, Peter Murray and Agnes Collins, of Woburn.

In Lynn, Oct. 28th, by Rev. Samuel B. Stewart, Mr. Amos Shattuck, of Woburn, and Mrs. Lucinda Fuller Gove, of Ohio.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In East Lexington, Nov. 1st, Lyman S. Dupee, aged 40 years, 8 months.

In Lexington, Nov. 2d, Marshall Preston, aged 82 years.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

THE GREAT

WONDER of the WORLD!

IS COMING

Dr. J. Liverpool,

THE GREAT

INDIAN HERB DOCTOR,

Will take Parlors at the

Central House,

WOBURN, MASS.

Friday, November 13th,

FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

Where he will treat all CHRONIC Diseases.

Consultation, Examination, and Prescription for Medicine Free.

Those able are expected to pay $1.00.

Dr. Liverpool does not travel to make money like those life-sapping quack doctors who boast about their skill, their diplomas, and their great healing powers, and to get their Almighty Dollar. They take your money and do you no good. No! he has been in practice for fifteen years, and the Great Spirit says, "Go out into the world and heal the sick, free of charge!" so he follows the promptings of the Great Spirit.

How can this great man of Nature afford to travel and pay large bills, and labor for nothing? But he does not fear, for the Great Spirit will take care of that. Come one, come all without money, for there is no charge. We mean to treat the poor with the rich. There is help for you.

Go without Fail, Early, Everybody,

and see for yourselves. This great man of NATURE is a wonder; he tells you your disease at once, and what your symptoms are, and how you feel, then gives you medicine that will cure you—all free—no charge made; he does not take money.

CARRIAGE

To Cummingsville!

MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 9.20, 12.45, and 4. [illegible] On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave [illegible] after church. 166

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

Residence Franklin Street,

WOBURN.

Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

Matched Horses

FOR SALE.

A pair of Black Matched Horses, 8 years old, weigh 1200 apiece, good for coach or for team.
165 Inquire of H. PARKER, Winchester.

Removal.

Mrs. L. A. Gilman has taken rooms in the house of Mr. J. D Gilman, on Railroad street, opposite Broad street, where she will continue dressmaking, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

Fo Sale or To Let.

A store in North Woburn, suitable for an Apothecary. Apply at North Woburn Post Office.

WOOD

AT AUCTION.

On MONDAY, the 9th day of November next, at 12 o'clock, M, will be sold at auction in lots, the wood standing on fifteen acres of land, situated in the easterly part of Burlington, it being on the lot formerly owned by the late Capt. Stephen Nichols. Said lot borders on the Peach Orchard Road, so called, and on Millstone Meadow. Said wood consists of a good growth of Oak, Maple, Birch, Pitch and White Pine, of a good quality for the market. Said lot is well located, being accessible at all seasons of the year.

P. S. The sale will commence on the southerly side of said lot, near said meadow.

By order of DR. ESTES HOWE.

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Burlington, Oct. 30th, 1874.

CARPETS.

The cheapest line of FINE CARPETS that can be found in the market are now for sale by the

New England Carpet Company.

A large stock just purchased of the administrator of the estate of a late manufacturer, comprising elegant Tapestries, solid Brussels, Kidderminsters, Extra Superfine, Super, Ingrains, Stair Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc. *All of which will be sold very much under market value.* Many styles for three quarters or one-half current prices.

BRUSSELS,	$1.50
TAPESTRIES,	1.00
EXTRA SUPERFINES,	1.00
SUPERFINES,	87 cents
INGRAINS,	75 cents
TWO-PLYS,	50 cents
CHEAP INGRAINS,	30 cents
CANTON MATTINGS,	12½ cents
STAIR CARPETS,	12½ cents
OIL CLOTHS,	30 cents

New England Carpet Company.

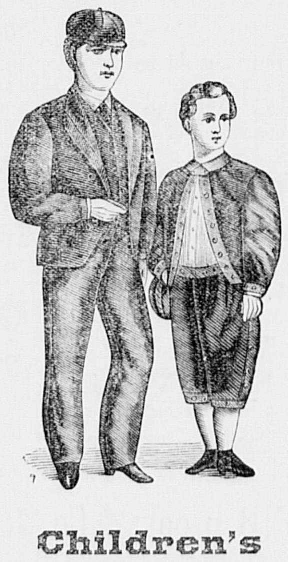
Removed to 85 Hanover St., opposite American House, Boston. 146

Geo. H. Lane & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers of

Men's, Boys'

—AND—



Children's

Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and

Winter Clothing

At BOTTOM PRICES.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock.

☞ One Price to all.

GEO. H. LANE & CO.,

31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

MEDICAL OFFICE,

806 Tremont Street, Boston.

F. W. A. BERGENGREN, M. D., assisted by a Board of physicians, for the scientific treatment of chronic diseases; the following diseases are successfully treated:—Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, treated by inhalation of Ozonized Air. Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Epileptic Fits, Paralysis, Ruptures, Gravel, Liver and Kidney diseases, Piles, Fistula, and all affections of the Rectum; Cancers cured by three weeks treatment; Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Headaches, and all kinds of nervous disorders. Female Complaints, Irregularities, Prolapsus, mercurial and seminal diseases, Chronic Dysentery, Skin diseases, Ulcers of the bone. Never fail to remove Tape-worms in from two to four hours. Diseases of the Spine, Hip-Joint, Contracted Muscles, painful Back Deformities of all kinds treated with great success by a new method.

We have successfully treated hundreds of patients for the appetite for alcoholic liquors and opium.

A short time under our treatment will completely restore your health, or, if not, no charge made.

Remember that we make chronic diseases a specialty, and if we don't cause a permanent cure, no cure, no pay.

Letters promptly answered. Consultation free.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,790,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM

AND

BARBER SHOP.

5 Railroad St., three doors from Main

WOBURN.

WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.

Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

"Don't you forget it!"

Large Lot

Latest Styles

HOUSE PAPER

SELLING LOW AT

Horton's Bookstore,

195 Main Street,

WOBURN.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate.

Pursuant to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by William A. Wilson to Anna P. Ripley, dated Oct. 26, A. D. 1872, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Middlesex County, Southern District, Lib. 1234, Fol. 284, will be sold at public auction for breach of conditions of said mortgage, on Tuesday the 10th day of November next at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises hereinafter described as follows: All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, being part of lot numbered thirty-six, as shown on a plan recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Book of plans number five, plan twenty-third, and bounded northerly by lot numbered thirty-five, two hundred feet; easterly by part of said lot thirty-six, fifty five feet; southerly by part of said lot thirty-six, two hundred and eighteen and eight-twelfths feet; and westerly by Tremont street, fifty eight feet, and containing eleven thousand five hundred and thirty square feet more or less, being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all the benefit and equity of redemption of the said William A. Wilson, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. The equity in said premises are now owned or supposed to be owned by the said William A Wilson.

ANNA P. RIPLEY, Mortgagee,

WM. WINN, Auctioneer.

WOBURN, Oct. 21, 1874.

SELECT DANCING SCHOOL.

MR. J. A. COOPER

Assistant teacher at Russ B. Walker's Academy, Boston, will give a course of 12 lessons in Modern Dancing to Young Ladies, Misses and Masters, in Central House Hall, commencing Saturday, Oct. 31, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Mr. C. has had eight years experience in the profession, and guarantees satisfaction.

FOR SALE.

BAY HORSE.

Seven years old, weigh 1200 pounds. Splendid work horse and good traveller.

N. H. HYDE,
Salem Street, Woburn, Mass.

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

Tenement To Let!

One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

The Aldine Art Union.

PROSPECTUS—1874-5.

Consistent with the leading idea of the enterprise—the cultivation and wide diffusion of a correct art taste in America, the conductors of THE ALDINE have long contemplated the establishment of an auxiliary "ART UNION," similar in character to the great English prototype.

The Art Union of London has been probably the most powerful influence for popularizing art which the world has ever seen, and its unvarying record of success in all the years since its foundation, taken with the equally successful career of THE ALDINE in this country, is a convincing proof that any sincere effort in the cause of art will meet with every encouragement from a constituency large enough to warrant the most liberal investment.

Pictures and rare Statuary, valued as high as $5,000 for a single piece, have been distributed to the subscribers to the English association. The good accomplished by such an agency is two-fold—the artist secures a customer for his best and most costly works, and one that will outbid any rival for the possession of a desirable specimen, while the subscribers, each getting a full value for a subscription, in the regular publications of the Union, share in the distribution of masterpieces, that few of their number would ever indulge a hope of possessing by ordinary purchase.

The continued accumulation of original paintings and sketches, incident to the business of an Art Journal such as THE ALDINE, furnishes an already valuable collection peculiarly fitted for a distribution among its friends. Those who have admired the inimitable reproductions in the pages of THE ALDINE, will regard it as no small prize to possess the originals of pictures that have acquired a world-wide fame. The autographs, so to speak, of the artists themselves, are all the more valued because of the great reputation gained for them by copies as nearly perfect as it is possible for copies to be.

In addition, THE ALDINE ART UNION will aim to secure at all times, specimens from the best American and Foreign artists, both in painting and sculpture, but the idea will be to increase the number rather than to dazzle with a few premiums and a great disparity of value.

THE PLAN.—*Subscriptions to THE ALDINE ART UNION are* $6.00 *per annum, payable in advance.* Each subscriber will receive—1st. A certificate, entitling the holder to THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, for one year. 2d.—A copy, mounted and ready framing, of the new chromo "*Man's Unselfish Friend.*" 3d.—A coupon entitling the holder to one share in the distribution of $2,500 of Art premiums in the "series" (each series being 5,000 subscribers.)

So soon as all the certificates of a series (5,000) are disposed of, the distribution of art prizes for such series will be made and awards announced in the next following issue of THE ALDINE.

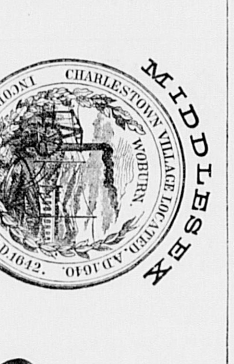
The postage on THE ALDINE will, after January 1st, 1875, be paid by the publishers, and is included in the regular subscription of six dollars.

For specimen copies and chromos, and list of prize paintings in series "A," call on F. W. Ellis, Agent corner Bedford and Willow street, or Sparrow Horton, 195 Main Street.

ONLY

$2.00 A YEAR.

WOBURN JOURNAL.



$2.00 a Year

ONLY.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

Three New Singing Books

THAT SHOULD BE UNIVERSALY USED.

The Leader.

For Choirs, Conventions & Singing Classes.

By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Price, $12 per doz., $1.38 per copy.

The Song Monarch.

For Singing Schools, Conventions, Musical Academies, &c.

By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Price, $7.50 per doz., 75 cts., per copy.

Perkin's Anthem Book.

Set Pieces, Anthems, Hymn Anthems, Sentences, &c., for Choirs.

By W. O. PERKINS.

Price $13.50 per dozen. $1.50 per copy.

Specimen copies sent post-paid for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

T. BRENNAN,

Horse Shoer,

Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

ICE CREAM

—AND—

Fresh Oysters

Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

AGENCY

—FOR—

BARRETT & BROTHER'S

DYE HOUSE,

BOSTON,

At "Horton's Bookstore."

Clothing, &c.

Cleansed

or Dyed

in the best manner. Now is the time to

ECONOMIZE

AND MAKE

Old Clothes NEW!

BRING THEM ALONG TO

195 Main Street, - Woburn.
20

THE

BRYANT & STRATTON

Commercial School,

BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete

Commercial Education.

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc.)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal.

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street. 54

For Sale.

A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

STOVE FOR SALE.

A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15, $16, $18, $20, $22, $23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.

WILMOT'S.

121 WASHINGTON ST.

BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.

The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.

No. 9 Railroad Street,

where may be found at all times,

Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.

Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.

Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. JACOB R. CURRIER. 37

Step Ladders,

LOTHES DRYERS!

AND CLOTHES HORSES.

Thompson's HARDWARE STORE

BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

And Dealers in 40

Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.

PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds

Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.

130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.

Miss Alice E. Bancroft,

would invite the Ladies to call at

No. 138 Main St., Woburn,

where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.

The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.

Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.

NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,

213 Main Street, Woburn.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.

Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in

ODELL & HUDSON'S

Elliptic Spring-Bed,

Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55

Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,

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Woburn Centre, Mass.

Remarks of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

At a meeting of gentlemen interested in the erection of a new building for the use of the Harvard Medical School held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Oct. 22d, to take the necessary steps to raise a fund for the prosecution of the enterprise. The meeting was composed of many of the most prominent medical practitioners in the city and other friends of the University.

"I am one of those who have been asked to say something on the best method of obtaining the money necessary for the purpose of erecting a new building for the Harvard Medical School. The best mode of obtaining money in this community is to show that it is needed for a good purpose. The less selfish interest the person who tries to obtain money for any purpose has in the success of his appeal the more likely it is to be listened to. The eloquence of salaried secretaries is often rendered less effective by their financial relation to the association which employs them.

I have been so long a medical teacher that I must naturally expect soon to yield my place to another. I am therefore at liberty to press the need of large aid to our Harvard Medical School with great freedom.

I have been so long out of medical practice that I can, without indelicacy, and without being suspected of any interested motive, urge the claims of the medical profession on the community in strong language.

Trusting that others will expose in detail the wants of the Harvard Medical School, and more especially that one great want, to supply which this meeting has been called, I will briefly state those which occur to me. One of these only is immediately before us and now urgent, but I wish to place the others on record.

First, the Medical School of Harvard University is in need of a building in a locality and neighborhood not unworthy of the institution with which it is connected; constructed with every possible precaution against fire; accommodated to the present greatly increased demands of instruction; capable of enlargement or additions as the growing numbers of students may require; substantial, of good proportions, of unostentatious but dignified aspect, This building should have two ample halls devoted respectively to its Museum and its Library.

Secondly, provision having been made for the safe keeping of specimens and books, a sufficient fund should be provided for the increase of both from year to year, according to the need of time, and the opportunities of making valuable additions. The demands of each will be a wholesome check on those of the other.

Thirdly, we must hope that in due time the more important professorships, if not all of them, will be endowed, so that the existence of the school will not under any circumstances depend on its being able to attract large classes by accommodating its standard of teaching to a popular average, and making its degree too easy of attainment. The time seems to be approaching when it will be proper to insist upon some respectable amount of preliminary education as a pre-requisite for admission to the Medical School, as well as to the freshman class of the academic branch of the University. A school must be, for a time at least, independent of numbers before it can venture on such a movement, and to be independent of numbers its professorships must be endowed.

Fourthly, a certain number of medical scholarships and of prizes for meritorious labors in the various departments are needs which will be gradually met whenever the school has taken the position at which it is aiming. These are the wants which now occur to my mind, and of these the first is the one that is especially before us.

I carried a gentleman recently graduated at Dublin University only yesterday to the Medical College, and was made to feel this first want most keenly. The one preparation which I most wished to show him was not in the Museum, where it was not thought safe to keep it, on account of the risk of fire, but deposited in the building of the Society of Natural History. I did not ask him to look at the Library, which is not what it should be; does not grow as it should, and never will until it is removed from an inflammable building and a most dangerous neighborhood.

With all the precautions which have been taken in the way of removal of specimens, the loss of the collections and the illustrations now in the building would be irreparable, and the college is liable at any time to the fate of Harvard Hall, which with all its precious treasures of books and apparatus, was reduced to ashes during the night of January 24, 1764.

It may be added that the condition of the neighborhood of the college building is not only such as greatly to increase the danger from fire, but that the region around it which the visitor passes through to reach it, and contemplates from its portals, is of such ignoble aspect and so hopelessly given over to baser uses that the graduate of any well ordered medical institution in Europe or America can only mentally exclaim, as he looks about him:

O! star-eyed Science, *hast* thou wandered *there*.

As to the internal arrangements I wish to bear testimony to the ingenuity with which every square foot of the interior of the building has been turned to useful purposes. But new methods demand new arrangements and an extended education means an expanded edifice. In a very years, perhaps in the course of two or three, the present building will be insufficient to provide for the absolute necessities of instruction. I need not insist any farther on the needs of the Medical School, which others have explained or will explain more at length.

I come then to the claims of the medical profession on the community. Let me begin by quoting a passage from a recent writer who has said many plain, true and most unpalatable things to the clergy and the so-called Christian people of England—the author of "Modern Christianity a civilized Heathenism."

"Men are pleased to call you *Reverend*," he says, addressing the English clergy, "but if such a title belongs to any profession on this earth, it belongs not to the parson but to the doctor. He it is who, in some degree at least, is making himself Christ to the suffering and the sorowing among mankind. He it is who turns out of his bed at midnight to cool the poor man's burning lips, or succor a woman with the tenderest efforts of his skill, who can never pay him sixpence for his trouble, whether her infant lives or not." "What you do cheerfully enough once in a way, he does as a matter business all day long. Your work is baby's play compared to his."

So writes a canon of the Established Church of England, if common report rightly assigns the authorship of that terrible satire.

The physician's life is one of sacrifices. He gives up not only his ease, if necessary his health and even his life, but what is dearer to some men, I might almost say, than any of these—namely, his habits. He drops his novel with the last chapter unread; he leaves the theatre with the fifth act just working itself up to agony; he gets up from a meal that is untasted; he leaves his pillow unpressed, or springs from it in the dead of the night to brave the wildest storm rain of or snow; he has not an hour by night or day when you cannot summon him as if were a slave and you were his master. He does more than the good Samaritan—he goes to the wayside to look for the wounded travelers and carries them in his ambulance to his hospital, which is an inn where there is no landlord to pay. He will stoop to wash your feet, if they are bruised and maimed, and do for you more than menial service at the call of humanity.

These are his sacrifices—what are your gains? The surgeon is constantly saving life. Where would you be without his aid in a case of strangulated hernia? Think of those wonderful and at first sight appalling operations—vivisections, I had almost said—by which hundreds of women have been rescued from inevitable death and come back to life, as the brother came forth from the sepulchre, as the maiden rose at the words of Him who said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth!" And in woman's special hour of anguish what do not she and those that love her often owe to the skill and care by which two precious lives are guarded or rescued? If the physician has not so often as the surgeon or the obstetrician the certainty that he has saved his patient from impending death, he cannot doubt that the measures he has taken not very rarely turn the uncertain balance in his favor.

Most men want to live as long as they can and at comfortably as they can, and the great business of the physician is to help them in realizing both these wishes I am not one of those whose tendency is thought to be to overrate the efficiency of medical treatment. I have been accused, on the contrary, of undervaluing some of the agencies employed in the treatment of disease. But while I never hope to see the great tidal movements of disease stayed by the employment of any drugs that we possess or are like to possess, I recognize with unspeakable gratitude the control placed in the hands of the physician over every form of suffering and discomfort. When a physician finds his patient panting, suffocating, drowning, in the fluid that is crowding his lungs, and boldly thrusting a hollow needle into his chest pumps it out and gives him breath again; when he goes to a patient gasping with asthma, and pricking an atom of morphia into his skin so transforms in the course of a few minutes that to borrow a sufferer's words, whereas he had been in hell he was now in heaven; when he visits one who is undergoing the torture of the passage of a gallstone and silences the pain with an anæsthetic that says "peace, be still," with an almost divine authority, I feel that nothing comes nearer to the Deity than he who is invested with such beneficent capacities.

The pains of surgical operations and of disease have been divested of much, if not of all, of their terror. The agony that seemed inseparable from maternity has been divorced from it in the face of the ancestral curse resting upon woman. With the first painless birth, induced by an anæsthetic agent, the reign of tradition was over, and humanity was ready to assert all its rights. It remains for the physician to claim for his art the right of procuring a painless passage out of the world, so far as is practicable, for the patient whom he can keep no longer in it, and without doing violence to the proprieties of the closing scene, to consider the physical process as one which should be under his exclusive direction.

I trust these grave considerations bring home to all of us the great importance of the medical profession to ourselves and the whole community, of which we form a part. And yet there is another work that falls to the lot of certain members of the profession more especially, to all in some measure, which has not yet been referred to—I mean the care of the public health.

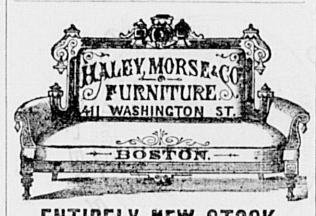
As our cities grow larger and more densely populated every year adds to the danger arising from causes of disease. We know too much of this practically here in Boston, where the death-rate is higher, I believe, than in any of our northern cities. We know also the diligent labors of our State Board of Health in the investigation of the sources of sickness and mortality, and their suppression. We have good reason to hope that their efforts will, if seconded heartily by the authorities, result in a great improvement in the health of a city which has prided itself on its freedom from malaria and its care of its citizens.

To have good surgeons, obstetricians, physicians, Boards of Health, you must have good medical schools and sound methods of instruction. We make no secret of the fact that we are not satisfied with the methods of instruction which were long followed in this school and which prevail very largely throughout this country at the present day. They were as good, perhaps, as could have been expected in a new country, but Massachusetts is not a new country, at any rate, and Boston is not a new city, and Harvard University is the oldest in the land. Its medical department has taken the lead in a great educational reform, the leading aim of which is to send into your families men who shall be more able to help you in your hour of pain and danger, to make the coming into life and the going out as nearly like the hours of waking in the morning and of closing the eyes in slumber at night, as is permitted by the conditions under which we come into being.

We want in coming years that this college shall send forth more men like Jeffries Wyman to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge; more men like Geo. Derby, to recognize the sanitary arrangement of all our negligent communities. We want to fit the physicians and surgeons of future to be to their time what James Jackson and John Collins Warren were to the first half of this century. And it is to further this wish and the effort that spring out of it that we make this appeal to those who have signified their willingness to listen, and to all who feel the importance of a thoroughly taught medical profession,

THE TEMPERANCE ISSUE.—The Democratic speakers have made such an outcry on the temperance question that we have followed them somewhat carefully to ascertain what it is their party proposes to do on this subject, in case it gets the power to do anything. We must confess however, that our efforts have not yet been rewarded with any discovery of practical importance. In the first place all the Democratic stumpers, including Mr Gaston, Mr Tarbox, General Banks, Mr Collins, George M Stearns, and the rest, plunge at once into, or we should rather say, make a dive at, national topics, the complaints of their Southern white brethren, the business condition of the country, anything else, in fact, till their time is nearly exhausted, when they bestow a few words of abuse upon Gov. Talbot for the vetoes he felt obliged to give last winter. But as for any clear, definite presentation of Democratic principles or purposes on the subject of temperance, we have nothing more valuable than this from Mr Gaston's last speech:—"But we acknowledge the necessity of proper and wise temperance legislation."

There is light for an intelligent people! True, some of these speakers repudiate the charge that they are in favor of free rum, but that of itself is no more instructive than the declaration of their opposition to prohibition. As Mr. Webster said, when a thing is to be done, an ingenious man can tell us *how* it is to be done. License laws are of all kinds—some are so stringent that many a prohibitionist would gladly consent to their trial, and others so near free rum that nobody could tell the difference. Give us your plan then, gentlemen, for carrying out a reform which you pretend is so desirable for Massachusetts. Tell us exactly what your idea is of the law you would have. Let us see whether you are agreed among yourselves: let us see if you know what you want; let us see if you are willing to deal fairly with our voters on this subject before election. If not, how can you expect to be trusted afterwards? As it is, fair minded men must say that you appear to be playing a game, and not a very shrewd one either.—*Boston Journal*.



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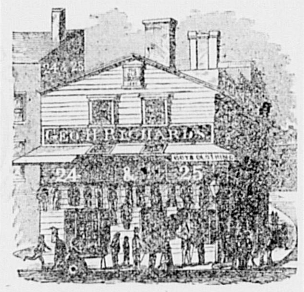

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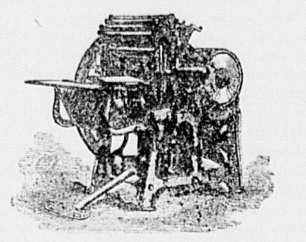

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Poetry.

AT LINCOLN'S MONUMENT.

["We stood in a vault paved with marble, the walls circular and composed of panels of polished marble. The workmen were putting the finishing touches on the ceiling—but what was of more interest to us than the walls or the workmen was a metallic coffin, rusted and tarnished by dampness, which lay upon two low wooden tressels on our left;—this contained the body of the ex-President. Neglected, it seemed to me, as it lay there amid the rubbish and dirt, the noise of the workmen, the dull rub of the polishing stone; yet this was to be its last resting-place."]—Indianapolis Journal.

In western Oakwood's sacred grove,
The stately stones of Art arise
'Mid busy clang where workmen move,
But lone our much-loved Lincoln lies.

Neglected 'neath the costly pile
A nation builds to one so prized,—
In rust and mould that form, the while,
Seems common dust, defiled, despised.

O countrymen of him who died
That we might live, serene and blest,—
Shall this, our work of power and pride,
But cast a stain upon his breast?

Shall this fair fabric which we raise,—
Our land cemented by their blood,—
Prove mockery to the father's praise,
Their virtues mouldering where they stood?

Kind Heaven forbid!—Let deeds, not stones,
Our reverence for their worth proclaim:—
In peace repose their honored bones,
But let us live their deathless fame.

Selected.

THE STOUT SKATER.

"Alice, my dear," said her father, "don't leave the breakfast table yet. I have something to say to you; at least as you may possibly feel that the matter is of some little importance, bearing reference, as it does, to a thing that is likely to be more permanent than a bonnet, I have thought it proper just to mention it to you. And I have to suggest Matilda, that you, on your part, who are evidently lingering from the somewhat contemptible motive of feminine curiosity, will withdraw yourself for a brief period."

Her father having thus delivered himself Miss Matilda Temperly unwillingly retired.

"What can he possibly want to tell Alice?" she said to herself, musing in the solitude of the drawing-room. "She has run up no dressmaker's bills. I wish I hadn't. She never flirts, as they say I do. Since Walter Strange went to the West Indies she has cared nothing for admiration; indeed, she cared little before. It is quite useless her being pretty; she is so quiet and downcast. What can pa possibly have to say to her!"

Thus the elderly Miss Temperly meditated during quite as long a space of time as she ordinarily gave to meditation, to which she was less partial than, as may have been inferred, to admiration.

But presently a Junonian anger took possession of her soul. Her cheeks flushed; she spoke quickly; she even vituperated her sister, who, the author of this charge, arriving out of the breakfast room, had explained the cause of her detention by her father. Not that poor Alice's appearance was at all provocative of resentment. Her large, blue trustful eyes were dim with tears; her figure, in the slightness of which there was not much strength, was now and then agitated by a sob; the bloom which she had for a long time partly lost, in consequence of a love sorrow, was just now altogether off her face.

"Don't be so unkind to me, Matilda," she said, lifting up her imploring blue eyes, which would have melted a masculine heart, to her sister's face, while the latter stormed.

"It is all make-believe; you have got something in your pocket-handkerchief that brings tears," said Alice, implacably, as she paced up and down the room hurriedly; "You have been wheedling pa, or he would give me the option of marrying this Mr. Ferguson's letter again."

"He writes that his uncle, Mr. Archer Ferguson, who knew papa when they were schoolboys together, will make him heir to the whole of his very large West Indian property, on condition of his marrying one of papa's daughters. And I must say," proceeded the gentle Alice, "that it is too bad of papa to insist upon my marrying a man whom I have never seen and of whose character I know nothing. He may be a Bluebeard. Besides, as you very well know, I do not care to marry." Alice's utterance here again became impeded.

"I suppose," her sister said, "that you refer to that rubbish about Waller Strange. If you really don't want to marry this Mr. Ferguson, I do."

Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Matilda," Alice said with some warmth.

"No girl ought to marry a man unless she has seen him often and knows him well."

"I am tired of being single," Miss Temperly replied. "I have heard enough of papa's speechifyings. I am getting on, and I detest the idea of being an old maid. And if this Mr. Ferguson is not very ugly in the face, and has a decent figure, I should like to be Mrs. Ferguson."

"There is a candor in your remarks, certainly," Alice replied with a faint smile—her smiles had been faint and few for two years now. "But matrimony is a sacred thing, Matilda."

"One man, in my opinion," her sister returned, "is much the same as another man. A decent figure is all I require. If Mr. Ferguson is fat, I object to him as much as you profess that you yourself do."

"Among the multitudinous evils which the much-boasted progress of civilization," said Mr. Temperly, whose voice now apprised his daughters that he had just entered the room—"which the much-boasted progress of civilization has conveyed with it, and has sown the baleful seed in more broadcast fashion in every century, I regard with pre-eminent abhorrence and especial indignation, I repudiate with vehement objurgation and unqualified protest, the unfilial, the unpractical, the subversive idea that a young woman should have any voice in the matter of her marriage. In the feudal ages Beckerism was unknown; and the female sex instead of pragmatically agitating on the subject of its supposed rights, was usefully and unpretentiously occupied in the manufacture of tapestry."

"But, papa, dear," Alice here said, "I feel sure that Mr. Ferguson would prefer Matilda, who is willing, to me, who am unwilling."

Mr. Temperly met for a moment his daughter's imploring eyes. A fair girl's entreaty is a hard thing to resist; and Mr. Temperly, in his innermost soul, found it so.

"I had designed," he said, to "reserve my reasons for the course I propose to adopt in reference to Mr. Ferguson's offer. But I rescind my determination to be secret. It is because you, Matilda, are anxious to be married that I prefer that you should be single. It is because you, Alice, desire to remain single that I wish you to be married. Fools," Mr. Temperly added with same vehemence, "might, hearing this, assert that I was unreasonable. But they little understood the greatness of my soul. For my purpose is to stand out alone against the madly rushing crowd, to resist ruinous civilization—practically to contradict, with as flat a contradiction as possible, the advocates of woman's rights—and with a nobleness of soul which doubles that of Agamemnon, to sacrifice in the cause, not my daughter, but my daughters. But the father prevails over that patriot. Matilda, I shall answer to night Mr. Ferguson's application, and shall intimate that as soon as he disembarks in England we shall be happy to receive him here as your visitor. Fetch me your photograph; he will like to have it enclosed."

Matilda was now happy. Alice, meanwhile, pursued the somewhat melancholy tenor of her life, which had been broken, as has been intimated, by a love disappointment. She was not a girl who fell in love as some girls do, who are enraptured with the first moustache they encounter. But it had chanced that very soon after she left school she was thrown at a country house into the society of Walter Strange, who was much above the average, in most respects, of lad of twenty. And he falling in love with Alice, Alice being human, fell in love with him. They exchanged what young pure love exchanges; Alice shyly received the first and last kiss of a lover; but Walter left her for the West Indies, without hope in his poverty.

A few weeks after Mr. Temperly, having dispatched a circumlocutory letter to Mr. Ferguson informing him that Miss Matilda Temperly was ready to receive his attentions, Alice was startled from her usual quiet by a shock which changed her regretful memories into agitation and perplexity.

Amongst other things which Mr. Temperly did in order to mark his objection to the assertion of woman's rights, was a practice he had of opening his daughter's letters. Accordingly when, one morning some weeks after the occurrences lately related there arrived from Jamaica a letter addressed to Miss Temperly, Mr. Temperly at once broke the seal. Matilda it so happened, had a headache and was not down stairs, and Mr. Temperly having carefully persued Mr. Ferguson's love letter, handed it to Alice, telling her to take it to her sister, with which, in reply to the one forwarded by Mr. Temperly, doubtless was a photograph. At this Alice, as she passed up stairt, thought she might look, and so extracted it from the envelope and looked.

She grasped the balusters as she gazed upon it. That handsome, darling face, those eyes with the look of humor in them—it was the likeness of Walter Strange! Still hardly knowing what she did, she looked again when she had recovered herself. He was not altered in the least it seemed since he left England though the three years that had elapsed since his embarkation were those of his life which usually effect a rapid change in their personal appearance. Walter Strange, if this *carte* had been recently taken, though now he was at least three and twenty, looked a mère boy still. And then Alice recollected that there was a passage in the letter (which Mr. Temperly had read to her) that stated the photograph to be one of a set that had been produced some time.

After a stoppage of about ten minutes, Alice, who had more self-control than girl usually posses, was enabled to take the letter and the *carte* to her sister's room with outward composure. It could hardly be expected that she should be consoled by the pleasure which Matilda experienced at the sight of the photograph. (She had never seen Walter Strange, and Alice had hurriedly determined not to apprise her as yet of his identity with Mr. Ferguson.)

"So slim," said Matilda, with enthusiasm, "and slimness is what I admire It quite cures my headache to look at him."

If, however, the contemplation of Walter Strange's photograph had cured a headache, it had brought on a heartache. Alice quietly left her sister, and spent the next three hours in her room, in such an attitude as that in which Mr. Millias has depicted the heroine of Framley Parsonage accusing herself of telling a falsehood to an admiring young nobleman.

At last an hour or so before lunch time, it occurred to Alice that she might as well take a walk, which might compose her agitated feelings; and accordingly took it. Passing out from the drive gate of her father's country house alone, she presently struck off from the highway into a lane, the hedges of which were high and its roadway grassy. Here she found thorough solitude, till she received her second shock more startling, if possible, than her first, for at one of the lane's turnings, she came full upon a gentleman.

He was Walter Strange!

The faint flush left her face, a deadly feeling came over her, she stood as if changed to a statue. Then, recovering herself, poor Alice, hardly tried this morning, attempted with an infirm step to pass by him. She was indignant.

"Alice," he said, "dearest Alice."

He laid hold gently of her arm; indeed, support was needed for her tottering slight form. And what blame if, after so many years of absence, during which faith had been kept and love had held its own, Alice, though appearance made her lover's conduct strangely doubtful, did not now deny her lips? And then she listened to his explanation. He had not written under a misnomer; Ferguson was now his name, and he had stated truly the wishes of his uncle who had made him his heir; but in an unlucky moment the idea had struck him, he owned with contrition, of trying Alice's truth. His desire of desires was to feel assured that she still cared for penniless Walter Strange. And that she did so he had had good proof. He had written as he had written, expecting that if she demurred, the question would still be left open between the two sisters, and he would then have the satisfaction of winning her with the knowledge that she accepted him on his own account, and not on that of his uncle s money. What he had wished was, not that her feelings should be revived because he was old Mr. Ferguson's nephew, but that they should have survived because he had been Walter Strange.

"This is no time to reprove you, Walter, for these superfluoe doubts of yours," Alice said, as she walked somewhat sadly at his side.

"A fine scrape my stupid venture has got me into," Walter said very dolefully, "what with your sister's forwardness and your father's feudal theories! Idiot that I was! But stay, what was it you once told me about your sister's requirements in an admirer? You said she objected to one sort of admirer, and to one only, I fancy."

"By Jove, I have it," exclaimed Walter, cutting a yellow—it was winter—off the hedge with his walking stick. "I had some idea of the kind when I sent my early photographs. Both you and your sister skate, I think?"

"Yes. If the frost goes on, the reservoir pool will bear to-morrow, and we are going to skate. It will be wretched work for me."

"My dearest," said Walter Ferguson, "under no circumstances whatever shall I marry your sister, who has accepted me in an unjustifiable way. My intention is still to persevere till I have induced you to fulfill the wishes of my uncle. Meantime, say nothing whatever to any one about my meeting with you to-day; and now we must part. And if you do me the honor to dislike parting, console yourself—you will see me on the pool to-morrow."

Alice went home full of confused feeling of hope, fear, perplexity and vexation. Hers was a gentle nature, but it was a little wounded by the doubt her lover had evidently entertained of her, yet in the main she had forgiven him. She had been too glad to see him once more not to do so, and her nature being an honest one, she had shown him that he was forgiven. Now that she had left him, and reflection had followed on the surprise, she felt somewhat vexed with herself that her forgiveness had not been more chary. However, what was done was done. And Alice knew within herself that, were he at her side again, the forgiveness would again be accorded.

But the main question, after all, was she felt, how could Walter extricate himself from the consequences of his rash conduct? How, without hurting Matilda's feelings, could the semi-engagement between him and the latter be broken off? At the interview just past, Walter had been severe on Matilda's conduct in the matter, and had said that he hardly felt it necessary to regard a girl as having feelings who had no delicacy. But Alice replied in Matilda's favor—said that she had feelings—and demanded that they should be considered in any plan Walter might devise for extrication. That a plan was simmering in Walter's mind was clear, and Alice hoped. But what that plan was, he, as has been seen, would not disclose even to her.

She found herself in a difficulty that evening; for Matilda made Mr. Ferguson the topic of conversation.

Did Alice think he would soon be in England?

If Alice had been ten years older, she would, perhaps, have answered without any compunction that she thought it probable he would; but she was a truthful girl, and was just at the age which is most scrupulous about giving diplomatic answers. So, being aware that she had seen Walter Ferguson that very morning, not a quarter of a mile away, she did not know what to reply. Mr. Temperly, however, put his oar in and saved her.

"I object, Matilda," he said, "to your employing, in reference to your sister, the expression 'think.' To propose systems for the supposed benefit of the female sex, based on the correct assumption that they are really gifted with the cogitative faculty, is, in my opinion, one of the numerous fatal errors of the nineteenth century. In the middle ages women never thought."

"Nor men either, papa," Alice said. "They seem to me to have been chiefly occupied in killing and wounding each other, and the women in admiring these performances."

"Well," Mr. Temperly said, "let us dismiss the subject. Matilda, I would suggest to you to concern yourself with domestic matters, which is your function, and to leave to me your matrimonial arrangements. Most probably, unless he has disembarked, Mr. Ferguson is on the point of disembarkation.

"We may go skating to-morrow, may we not?" Alice asked.

"Yes, returned Mr. Temperly, who was, after all, not altogether a stern parent, but, as may have been observed, barked rather than bit. "Skating," he continued, "was not, I believe, practised at that period of the world at which the true postion of woman was, in my opinion, most clearly understood—at least not by your sex; but in this instance I will be indulgent."

Alice was fond of skating, but she looked out of her window the next morning with an eagerness that was in excess of that which she would have felt if only pastime had been in prospect. Her hopes were realized; it was hard frost.

Matilda had a good ankle, and was fonder of skating than was Alice even. And she enjoyed the day at first far more than Alice did, who had but a weary time of it—waiting for the appearance of Walter, whom, however, she still did not observe. She was more rejectant than usual of the attentions of the young male skaters of her acquaintance, who were numerous on the large pool where the skating was going on. She skated sadly by herself, while the society which she had rejected was enjoyed by Matilda. Hour passed after hour, and still Walter did not appear.

It is a bright and enlivening thing, a skating scene; the constant ring of the skates, the pleasurable touched up with the ludicrous; the skilfulness and the unskilfulness alike attractive; the happy voice of the pleasure takers; the silent sunshine on the country road. There were hundreds on the pool, but there was only one who was not enjoying the amusement. This was Alice. She kept aloof from Matilda, because to skate with Matilda was to skate with half-a-dozen performers of the opposite sex, who cut figures in different senses around that young lady, according to their incapacity or capacity. Amongst them Alice, in the distance, observed a remarkably stout but decidedly skilful skater. She did not recognize him, and, indeed, she perceived that he was a stranger. For she first observed him introduce himself to her father; and then that he was not introduced by the latter to Matilda. Mr. Temperly appeared to greet him with unusual cordiality; indeed, being himself a very indifferent performer, he lost his equilibrium in his eagerness to shake hands with the stranger. The latter picked up Mr. Temperley.

Alice had apprehended that the non-arrival of Walter was caused by some renewed suspicion of her, or some revolution of feeling. But mere accident might be keeping him away, and, in that case, Alice felt her spirits rise a little while she surveyed the proceedings of the stout skater. That performer, from the moment of his introduction to Matilda, kept constantly in attendance. Round Matilda he cut the eight and the three; by Matilda's side he executed the Dutch roll; and Alice presently observed him instructing her sister in the art of waltzing upon the ice. Here was a gleam of hope that Walter would be released from his difficulty by a very ordinary process. So gracefully did the stout skater perform, that his stoutness seemed to vanish, at least as a personal defect, and Alice began to hope that the flirtation might come to something, and that Matilda might overlook the objection which she entertained to this particular style of admirer. She narrowly observed her sister, and felt disappointed to perceive that Matilda's deeply rooted antipathy did not seem to be yielding to the stout skater's feats and attentions. Presently the latter left her, and adjourned to a chair at the side of the pool, pursued by six obsequious skate-removers, if I may employ the expression.

Meanwhile Alice skated up to her sister.

"It is fearfully monotonous this skating," Matilda said in a discontented tone, as her sister came up to her. "Are you going off the ice, Alice?"

"If you are, and papa is ready."

Papa, when asked, was ready enough. Middle-aged gentlemen fail usually to find amusement for any long scuttling forwards on a pair of skates, and now and then tumbling down, which was about all Mr. Temperly, a somewhat unskilful executant, could achieve.

"Matilda," said Mr. Temperly, staying his hand in the midst of an emoliment process applied to his left leg—"Matilda, would that you had been addicted during these first years of the expanded mind—if woman can be said to possess a mind—would that you had been addicted to the production of tapestry, rather than to the perusal of that light literature which seems chiefly to owe its ephemeral existence to the pens of forward females! Fat or thin," Mr. Temperly went on, emphatically jingling the skates he was carrying, "fat or thin, Matilda, short or tall, stupid or clever, the man whom I accept as your husband is to be accepted by you with a view to occupying that position. Stout for a young man this Mr. Ferguson certainly is, but his obeisity has not, as you have seen, prevented him from acquiring a graceful and," added Mr. Temperley, stooping again to rub his shin as he walked, "a difficult accomplishment."

"If," replied Matilda in much agitation, "If he is so stout now when he is hardly five and twenty, what will he be when he is ten years older? How rapidly he must have made flesh since that *carte* of him was taken! And what a piece of impudence it was to send it, when of course he knows he has grown so much stouter since it was taken! Papa, I cannot marry a man who is as fat as Mr. Furguson."

"I much regret," Mr. Temperly said angrily, "that the feeling which is abroad consequent upon the spread of an injurious civilization, has operated to make dungeons obsolete. I fear that it would not even be prudent for me to keep you in a cellar upon bread and water till you consent to fall in with my justifiable intention that one of my daughters shall be the wife of Mr. Fergurson."

Matilda began to cry.

"I won't marry a fat man," she said in broken accents.

While the conversation was going on, light had been drawing on Alice as she walked silently beside her father and sister—Walter was the Mr. Ferguson of yesterday; therefore, as he was not stout or dropsical he could not have suddenly swelled, in one night, to the dimensions of the Mr. Ferguson of to-day.

Alice recollected that in their interviews he had mentioned her sister's aversion to stoutness. She had noted, in the distance, some resemblance the stout skater had bourne in feature to Walter; and now, surprise she had felt that a skater should wear so long a coat as Mr. Ferguson of the pool had worn was done away with by her present supposition. This supposition was that Walter, knowing his sister's antipathy, had padded himself out into a Falstaff, wearing such clothes as best helped the harmless deception. In that case, he has kept his appointment, after all very satisfactorily.

"I won't marry Mr. Ferguson," Matilda said with a sob, vehemently proclaimed.

"O for the feudal ages!" Mr. Temperly exclaimed in a great rage. "Oh for the old baronial system, when a father was a father; when—"

"Papa," Alice interrupted, laying her hand gently on his arm, "does it signify which of your daughters marries Mr. Ferguson?"

"It does not. And if Matilda won't marry Mr. Ferguson, you must."

And the matter ended, after all, as Mr. Temperly wished it to end. Alice, with an excellent grace, submitted to the matrimonial system of the feudal ages. Though Walter Ferguson lost flesh very rapidly in appearance at least, after his day's skating, his health was not impaired. And as Matilda is now engaged to a thin young gentleman who skated with her for some time during that day on the pool, we may hope that she has forgiven the pardonable stratagem by which Mr. Walter Ferguson saved her feelings and his own happiness.
—*Belgravia Annual.*

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Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's case, or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.—A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what a wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth, is the mutual cultivation of absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of another; it is meanness.

Never part without loving words to think of during your absence. Besides it may be that you will not meet again in life.

☞ A French paper tells of a marriage which occurred not long ago where the bridegroom, unable to write, signed his name on the register with a cross. The bride, though she had received a good education, did the same, replying to a relative who whispered a remonstrance, "Did you wish me to humiliate my husband in this solemn act by placing him in a state of inferiority to his wife? I will soon manage that he shall be able to write."

PRICE OF LEGAL ADVICE.—Rennes the ancient capital of Brittany, is a famous place for law. People come there from the extremities of the country to get information and ask advice. To visit Rennes without getting advice appears impossible to a Breton. This was true at the latter end of the last century, just as it is at present, and especially among the country people, who are a timid and cautious race.

Now it happened that a farmer named Bernard having come to Rennes on business, bethought himself that he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to employ them in getting the advice of a good lawyer. He had often heard that Monsieur Potier de la Germondaie was in such repute that people considered a lawsuit gained when he undertook their case. The countryman inquired for his address, and proceeded to his home in Rue St. Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length his turn arrived, and he was introduced. M. Potier de la Germondaie signed him to be seated, then, taking off his spectacles, and placing them on his table, he requested to know his business.

"Why, Mr. Lawyer," said the farmer, twirling his hat, "I have heard so much of you, that as I have come to Rennes I wish to take the opportunity of consulting you"

"I thank you for your confidence, my friend; you wish to bring an action perhaps?"

"An action! oh, I hold that in abhorrence! Never has Pierre Bernard had a word with any one."

"Then it is a settlement—a division of property?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I never had a division, seeing that we all draw from the well, as they say."

"Well, is it to negotiate a purchase or a sale?"

"Oh no; I am neither rich enough to purchase, nor poor enough to sell?"

"Will you tell me then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer, in surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard. "I want your advice—for payment, of course, as I am well able to give it to you, and I don't wish to lose this opportunity."

M. Potier took his pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

"Pierre Bernard," replied the latter, quite happy that he was understood.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years, or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"My vocation! Oh, that means what I do? I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and handed it to his strange client.

"Is it finished already? Well and good. What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Twenty francs."

Bernard paid his money and took his leave delighted that he had taken advantage of this opportunity.

When he reached home it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest for the remainder of the day. In the mean time the hay had been two days cut, and was completely cured. One of the workmen came in to ask if it should be drawn in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to commence the work so late, since it can be done tomorrow without any inconvenience." The man objected that the weather might change; that the horses were all ready, and the hands idle. But the farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter, and that night would set in before their work could be completed. Bernard, who had been listening to the argument, was uncertain which way to decide, when he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one too, that I paid twenty francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, Theresa, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I." The woman took the paper and read these lines: "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day."

His wife ventured a few more suggestions, but he declared that he had not bought a twenty-franc opinion to make no use of it, and that he would follow the lawyer's advice. He himself set the example by taking the lead in the work; and not returning till all the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed, an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and the next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed. Bernard alone had not suffered.

The success of the first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer that from that day forth he adopted it as a rule of his conduct, and became by his order and diligence, one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service done him by M. Potier de la Germondaie, to whom he carried a couple of his finest fowls every year as a token of gratitude.

AMOUNT OF SPECIE IN THE COUNTRY.—Dr. Linderman, in his report as Director of the Mint, says the amount of specie in this country on June 30 last was $196,000,000. This statement shows a gain in specie and bullion in the last two fiscal years of $38,500,000. The amount of gold and silver coin and bullion in the world is estimated at from $10,000,000,000 to $12,000,000,000. The present rate of production is silver, $80,000,000, and gold $100,000,000; the two together being about one and a half per cent, to the existing stock of specie.

MAXIMS WORTH KNOWING.—Administrators are liable to account for interest on funds in their hands, although no profit should have been made upon them, unless the exigencies of the estate rendered it prudent that they should hold the funds uninvested.

When a house is rendered untenantable in consequence of improvements made on the adjoining lot, the owner of such cannot recover damages, because he had knowledge of the approaching danger in time to protect himself from it.

A person who has been led to sell goods by means of false pretences cannot recover them from one who has purchased them in good faith from the fraudulent vendor.

Permanent erections and fixtures, made by a mortgagor after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, becomes a part of the mortgaged premises.

A seller of goods, chattels or other property commits no fraud in law, when he neglects to tell the purchaser of any flaws, defects or unsoudness in the same.

An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principal debtor time for payment. without depriving him of the right to serve, does not discharge the surety.

The opinion of witnesses as to the value of a dog that has been killed, is not admissable in evidence. The value of the dog is to be decided by the jury.

Money paid for the purpose of settling or compounding a prosecution for a supposed felony, cannot be recovered back by the party paying it.

A day book copied from a "blotter" in which original charges are first made, will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.

A stamp impressed upon an instrument by way of seal, is as good as a seal if it creates a durable impression in the texture of the paper.

If a person put a fence on or ploughs the land of another, he is liable to trespass whether the owner has sustained injury or not.

A private person may obtain an injunction to prevent a public mischief by which he is affected in common with others.

If a person who is unable from illness to sign his will, has his hand guided in making his mark, the signature is valid.

Ministers of the gospel, residing in any corporated town, are not exempt from jury, military or fire services.

A wife cannot be convicted of receiving stolen goods when she received them from her husband.

An agent is liable to his principals for loss caused by his misstatements, though unintentional.

All cattle found at large upon the public road, can be driven by any person to the public pound.

No man is under obligation to make known his circumstances when he is buying goods.

The fruits and grass on the farm or garden of an intestate descend to the heir.

Money paid on Sunday contracts may be recovered.

WHAT MOLLY SAID TO THE AGENT. The following was told to me at the time of its occurrence, years ago, and I never think of it without a smile. I knew Molly Prichard well; and am able to state that she was really a good girl, albeit a little inclined to inelegancies in her method of speech. Molly has since married, and has made a most excellent wife and mother.

The leading directors of one of the manufacturing corporations of Lowell had decided that it would be for the interest of the stockholders to cut down the wages of the operatives, and one of the magnates went up from Boston to see about it. He first called upon the agent of one of the principal mills whom he found in his office, and opened the subject.

The agent listened and shook his head. He did not think it would be advisable to cut down the wages without correspondingly reducing the hours of labor.

"By the way," he said, chancing at that moment to glance out of the window, "here come Molly Prichard. She is a leader among the operatives. Her opinion might be worth something."

Molly was accordingly called into the office; and as she was very pretty, and seemed modest, the gentleman from Boston bowed politely and smiled.

And then the gentlemanly director stated to her the case and asked her if she did not think, under the circumstances, that the girls would listen to reason, and submit to a reduction of wages.

Molly said she could only speak positively for herself.

"Well," queried the director, "what do you say for yourself?"

"D'ye mean to ask me, Mr. Appleton, if I'll go into that mill again, and work for less wages than I'm getting now?"

She knew the man.

"That is what I would ask you, Miss Prichard."

Molly's look was defiant. She felt that she represented, not an individual, but a suffering class.

"Then, sir," she answered, with strong emphasis, "before I'd do it, I'd see you, and your whole graspin' set, in To-phi et, pumpin' thunder at three cents a clap!"

Mr. Appleton returned to Boston, and reported that it was not advisable to cut down wages at that time.

☞ A chap sought shelter of a Boston officer. "See, cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again; an then my mother died, and my father married again; an' somehow or other, some way I don't seem to have no parent all, nor no home, nor no nothing."

☞ A machine for "pumping" witnesses is among the hydraulics patented last week. The inventor is first cousin to the old man who made leather spikes

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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THE RESULT IN MIDDLESEX.

The vote of Middlesex is all in. Our returns give Kimball 21,478 and Rider only 12,435. In nine towns Rider did not receive a single vote. McIntire was treated the same way in two towns. Stevens had 18,767 and McIntire 15,009, and yet the latter thought he was elected until he saw the *Journal*. Harwood had 18,982, and Stone 15,189. Hesseltine's name was spelled Francis G. instead of Francis S. on some split tickets, and some splits had Stevens' name, and his vote was only 17,724, while Spaulding had 18,272, and Butler 18,558 for Commissioner of Insolvency, against Brown 15,134, Gerrish 15,092, and Meserve 15,124. For Special County Commissioners Lyman Dike had 18,457 and Staples 18,392. Some splits had C. C. Dike on them, and these reduced Lyman's total. Tobin had 15,251 and Skillings 14,698. The latter figure is due to the fact that the Democratic convention nominated Daniel Wetherbee who afterwards declined, and the County Committee put Skillings on, but it was not generally known, or Skillings' vote would have been much larger. The Republican County Committee furnishes ballots for the whole county excepting Cambridge and Lowell, thereby securing uniformity. We understand that this is not the case with the Democrats. In a close contest, a mistake like that on the Special Commissioners, where Skillings was 563 behind Tobin, on account of Democrats voting for Wetherbee, would be annoying to say the least.

Let us look at the result. Kimball is Sheriff by 9,043 majority, and the County thereby says it puts no confidence in stories reflecting on him, and he is left to do as he likes with his deputies and other appointees. Stevens is District Attorney, and he has the opportunity, which he says he has so long desired, to show that the money belonging there can get into the Treasury. We hope he will make a good officer, and that the difficulties which were thrown in poor Goodrich's way, will not obstruct him. Harwood, in spite of Tyngsborough bridge, of monies to the lobby, and alleged incompetency is retained on the Commission. It is said in his favor that his influence is felt in the Board, and with this endorsement the Board will comprise three, instead of one as it did when he came upon it. Let us hope so, but the manner in which the people endorse him does not seem much like a rebuke. Johnson of Lowell who spoke against his nomination at the convention is retired to private life, and John Cummings who has done more and would do more than any other man in the State to weed out corrupt practices, and see that the County received her just dues is also relegated to the ranks, by the very men whose cries for purification so recently rent the air. Of course their report will be made, and it cannot be expected that the guilty will be spared, but Middlesex County has pretty strongly declared that she wants no purer patriots than those she now supports, and frowns on all meddlesome people who would investigate and reform her.

CHARITY CONCERT.—The Charity concert took place last Monday evening in the Orthodox church. There was a very good audience present. It was our misfortune not to hear the first four numbers, but we are informed by good judges that that portion of the programme was very good. The scena and miserere by Miss Clough, Mr. Clark and the male chorus was so well done as to receive an encore. The trio by Miss Clough, Mr. Clark and Mr. McKenney was received in a like cordial manner. The concert closed with Eichburg's National Hymn by the male chorus. After the concert the performers had a lunch in one of the ante-rooms, provided by the members of the committee and *not* from the proceeds of the tickets, after which the male chorus sang one of their best selections. We are informed that not a single ticket was given away, even the committee paying their own admission, and the press representatives the same. The proceeds of the concert will be about $100.

FIRE.—Last Friday afternoon, just as our paper was being mailed, an alarm of fire was sounded for District No. 2, and the Steamer, H. & L. and Highland Hose proceeded to the neighborhood of the Chemical Works, where a serious fire was raging in the woods. Several houses in the vicinity of James Boutwell's were in great danger. No. 2 hand engine was there and occasionally wet down some of the buildings. The neighbors with pails of water gave each other good assistance. One family removed its furniture, and cinders from the burning woods set fire to a carpet and some bedding. After a short time the firemen were dismissed, and the fire burned itself out. The fire burned over an area of two miles by half a mile, mostly a young growth of wood.

MUSTERED OUT.—Comrade Charles R. Bowers of Burbank Encampment, Post 33, G. A. R., died of Bright's Disease, last Friday, at his home on Wyer's Court. His funeral took place Monday at the Baptist church, Rev. Dr. Young and Rev. Mr. Townley officiating. About forty comrades of the Post acted as escort to the remains.

☞ An English fellow citizen who votes the Democratic ticket, has been inquiring of every one since the election, "How do you feel?" At last a Yankee answered in the national way by asking his questioner how he felt himself. To which he responded, "Hi feel as if hi was ten feet 'igh."

☞ The Unitarian society in Athol has invited the Rev. S. R. Priest to settle as its pastor.

TOWN MEETING.

Next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the voters are called to consider the following subjects:—

Art. 2. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners, on laying out a street leading from Bedford to Winn street, as petitioned for by James Noland and others.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out the extension of Eastern Avenue from Green to Fowle streets, as petitioned for by S. O. Pollard and others.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out Second street as a public town way, as petitioned for by M. C. Bean and others.

Art. 5. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out Vernon Place or Street, as a public town way, as petitioned for by John Burke and others.

Art. 6. To see if the town will vote to accept of the arrangements and agreement made by the Road Commissioners with Richard W. Henshaw, in regard to maintaining the Canal Bridges near the Saw Factory in East Woburn, or do anything relating thereto.

Art. 7. To see if the Town will instruct the Water Commissioners to lay water pipes in Vernon Place or Street, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 8. To see if the Town will vote to build a new School-house at Cummingsville, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 9. To hear and act on the report of the Committee on Fire Alarm.

Art. 10. To see if the Town will adopt a system of Fire Alarm, and appropriate a sum of money therefor, or do anything in relation to the same.

Art. 11. To see if the Town will instruct their Water Commissioners to extend the water pipes on Munroe or Morse streets, or do anything in relation to the same.

The above will furnish topics for considerable conversation, and we hope to see a large meeting.

FIRE ALARM.—An interesting exhibition of Gamewell & Co.'s Fire Alarm Telegraph was given in Lyceum Hall, Wednesday evening. A battery occupied the front of the platform, on one corner was erected a large gong with its striking apparatus, on the other a 200 lb bell and striker. At the door to the lower hall was a signal box numbered 46, and on the east side of the hall another box numbered 9, and near by was a small gong such as is put into Engineers' houses. Mr. J. W. Stover, who was introduced by C. K. Conn the chairman of the Committee, gave an explanation in a familiar way of the construction of the mechanism, and then pulled an alarm from Box 46, and also from Box 9 at the same time, by which he demonstrated the fact that when an alarm has been pulled in one it cannot be interfered with by another, but the second box will make no response while the alarm is sounding. A person under excitement might go to a box and continue to pull the hook, but as the first pull releases the brake, and sets the machine in motion no amount of subsequent pulling will affect it in the least. The wires were cut to show the effect of a break of the line, when one blow on all the bells instantly indicated it, and by galvanometers its location could be at once determined. Mr. Stover was asked a great many questions concerning his system, which he satisfactorily answered. After the lecture the audience examined the machinery, which was found to be very ingenious and of superior construction. The exhibition was very satisfactory, and the safety, security and celerity of the system fully demonstrated. The Committee will report to the Town next Monday afternoon, when the question whether it will pay for Woburn to have this system will be discussed, and a conclusion arrived at. Every one knows that the first few minutes determines the fate of a fire. An early discovery with a pail of water may stop a conflagration, or if beyond the reach of a small amount, the timely arrival of a hose company may save a village from destruction. Probably no fire department in the towns of the State, rallies more promptly than the Woburn Fire Department, or can get to work quicker. With a system of telegraphic alarm the instant a fire is discovered every fireman in town can know exactly where it is, and precious time be saved. Much could be saved in wear and tear of apparatus. Take the woods fire last Friday; an alarm from a box in No. Woburn need only have called the Chief Engineer, the firemen in that district being sufficient for the work. But if on his arrival he found more help needed, or if the Engineer of that village saw that No. 2 could not take care of it, the calling up of the reserve is but the affair of a few seconds. The same was true at Cummingsville when Colegate's shop and Johnson's barn were burned. The firemen from the Center were needed an hour earlier or not at all. Had there been a telegraph they could have been summoned at once, and instead of an attack on No. 3, and the buildings burned, the firemen would have been reinforced in ten minutes and the fire stopped. There is no question of its utility or of its desirability, the only question is, Will it pay for us to have it? We think it will.

FIRE.—Visiting E. Woburn on Wednesday, with Chief of Horse, Mr. G. F. Jones, we discovered a fire burning briskly along the roadside on Pine street. Alighting to see what could be done, we discovered Mr. G. W. Allen waging an unequal warfare with the flames, which, fanned by the high wind were fast getting beyond his control. There was no water in the neighborhood, so, improvising shovels from pieces of tin kettles the fire was attacked with the dust of which the road was full. It was a hard fight, but the timely arrival of reinforcements with shovel and axe turned the tide, and East Woburn was saved.

ROBBERIES.—J. B. Heald's barn on Cambridge street was entered last Sunday night and a horse stolen. M. A. Tufts' was also visited. The robbers were traced to Arlington, but the track was there lost.

A clothes line on Green street was robbed Monday night, the thieves taking line and all, and this was before seven o'clock in the evening. We shall need a watchman in the Highland district if these things continue.

☞ Judge Ladd of the Cambridge police court has been appointed as a trial-justice in the cases of juvenile offenders, Judge Brooks having expressed his wish to be released from that position. The court will hereafter be held in the ward room on Fourth street, East Cambridge, every Friday.

WATER OFF.—The water was shut off quite unexpectedly last Friday evening, and remained off until Saturday afternoon. This was to enable the workmen to repair some joints near the pumping house.

HOSE CARRIAGES.—The new hose carriages were to have been delivered Nov. 10th, by the contract, but now the builders say they will ship them on the 21st.

☞ Lowell is by no means a desert, although Congressionally speaking, it is an Ayr-rid district.

SEWERAGE.—At the meeting of the Boston Board of Aldermen, Monday, the Mystic Water Board, in compliance with an order of the City Council, approved by the Mayor, June 19, 1874, requesting the Mystic Water Board to "prepare and submit an estimate of the expense of constructing a sewer for the purpose of carrying away the impurities which now discharge into Mystic Pond from the towns of Winchester and Woburn, and certain tanneries and other manufactories," reported that very soon after the passage af the order, they employed Mr. Thomas Doane, a civil engineer of unquestioned reputation and ability to make the necessary observations and surveys, and to prepare an estimate of the cost of a sewer of sufficient capacity to take away the impurities which are now discharged from the places named in the order into streams which find their way into the Mystic Pond. Mr. Doane has been carefully over the ground, and made the surveys and estimates. The estimate is for the construction of sewers for a length of 79,983 feet, at a cost of $160,000. The surveys have been carefully made, the sewers all actually located upon the ground, and the size of each is believed to be equal to the need in each case, and the Board are of opinion that, with the present prices of materials and labor, the work can be done for the sum named. What proportion of the expense of constructing the sewers, or what amount should be paid for the right to enter them after they are built, by the owners of manufactories or dwellings who are now, it is believed unlawfully draining into the tributaries of Mystic Pond, is a question which the Board cannot answer, and which will, perhaps, require legal action to determine; but it seems reasonable only to suppose that a share of the cost should be borne by these parties. If a system of sewerage for the Towns of Woburn, Winchester and Medford was to be adopted, and paid for, as it should be, by the places benefited, it would be requisite to do the work on a larger scale and at a greatly increased cost; but it is believed that the object contemplated in the order of the City Council, the carrying away of impurities which now discharge into streams connected with Mystic Pond, can be effectually accomplished by the construction of the sewers proposed in the report of Mr. Doane; and for the reasons stated by Mr. Doane in his report, the Board are of the opinion that there is but little liability of any increase in the kind of manufacturing, which is so objectionable and troublesome along the course of these streams. Should the Town of Medford oppose or successfully resist the discharge of this sewage into Mystic River, above its village, it will require an extension of this sewer, or a contribution towards a still larger one, to be built by the town through a distance of two and three-quarter miles, equal to 14,520 feet, at a cost of $3.50 per foot, to discharge at a proper point below the village. This will amount to $50,820.

PERSONAL.—Mr David Adams, for a long time a resident of Woburn, has decided to remove to Malden. He has purchased in that town a nice stated French root house, corner of Summer and Lincoln Sts. of G. D. Atkins, for $5,500, and will hereafter make it his home. We hope the change will be beneficial to Mrs. Adams, who has been in delicate health for some time past. Mr. Adams is still agent for the Corticelli silk, and his customers in this vicinity will not be neglected.

SURPRISE.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Kinney made them an unexpected call on Wednesday evening and presented Mrs. K. with a gold watch and handsome parlor ornament. The presentation was made in behalf of their friends by Miss Mary C Kinney with a very neat speech, and responded to by Mrs. K. in an appropriate manner. After partaking of a splendid supper the party enjoyed themselves till a late hour.

LECTURE.—P L Converse Esq, lectured before the Channing Fraternity on Thursday evening, on "Probabilities," to a large and appreciative audience. The lecturer showed a thorough understanding of his subject, and imparted his ideas in an easy, conversational manner, which was both interesting and instructive.

☞ A party of young men who were indulging in a game of cards at a house on Prospect street, on Sunday morning, were intruded on about half past one by Officers Mann, Tay and Ramsdell. The next time they play cards on Saturday evening, they will be sure to watch the clock, and notice when it is 12 o'clock.

SHOW.—Washburn's great combination comes to Woburn next Saturday. "Four shows; how can that be?" said a boy who was reading the handbills. "It's all in one evening, and for one ticket. Don't that make it one show?" "Let's go and see how it is," was the comment of his companions.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN.—A special cable dispatch to the Boston *Globe*, announces the death of Queen Victoria. As "no other paper has the news," this may be only another instance of news paper enterprise.

POLICE COURT.—Nov 9, Wm Temple, John Godfrey, John Bradley and George Ferrin were each fined $5 and costs, for playing cards on the Lord's Day. James Conlon, for being present at same was served in the same manner.

☞ The County Commissioners were in town on Wednesday. They think forest trees are very valuable in Woburn, as they encountered an oak for which the owner said he would not take $500.

☞ Workmen are busy roughing the stone steps that lead to the State House. Can it be that the next Legislature are likely to be such uncertain steppers that this precaution was necessary?

G. A. R. FAIR.—There was a large attendance Tuesday evening by the committee on the Grand Army Fair. It was decided to hold the Fair five days, commencing Tuesday, Dec. 8.

☞ For full particulars of terms, etc., of Mr. J. A. Cooper's dancing school, see advertisement in another column.

☞ *Hunts Remedy* is not a new compound, it has been before the public for more than twenty years, and extensively used by all classes, both with and without the advice of a physician, and it has been the means of saving from a lingering and frightful disease and untimely death hundreds of our most estimable and well known citizens. This medicine never fails to cure dropsy and all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs.

MIDDLESEX SENATORIAL VOTES.

We give below the votes in the the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th Senatorial Districts:—

FIRST MIDDLESEX (Boston).

	Wiley	Studley	Sweeney	Long
Ward 20,	757	253	341	134
" 21	651	473	451	169
" 22	453	535	300	267
	1861	1261	1092	570

Wiley's plurality 600.

SECOND MIDDLESEX.

	Rimes	Evans
Arlington,	277	259
Belmont,	145	94
Everett,	131	245
Malden,	762	405
Medford,	434	606
Somerville,	952	887
Waltham,	789	651
Watertown.	271	403
	3,761	3,550

Rimes plurality 191.

FOURTH MIDDLESEX.

	Winslow	Parker
Ashland,	192	171
Framingham,	456	439
Holliston,	241	222
Hopkinton,	233	350
Natick,	530	554
Newton,	794	715
Sherborn,	111	50
Wayland,	133	125
Weston,	122	19
	2,812	2,645

Winslow's plurality 167.

FIFTH MIDDDLESEX.

	Harwood	Prouty
Acton,	105	152
Ashby,	111	67
Ayer,	110	171
Boxboro,	12	50
Carlisle,	71	44
Concord,	214	109
Dunstable,	32	55
Groton,	127	75
Hudson,	148	150
Lincoln,	92	31
Littleton,	70	47
Marlboro,	393	500
Maynard,	82	83
Pepperell,	114	108
Shirley,	83	82
Stow,	56	41
Sudbury,	88	72
Townsend,	169	128
Tynghboro,	34	26
Westford,	142	211
	2,253	2,202

Harwood's plurality 51.

SEVENTH MIDDLESEX.

	Livingstone	Clark
Chelmsford,	173	154
Dracut,	44	117
Lowell,	2,866	2,667
	3,083	2,938

Livingstone's plurality 145.

SUPERIOR COURT.—The following Woburn cases were disposed of at Lowell this week:—Neil McLaughlin, assault on Officer Taylor, $25 and one third the costs; assault on Officer Winship $10 and costs. Barney Grant and John Barr for assaults on the above named officers, were each fined $10 and one third the costs on the first assault, and $10 each on the second. These cases grew out of the disturbance at Cummingsville some time ago. The fines paid by these three at Lowell, amount to $166 11, and they were fortunate to get off without being imprisoned. Lee Hammond plead guilty to keeping a liquor nuisance and paid a fine of $50 and costs. The court affirmed the sentence of Judge Converse in the case of Geo Wafer for illegal keeping liquor, and fined him $10 and costs. He was sent to the House of Correction for non payment. James Bouvaird was fined $50 and costs for illegal keeping of liquor.

THOSE RETURNS.—We would just like to know where the papers get the figures they are printing as the vote for Middlesex County. We sent out circulars to all the town and city clerks in the county, and last week printed returns from all but five. We have since got them all in, and the result is given in our first column. The Boston *Globe* also sent out circulars. If our figures are right, and we cannot doubt them, as the gentlemen who sent them have all had an opportunity to correct them, the entire Republican ticket is elected.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.—This greatest of England's orators lectures in the G. A. R. course in Winchester Monday evening, Nov. 23rd. We refer our readers to an interesting letter from Wendell Phillips, expressing his own and Charles Sumner's opinion of him. It will repay any of our readers to go and hear him.

DON'T FORGET—that the Jones Course of Entertainments begins on Wednesday next with the concert of the Adelphi Quartette and Miss Carrie Barr. A few more eligible seats may be obtained of Marvin Parker. We hope to see the course open with a crowded house.

LYCEUM.—Mons. Dubois gave his amusing lecture last Tuesday evening. The next in the course will be by Rev. Dr. Gardner, who will discourse of tent life in the Holy Land.

☞ A Woburn woman was arrested in Houghton's at Boston, last Wednesday for shoplifting. After being deprived of her plunder, she was allowed to depart.

GOOD.—The Stoneham Horse Railroad has paid a dividend of nine per cent for the year ending Nov. 1.

☞ There is an account of a man who went 45 miles to get a drink. He probably voted for Gaston.

Cummingsville.

MR. EDITOR:—I crave your indulgence while I call the attention of the voters of Woburn to the needs of increased school accommodation at Cummingsville. And while not detracting from the needs of other portions of the town, it seems to me that our wants call for immediate action. The town has but recently, at a great expense, built a brick Grammar School house on Main street. Thirty eight scholars go from Cummingsville to help fill it. Enough to form a good school by themselves; but as there is no room for them, they are obliged to go down town, the distance being from a mile to a mile and a half. Such a walk will not hurt the boys any time; but I submit to you if you would wish your daughters to walk to Cummingsville through fall and winter snows, and spring thaws, with rain, hail, snow and intense cold at times, to perfect their mental culture at the danger of their health? Another disadvantage is the necessity (?) of being locked in their rooms at noon from one to two hours, simply because they unfortunately live at such a distance as to make it impossible for them to go to dinner and return.

Then our present accommodations are not sufficient for our lower grades of scholars, nor have they been for five years. In the school report for the year ending March 1, 1872, the committee report under head of "School Baliding," that "the accommodotions at Cummingsville should be increased by adding two rooms," but no action was taken on the subject. The next year we find a recomendation for increased room at East Woburn, which was needed, although at that time there were a greater number of scholars enrolled at Cummingsville, as will be seen by Table 11: Cummingsville Intermediate 57, Primary 88; East Woburn, Mixed, 52, Primary, 80. And Grammar school scholars were included in the mixed school. In report for year ending March 1, 1874, we find p. 11, School report, "At Cummingsville an additional room has become a necessity for the Primary department." And while the aggregate number of scholars is not any larger, the average daily attendance has increased in the Intermediate from 34 to 38, and in the Primary department from 59 to 60, and while finding in the report, page 9, "that fifty-four desks is the largest seating capacity of any room, unless the whole space is occupied. Forty scholars are all that one teacher can interest to the best advantage, and with even this number is often endangered from the impossibility of securing good ventilation." Now our Primary school has sixty-four desks, and more registered scholars than desks, and more wanting to come. Then in place of 40 scholors there is an average of 60 and Miss Ward, their teacher, informs us that frequently she has only fifteen minutes in which to hear three or four classes. Of course she cannot do them justice.

Mr. Davis, our efficient superintendent says—"In answer to your inquiry, I would state, in my opinion, the number of scholars belonging to the Cummingsville schools is such as to demand the construction of additional room. The primary department in particular, is laboring under great disadvantage in consequence of its crowded condition. There are also thirty-eight scholars from Cummingsville attending the Grammar schools at the center of the town. The necessities, as far as number of scholars is concerned, have neve been considered less than those of East Woburn."

The especial committee chosen Feb. 20th, 1873, to inquire into the real wants of the schools for additional room, reported among other recommendations, that a four-room school house be erected for the use of the Cummingsville scholars. No action was taken in the matter, however, perhaps by a want of knowledge of the necessity of the case.

Now that the matter is again brought to notice, it is hoped that on Monday day next, Nov. 16, when action is taken on Article 8th, the town will give the scholars of Cummingsville what they have long needed. MORE ROOM.

SCHOOL.—The citizens of Cummingsville want better school facilities, and they have an article to that effect in the warrant for the next Town Meeting. To insure union of effort in that direction they have a meeting in the "John Cummings Hose" house, this (Friday) evening.

SQUASH.—William Henry Cummings reports that he has raised a squash vine on his farm that produced 203 lbs of squashes.

Winchester.

☞ Prof. Blish gave a very fine entertainment in the G. A. R. course last Monday evening. In his peculiar forte he is unequalled, and the audience manifested their approval by frequent applause. The next lecture will be delivered Monday evening Nov 23 by Charles Bradlaugh, the great English orator. The following letter from Wendell Phillips speaks for itself:—

E. B. STILLINGS, *Secretary G. A. R. Committee*, Winchester, Mass.

DEAR SIR.—In reply to your note of Oct. 1st, would say, I heard Mr. Bradlaugh the first time he spoke in Boston. What Mr. Sumner, who sat near me, said of him will deservedly have more weight and influence than any opinion of mine. While Bradlaugh was speaking, Sumner looked to me and said, "This is very fine." At the close of the lecture he said, "This is, I think, the most eloquent speech I have heard for some years." WENDELL PHILLIPS.

TEA PARTY.—Please remember the Tea Party given at the residence of Salem Wilder by the ladies of the Baptist society, Thursday evening, Nov. 19. Music and other entertainment in connection with the supper will be provided. A liberal patronage is desired as the funds are needed in the society.

DROWNED.—A few days ago a little son of James D. Giles, who resides on Cambridge street, while at play in a brook near the house, fell into the water face down, and although it was only an inch or two deep, was smothered before he was discovered. The child was only two years old.

WATER.—Highland Reservoir seems to be full of water for such a dry season, and we are of opinion there will be no scarcity. The grounds around the reservoir have been laid out with some view to beauty, as well as utility, and next year it will be found a pleasant promenade.

DIPLOMA.—Arnold, McLearn & Co., who make the Elliptic Spring Bed, which is the best in the market, were awarded a diploma at the Mechanic's Fair in Boston. This was the highest prize awarded for spring beds.

BREAK.—Workmen on the roads near Forest street, struck a pick into the main water pipe last Wednesday, causing a heavy flow of Highland water.

☞ We understand that Mr. Stone has not accepted the office of Water Register.

Wilmington.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—This staid old town with its many meanderings, like the tiny riplets in every stream make towards the sea, gives the natural inclination of the people to visit your thriving village, so soon to take its position among the sister cities in this commonwealth, awakens the pride of the neighboring towns, where self-interest is not paramount to every other issue to an extent to let jealousy, envy, or personal feeling direct their course, or prejudice bias their better judgment.

We are a people by ourselves, eminently harmonious, Christian, benevolent; although our calling is bocherius to some extent, yet without laudation we outrank in many respects the neighboring towns, and in point of intelligence as based upon the population, we stand second to none in the old Bay State,—and with four railroads and a grand junction of three, it necessarily becomes quite a railroad center, thereby opening up one of the greatest inducements to manufacturers that can be found in New England, being contiguous to the principle cities with which it is surrounded. Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Salem and Lynn, all within a radius of seven to fourteen miles, or thirty minutes by rail to the farthest of these objective points, thus granting every desirable and superior facility for direct shipment of merchandise to every inland or seaport place accessible by rail.

It is also inviting and important to capitalists, holding out the greatest inducements for investments by reason of the extreme low prices of real estate, and the nominal assessed valuation upon which taxes are based, being, as an eminent lawyer and jurist remarked by way of a gentle reminder or rebuke to the assessors in an argument made by him in a suit against the town not long since, that "Wilmington was blessed with assessors possessed of india rubber oaths, as they had depreciated the valuation of the town largely within the past fifty years notwithstanding it had become a great railroad center, with auspicious advantages, with the handsomest lands for utilization of any town within the commonwealth, offering greater inducements for investment, for speculation, and all classes of manufacturers with its water powers and otherwise than can be found within fifty miles of Boston, and far superior to the lands so much sought after on the southerly, easterly, and westerly sides of Boston, and these honorable assessors through a niggardly sense of duty of 'penny wise and pound foolish,' doubtless unintentionally have created a prejudice against this desirable and healthy place that stares every person in the face who signifies his intention or even thinks of making purchases or investments of any kind whatever in the town, erroneously, sadly and I may add, falsely to the detriment of the owners of real estate, and damaging to the general character of the people, in order to avoid a just and equitable payment of a County and State tax on the flimsey pretext that their Town's farm more than supports their poor, and that every town should have a like resource and thus relieve them of burdens which encumber the county and state by towns less favored yet in no moral or Christian view (divesting it of legal obligation) do, or can I see its beneficial bearings, other than in the light of disgrace and a deplorable disregard of their oaths as assessors."

This bespeaks one of the follies of over zealous officials, who seek to belittle the town without the slightest idea of the effect and disgraceful influence which such an act carries with it, as attempting to save unjustly a half penny on so grand and magnanimous a scale of depreciation of landed interests by nipping the county and state taxes.

A little healthy inquiry by the Legislature into the irregular and unequal assessments of towns throughout the commonwealth, may call forth a judicious enactment of a law creating an independent board of tax supervisors in each county to correct the present confirmed abuses, as we cannot consistently look to the County Commissioners for its correction so long as they are creatures of political influence, conceived in caucus and brought forth by party zeal, predisposed to a twenty five years lease of the office when once elected as a child of the county, whose every act and duty becomes subservient to the perpetuity of their own official heads.

In office born, in state secure
We gladly glide along.
We make the County honest, pure,
When voters round us throng.
Their suffrage is to us good cheer,
When votes for us are thrown;
A silent glance, official leer,
Perpetuates our crown.

PAUSARIAS.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The December number is at hand. It opens with an illustrated paper on St Augustine. Miss Woolson also contributes a Florida poem, "Pine Barrens." Professor Simon Newcomb contributes a popular article, amply illustrated, on "The Coming Transit of Venus." We have in this number the second paper of "The First Century of the Republic," which is the running title of a series of papers begun in the November number,—a review of the progress of the century now closing. Each department is treated by a specialist. The present installment is the first of three or four papers devoted to the department of Mechanical Progress, from the pen of Edward H. Knight, of Washington. This article contains thirty-six illustrations, and covers the progress made in agricultural implements, the applicntion of steam and the manufacture of cotton. Senor Castelar's papers on the Republican Movement in Europe are continued. In this month's installment there are brilliant characterizations of Rousseau, De Foe, and Pestalozzi. An illustrated poem by Miss M C Pike, entitled "The Ballad of Breakneck," narrates in strong verse a very touching legend of the Hudson. Three excellent short stories are given, "A Character Mask," by Justin M'Carthy; "On the Circuit," by Fannie Hodgson Burnett; and "The Survival of the Fittest," by Rev William M Baker, the author of "Mose Evans." An eloquent and very instructive paper on the "Genesis of the New England Churches," is contributed by Eugene Lawrence, *apropos* of Dr. Bacon's book with that title.

See advertisement in another column. For sale by S. Horton.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of this Magazine,—that for December, and can truly say that this new enterprise opens in the most promising manner. This number contains twelve first class stories, all published complete, many of them written by authors of high ability and reputation. "A Dangerous Marriage," by Nora Perry, "Mrs Gathright's Story," by Florence Percy Allen, "Stronger than Death," by Eleanor C Donnelly, "By the Sad Sea Waves," "Told at Nightfall," "A Story of a Vinaigrette," etc, are all unusually excellent. We may also specify a story called "King Solomon's Opal," by Henry Peterson, a critical paper upon Bryant's "Thanatopsis," two interesting articles, one upon "Camp Life at the Delaware Water Gap," the other upon "The Pleasure Grounds and Drives at Washington," and a good poem. To all those desiring a first class magazine, a large majority of whose pages are devoted to the publication of the best fiction of the day, we can recommend this. The publishers, formerly connected for many years with the Saturday evening Post and The Lady's Friend, will, in the management of this new periodical, have the benefit of a long and varied experience. The mechanical getting up of the magazine is unexceptionable; the paper being excellent, and the cover decidedly handsome and novel in appearance. Terms: $3 00 a year, in advance. An extra copy will be supplied free for one year to any person sending a club of five subscribers, at $3.00 each. The postage will be prepaid by the Publishers, without extra charge, in accordance with the new law. Specimen copies, 25 cents. H. Peterson & Co, 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for December a magnificent number is before us, fully vindicating its claim to be "the best and cheapest." It has two superb steel plates, a mammoth colored fashion plate, and a Berlin pattern in colors that is alone worth the price of the number. "Peterson's" gets better and better; and always keeps its promises. It contains every year, 14 steel plates, 12 double size colored fashion plates, 12 Berlin patterns, 24 pages of music, 800 wood engravings, and more than 100 original stories; and all this for only two dollars a year, the postage pre-paid by the Publisher. Its writers are the very best, its illustrations always of rare beauty, and its fashions the prettiest, latest and most reliable. Every lady ought to take "Peterson." To clubs the prices are astonishingly low, viz: three copies for $4.80, (pre-paid by the Publisher.) with a superb mezzotint (21 inches by 26)—"Washington's First Interview with His Wife"—to the person getting up the club; or five copies for $8 50, (postage also pre-paid,) and both an extra copy and the premium engraving to the person getting up the club. For large clubs the prices are even lower. Specimens of the Magazine are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with. On all subscriptions for 1875 the Publisher pre-pays the postage Address Charles J Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ We have received from the publishers, Messrs Tilton & Co, Boston, a copy of Mrs Partington's Mother Goose's Melodies, the book announced by us a short time since. We can truly pronounce it the best edition of Mother Goose we have yet seen. It has all of the original rhymes in large, clear, bold type, and over a hundred elegant illustrations, all printed on fine tinted paper, and in addition to all this, there are directions for tableaux and acting some of the principal pieces, such as Simple Simon, Little Bo Peep, Ding Dong Bell, etc, etc, with music and costumes. We expect soon to hear of Mother Goose exhibitions everywhere. Inquire for it at the book stores, and if you can not find it, send 60 cents to the publishers, S W Tilton & Co, Boston, who will mail you a copy post paid.

AMERICAN ARTISAN.—The Artisan is devoted to the interests of education and advancement of the producing classes, both employers and employed. Its standard is high, and it keeps well up to it. The engravings are of the highest order, and the reading matter is very interesting and instructive. One of the features is a full list of Patents granted, and the name of the Patentee. Published by Brown & Allen, 258 Broadway, New York. Price, $2.25 a year.

AGRICULTURIST.—This magazine for November is full of interesting matter for the Farm, Garden and Household. On the first page is a winter scene, "Breaking out Roads with a Snow Plow," and farther on is a description of how to make the plow. In the household department is a short piece about "Household Carpentery" in which is some very good suggestions for making Christmas presents. There are 38 pages with something worth knowing on every one. Price, $1.50 a year. Orange Judd & Co., publisers, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

THE LINCOLN WATER WORKS.

A public work of unusual magnitude for the present limited number of benefitted participants, has been undertaken in the town of Lincoln. Its felt necessity arises from the fact that this town is in general, devoid of brooks or any great number of springs, and Lincoln itself has an elevation of 50 to 150 feet above the general level of the surrounding country.

These works are being constructed under an act of the State Legislature, passed in 1872, which provides for the joint supply of the towns of Concord and Lincoln. In this act is the following section:

SEC. 1. All the provisions of this act, concerning the town of Concord shall apply to the town of Lincoln; and if, in the future, the water of said pond shall prove insufficient, for both, the town of Lincoln shall be first supplied.

The residents of Lincoln, having an outlook for the future growth and demands of the town for its water supplies, have shown themselves possessed of a courageous and indomitable financial spirit, in organizing a Board of Water Commissioners, and issuing bonds for the completion of so great an object—great for the resources of its capital, and great in its future blessings for coming generations and the prosperity of the town. This assured and unfailing water supply can but command a higher price for real estate, and induce settlements on its uncultivated lands, which might otherwise remain barren.

The law provides for the issuance of town bonds to an amount not exceeding $50,000, and the town has authorized the issuing of Lincoln Water Bonds not exceeding $30,000, payable in not less than 20 nor more than 30 years.

The water for these works, as well as the Concord works, is drawn from Sandy Pond, which covers a surface of one hundred and fifty-two acres, of an average depth of 40 feet, and distant from the reservoir 6432 feet.

The reservoir is located on Barnes' Hill, which has an elevation of 155 feet above the pond, and 177 feet above the land at the railroad station, one and a half a mile distant. It has a length of 160 feet and is 100 feet wide, and 13 in depth, being of a pear shaped form, and will hold 1,300,000 gallons. The present contract is for 15,000 feet of pipe laying, of six and eight inches, giving supply to the residents from pond to the reservoir, to the town houses adjoining, and thence to Lincoln station, distant one mile and a half—to which point pipes are now being laid.

The Board of Water Commissioners is composed of Samuel H. Peirce, Howard Snelling, Leonard W. Weston, and ex-officio the Chairman of Selectmen of Lincoln, and Town Treasurer, which offices are represented by J. L. Chapin.

The Chief Engineer is M. M. Tidd of Boston. Contractors, Goodhue and Birnie of Springfield, Mass. The pump works are put in by H. R. Worthington of New York City, of which there are two. They will have the capacity of pumping each 1300 gallons per hour.

It is now expected that water will be introduced about the first of December.

The location of the reservoir on Barnes Hill commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country. On the west lies Sandy Pond, on the north the town of Bedford, and through a depression of the hills to the southwest is seen Newton Lower Falls, while the farming region around forms an amphitheatre of field and woodland, of hill and dale, alike beautiful in its present autumnal colors, or in the greener aspect of growing crops.

It takes the financial resources, and the men who are capable of estimating the value of such improvements, to give to the work of the nineteenth century its vitality and its advancement. It is not the present occupants and producers of this water supply who shall be most benefitted, but it is a work for coming ages. We believe that our American government holds such a place in the economy of the divine plans for the good of mankind, that we cannot think of the coming time when any beholder shall look upon its ruins, as we do now of ancient cities and towns. With this we say—three cheers and long life to the plucky little town of Lincoln, with its pleasant location and public spirited citizens.—*Waltham Free Press.*

☞ By a special act of the Legislature of Kentucky, March 16, 1871, the trustees of the Public Library of that State, located at Louisville, were authorized to give five gift concerts in its aid. Four of these concerts have already been held, and the fifth and last is now positively and unequivocally announced to take place on the 30th of November, 1874. As no other concert can ever be held under this charter, the management have planned it upon a scale of unprecedented liberality. No less than $2,500,000 are to be distributed among the ticket holders by lot, under the supervision of Ex-Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette, associated with several leading citizens of Kentucky. The highest prize is $250,000 and this fortune will become the possession of the lucky holder of a ticket costing only $50.

There are twenty thousand gifts altogether, something for everybody: and these will as certainly be distributed on the 30th of November, 1874, as the sun rises that day, and that with the utmost fairness. Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette, Louisville, Kentucky, is the manager, and Messrs. Thomas H. Hays & Co., New York, the Eastern agents for the sale of tickets.

Arlington.

CELEBRATING THE VICTORY.—Saturday evening, Nov 7th, the Banks Club of the town in particular, and the citizens very generally, gave themselves up to a grand celebration of the late victories achieved in the political arena by the opponents of the hitherto dominant party. The arrangements were under the charge of a sub-committee of the Banks Club, and the programme consisted of a salute, fireworks and supper. The gun, which had been located on Highland avenue, was first fired just after dark, and the salute continued until fifty discharges had been made. About the same time a huge bonfire was lighted on one of the adjoining hills, the flames of which appeared to leap some thirty feet into the air, lighting the scene for a long distance. While this part of the celebration was going on, for the, as it proved, exclusive benefit of the upper part of the town (only the faintest echo of the cannon could be heard at the centre of the town, and not even a reflection from the bonfire could be observed), a tar barrel was lighted on the green by the Unitarian church, and the square by the Town Hall was made brilliant by the almost constant discharge of Roman candles, Greek fires, &c. In the Town Hall there were large tables, fairly groaning with the weight of the collation provided, and at eight o'clock the company of some two or three hundred, by invitation of Rodney J. Hardy Esq., chairman of committee of arrangements, made a rapid descent upon them. Though they soon marred the beauty and symmetry of them, the supply of edibles seemed interminable, and it required the persistent efforts of a hundred or two of boys—"perspective voters," one of the speakers called them—to find the end of it. Ample justice having been done, the meeting was called to order by the President, J. H. Hardy Esq., who introduced as the first speaker, Hon. John Schouler. We meet to-night to celebrate in a kindly and friendly manner, a glorious victory. He had fought earnestly and faithfully in political contests for forty-two years, but when the contest was over and the victory won, the kindliest feelings obtained, and he was ready to shake hands with every one, especially on this occasion, as this was a victory won, not by the Democrats, not by Republicans, but by the people. He was always an earnest supporter of Sumner, Lincoln and Banks, and cherished the memory of John A. Andrew, who, had he lived, would have been president. The present occasion reminded him of the time a dozen years ago, when the country was in danger, that a similar though larger gathering, made up of all classes, with one common sentiment, "devotion to our country" filling each breast, assembled in this hall, and gave themselves up a willing sacrifice. Now that as great, though a different danger is before us, there is a like forgetting of private aims, and a uniting for the general good which had resulted he believed, in the salvation of the country. With a parting shot at "Bombastes Butler," whose defeat he considered best of all, the speaker took his seat.

He was followed by Mr. Otis Green, He launched into a discussion of the third term question. To him the effort to saddle Grant upon the country for a third term was a direct movement towards absolute monarchy; but he thanked God he saw in the result of the election just passed an end to that scheme. There had never been in this movement any thought for advancement, and in the selection of candidates, only honest men had been taken and the result was victory. He saw the dawning of better times, when the merchant in his counting room, and the laborer in shop or field would find constant and profitable employment.

The President next introduced the "Great Mogul of the Banks movement," Benjamin Poland Esq. He was reminded by the late election of the parable of the sower. Some of the seed fell in stony ground, especially the Navy Yard, but the Banks men gobbled that up,—a whirlwind from the "grand Banks" carried away a lot more. Gen. Banks had reaped the grandest harvest ever gathered in this district, because he sowed good seed in good ground. The speaker alluded to the eminent services of Gen. Banks, prior to the war,—his remodeling of the military of the State, and closed with an appeal to the foreign element to remain steadfast to the man who secured for them, through his efforts in Congress, entire and full protection under all circumstance, at home or abroad.

Mr. S. S. Davis was the next speaker. He considered the election through which we have just passed, the most important that had occurred for twenty-five years. History was only repeating itself. Parties always become corrupt from a long continued lease of power, and he had no doubt that the one who had just achieved so signal a victory, would at length,

become corrupted, and suffer the fate of every party which has existed since the formation of the government. The future of the South now looked cheering, and nothing now could hinder their return to peace, security, and unequalled prosperity.

Other speakers who were called upon, failing to respond, the meeting broke up, with three cheers for Gen. Banks. The meeting was very enthusiastic, the speakers being frequently and heartily applauded. Thus ends the campaign of 1874.

Tuesday evening a large audience, filling the hall, assembled in Town Hall, according to adjournment, to act upon the remaining articles of the warrant. Hon. J. S. Potter acted as moderator. Hon. John Schouler, chairman of the board of Selectmen, made a statement to the meeting in regard to the needs for a further appropriation to meet extraordinary expenses, and to liquidate damages allowed on the streets. A discussion followed, participated in by Messrs Rawson, Osborn, Davis and Peirce, after which the subject was disposed of by the passage of the following, "That an appropriation of $4500 be made to liquidate expenses incurred by the board of Selectmen, and that the Treasurer be and hereby is authorized to use the money received for taxes belonging to the year 1873, to meet such appropriations.",

Art 4 was next taken up and brought before the meeting by Mr. Alfred Hobbs chief engineer of the fire department in the following motion:—

"That the Selectmen and Board of Engineers of the Fire Department of the town be and hereby are constituted a committee on behalf of the town to contract with Messrs. Gamewell & Co., of New York, for the construction and furnishing of a suitable fire alarm telegraph for the town, at an expense not to exceed $7000.

"That the sum of $7000 be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of procuring a fire alarm telegraph, and the town treasurer is hereby authorized to borrow said sum on town notes, and to disburse the same under the order of the Committee on Fire Alarm Telegraph this day appointed."

A complete outfit for the system had been set up in the hall during the day, and by general consent the agent of the company explained the system to the meeting and gave a practical illustration of its workings. The apparatus worked perfectly, and all present seemed interested, but when the vote on Mr. Hobbs' motion came to be taken, a very large majority voted against it. The apparatus consisted of two signal boxes,—Nos. 9 and 45, which were going to Lowell to be added to those already there—a small gong for the use at the engineer's private houses, a large one for the different engine houses, and the bell striking hammer. As this was a subject which few understood very perfectly before, the speaker was listened to with marked attention.

Before taking up article five, Judge Wm. E. Parmenter, by general consent, offered the following resolution:—

"That the town Treasurer be authorized to give receipts on behalf of the town, for the payment of the bequests to the town under the will of the late Nathan Pratt Esq., and that the amount of said bequests when paid, be deposited by the treasurer under direction of the Selectmen, to the account of the town, subject to the order of the town."

The amount of the bequest is $25,000, the interest of which is to be used for the benefit of the Town Library, support of poor, and other uses as signified in the will.

Article five being taken up, Mr. N. C Nash, through Mr William Stowe, presented a resolution as follows, which he urged the meeting to accept:—

"Ordered that a committee of five be appointed by the chair to examine into the whole question of water supply, its adaptibility for domestic use, and if so, the practicability of flowing Lexington meadows, or seeking some other source of supply than that at present existing, taking into consideration the damage claimed by mill owners. Also a complete and thorough audit of accounts of the cost of and general expenditures upon the Arlington Water Works from its inception to the present time, and that said committee be and hereby are empowered to send for persons and papers, and that the sum of $250.00 be appropriated, to be paid out of incidental expense funds for the employment of a competent and experienced accountant to serve the committee in their investigations and report on the foregoing order."

Considerable discussion followed, and finally an amendment offered by Mr Benjamin Poland to the effect "that provided the original motion is legal, the said committee also take charge of all suits pending against the town, relating to the water works," which was carried. The main question was then put, carried, and the moderator appointed Messrs Wm Stowe, Jesse Brown, George Hill, J P. Wyman, John Fillebrown.

The last article of the warrant in relation to the acceptance of Appleton Court as a town way, called considerable feeling on the part of the interested parties. An amendment to the original motion to accept, offered by Mr Bailey, to the effect "when said court shall have been laid out to a width of 40 feet, and properly graded, at the expense of the abuttors," was withdrawn, and the matter was finally disposed of on motion of Mr J W Peirce, by a reference to the Selectmen, with instructions to report at the next town meeting.

The different matters considered were discussed with a peculiar, but we are informed, characteristic freedom, and to us was decidedly interesting,

CONCERT.—A large and appreciative audience assembled in the town hall on Friday evening, Nov 6th, to listen to the music of Mr Joseph Heine, the blind violinist, Mrs Ada Heine, pianist, and the Alpine Quartette. The concert was a gratuity to the holders of tickets to the "Arlington Lecture Course," of which Mr. Rust is manager, and was very fine. The artists were heartily applauded, and repeatedly encored. Mr Heine's performance on a common tin whistle carried the house by storm.

SOCIAL ENTERTAINNENT.— At the Unitarian church last Tuesday evening, there was a very pleasant social entertainment, consisting of music, declamation, and a comedy entitled "A Morning Call." A miniature stage, with all the paraphernalia of a more pretentious affair, occupied the west end of the vestry. The parlor scene was very neat indeed. The affair was under the management of a committee appointed for the purpose. Mr S P Prentiss, organist of the church, had charge of the musical part of the entertainment, which was all good.

CABBAGE THIEVES.—On Wednesday night of this week thieves entered the premises of Joseph Sinclair, near the Arlington Heights station, and stole the best part of his cabbages, having a team drawn up to the entrance of the lot for the purpose of carrying them away. The thieves had a good chance there, as Mr. Sinclair lives quite a distance from the lot. It is a pity such mean thieves cannot be caught, and made an example of.

NEW STORE.—Mr. C. W. Bastine who is in charge of the grocery store in the basement of the Savings Bank building, is offering the first groceries at prices much less than elsewhere. If you wish to save money in your purchases, run down and see him.

ACCIDENT.—Last Monday morning Mrs. Peirce of Lexington, with some friends were riding up the avenue in a large carriage, drawn by a pair of horses. When opposite the store of Mr. Matt. Rowe, one of the horses fell, and was dragged some distance, and bruised considerably. The pole of the carriage was broken.

☞ The laborer employed by one of the wealthy residents on Pleasant street, was riding up the avenue about noon on Monday in his employer's team. When at the railroad crossing the horse took to the sidewalk, dragging the carriage over the steps of the town hall, and continued his course up the walk, and stopped of his own accord in front of the residence of Mr. Dodge. The occupant was enjoying a drunken sleep in the carriage, and the fearful jolt in going over the steps failed to awaken him. Officer Hartwell took charge of the team, and delivered it at the residence of the owner.

—The friends and relatives of the late Albert A. Locke, who died in South America, Aug 7, 1873, were pleased this week to receive the body. It was interred in the Arlington Cemetery without ceremonies.

VANDALISM.—Some miscreant fired a lot of dry vines in the rear of the barn on the estate of the late Col. Thorp, last Saturday evening, and only a timely discovery prevented a disastrous conflagration.

☞ Thursday morning gave us sharp warning that winter is at or near our doors, Ice of considerable thickness formed in many places. The glass indicated 24 degrees above zero.

STILL LIVES.—At a meeting of the Banks Club last Monday evening it was voted to continue the organization. The meetings will be subject to the call of the president, J H Hardy, Esq.

Lexington.

DRAINAGE.—The assessments on the drainage account have been levied, and people are just beginning to see what an elephant they have got on their hands. The last act of this play is not quite so pleasant to look at. The drainage system is now the subject of all subjects. It has suddenly become apparent to many that it is not so great a benefit after all. The steps were taken which led to this, and no one said aught against it, because they did not understand it. The form of notifying those who were interested to appear and hear it explained, and protest if they wished, was gone through with, but we doubt if any gave it a thought. They certainly did not think over $4000 was to be expended upon the work. No one imagined for a moment that any such plan was to be undertaken. The matter was pushed forward, money was expended, and we presume, work was done, and now the bill comes in. Why do citizens object? Because they see none of the benefits that are claimed by the originator of the project. Because they think that money was needlessly sunk in the ditches that were dug, ditches so serpentine in their course as to suggest the thought that it was hard work to find enough abuttors by adopting a straighter line. Because they believe that the measure was forced through under a misapprehension of the facts. Where are the benefits? Undeveloped as yet. It will be remembered that at the outset, the measure was urged as a sanitary one The health of the town demanded it. And again, land was to be brought into use for building purposes. Where is the proof that these results have been obtained? We fail to see. There is only one result that we can point to with any degree of assurance. It is true that by this a considerable number of men were given employment; but we do not remember that it was ever argued as a charity scheme. The abuttors naturally feel sore about it, and what the result will be we cannot predict.

MINSTRELSY.—For a week the town has been warned in various ways that the Amateur Minstrels would hold forth at the Town House, Nov. 11th. Illuminated wagons, bearing the announcement, have paraded our streets, accompanied by the stirring drum. Transparencies have adorned the walls, notifying all to "Bon hand" at the time above mentioned. Friend Locke had advertised his entertainment liberally, and on Wednesday evening he was rewarded with a good house. The programme as follows was adhered to:—Part first, Overture; Opening Chorus, Company; Comic Song, Chas Draper; Ballad, Jos. Ham; Comic Song H C Locke; Ballad, Geo Conant; Chorus, Company; Selections by the Orchestra Part second, Stump speech, H G Locke; Dutch Songs, H Fiske; Song and Dance C Draper; Affecting Ballad, Little Wanderers; Selections by the Orchestra; Songs by a Quartette. Part third,—The laughable farce entitled "Two in the Morning." Mr Newpenny, H M Reed; Stranger, G R Russell. The young gentlemen did well, and the audience heartily applauded the hits and comicalities of the company. Perhaps the best feature of the evening was the "Affecting Ballad" by five "little wanderers." The surprise was complete, and the actors carried it out in a highly creditable and exceedingly funny manner. The only drawback during the evening was the unusual wait previous to the farce; but the audience soon forgot their impatience in the very amusing situations of that roaring piece, and all ended well.

GAS CO.—A letter in our columns some weeks ago urged upon our citizens the necessity of providing the town with a supply of gas in order that it might maintain its position with other places of enterprise, where advancement is courted rather than shunned. Since that time a movement has been made, and the subject thoroughly discussed. The project has met with flattering success, and the citizens have come forward in support of it more readily than we supposed they would. The only objection in our mind was the cost, but it appeared that satisfactory arrangements are prepared and a sufficient amount of stock subscribed to warrant the carrying out of the plan. The gas to be used will be made from petroleum, and the gentleman who owns the patent puts up the necessary works, stocks it and runs it for a year without expense to the stockholders. He also takes half the stock, in order to help the matter along. This is no new venture The system is already in practice in cities and towns in the West. Numerous manufacturers have adopted it in their works, and our Boston manufacturer says that his gas bill is now less than $2000, where it was formerly 15 to 18,000 dollars. We do not know when the pipes are to be laid, but are assured that no time will be lost. It is a great convenience and luxury, and unlike most luxuries is comparatively cheap. We thought we had taken a long step forward when we put up our street lamps. The second step will be a better one in the same direction, and will never be regretted.

"MINUTE MEN."—At the regular meeting last Thursday evening, the 1st and 2d companies, were consolidated, and the following officers elected: Capt, G H Cutter; 1st Lieut, Chas A Fowle; 2d Lieut, Everett S Locke. A company has been formed at East Lexington, including a dozen or more of the original company. Its officers are,—Captain G Kauffman; 1st Lieut, J T Maynard; 2nd Lieut, Frank P Hovey. It now numbers 40 men, and is to drill in the new hall at the East village. Company drills are held once a week, and consolidated drills once a fortnight.

☞ The young people of the Unitarian society have chosen a committee of arrangements for the winter season, and it is the intention to give a series of entertainments in the vestry in connection with the suppers of the sewing society. The first will take place next Wednesday evening. Others will follow each fortnight, and the young folks are bound to have a pleasant and sociable series.

REUNION.—The High School Association Re-union occurs Friday evening, Nov 27. Business meeting at 6 1-2, literary exercises at 7 1 2, supper at 8 1 2 to be followed by an informal dance. Music,—Germania's. Members of the Association can obtain tickets for themselves and friends for the supper or dance of the ticket committee or of Charles G Goodwin, Esq., Muzzey street.

HANCOCK CHURCH.—There will be a Children's Service in the Hancock Cong'l church, on Sunday evening, beginning at 6 1 2 o'clock. Subject to be considered, "Our language, what it is, and what it should be." The public are invited.

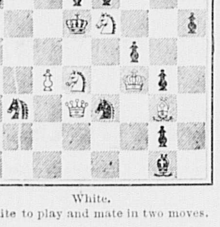
SAVINGS BANK.—At the last meeting of the Savings Bank, a semi annual dividend of three and one half per cent was declared from the earnings of the previous 6 months.

☞ The store of Locke & Goddard on Main street has been moved back so as to conform to the new line of the street at that point.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 28.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION.—The key to Problem 27 is Queen to Rook's square.

Married.

In Cambridge, Oct. 22d, by the Rev. Charles A. Holbrook, Mr. W. Gilford Miller, of Woburn, and Miss Emma S., daughter of John O. Whittemore, Esq., of Cambridge.

In Shapley, Me., Nov. 3d, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. W. H. Copeland, Mr. E. Everett Upham and Miss Lois A. Thyng, both of Arlington, (No cards.)

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Arlington, Oct. 31st, Thomas Miller, aged 37 years.

In Arlington, Nov. 2nd, William, Jr., son of Wm. and Mary Doyle, aged 1 year, 28 days.

In Arlington, Nov. 2nd, J. Warren, son of Frederick J. and Ellen F. Johnson, aged 5 months, 13 days.

In Winchester, Nov. 11, an infant son of Stephen and Amanda Drolette, aged 2 days.

In Lexington, Nov. 10, Miss Georgie A. Munroe, aged 24 years.

In Winchester, Nov. 6th, Wm. Edgar Giles, aged 2 years, 1 month, 22 days.

In Woburn, Nov. 7th, Frank E., son of Frank H. and Elvira E. Leathe, aged 2 months.

In Lexington, Nov. 2d, Marshall Preston, aged 82 years, 5 months.

In Woburn, Nov. 7th, Charles R. Bowers, aged 55 years.

In Winchester, Nov. 12th, James Tracy, oldest child of Stephen and Ella J. Langley, aged 4 years 3 months.

In Winchester, Nov. 10, Willie G. Herrington, aged 22 years.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines,

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Select Dancing School.

MR. J. A. COOPER will receive new pupils in his afternoon class which meets in Central House Hall, next Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M. Terms $5.00 for 12 lessons. 171

THE PRICE TELLS AND EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

AT RETAIL

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits,

$12 to $24.

Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.

ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.

12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

OPENING
—OF—
Winter Millinery,
Thursday and Friday,
Nov. 19 and 20,
At Mrs. S. K. NICHOLS',
NORTH WOBURN.

LYCEUM HALL, - - WOBURN.
Saturday Eve'g, Nov, 21st.
WASHBURN'S Great Moral Show!
HIS LAST SENSATION!
4 Shows for one admission!
30 METROPOLITAN ARTISTS!

Admission 35 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
Children under twelve, 25 cents.
Reserved Seats for sale at S. HORTON'S.
Doors open at 7½. Commence at 8 o'clock.
E. S. WASHBURN, Proprietor
L. W. WASHBURN, Manager.

At the "Old Corner."

Nos. 24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
We have now on hand the
LARGEST STOCK
We have ever yet placed in store.
OUR GOODS
Must be Sold!
The continued warm weather
THIS FALL
Compels us to dispose of it at
A SACRIFICE
And our prices for Clothing
FOR MEN'S,
FOR BOY'S,
FOR YOUTH,
Of which we have on hand
An Immense Supply,
ARE MARKED DOWN
To Wholesale Cost,
For the Next six Weeks.
WE CANNOT
CARRY THIS STOCK OVER.
NOW
Is the opportunity for
BARGAINS!
Remember ONE THIRD to ONE HALF DISCOUNT on all staple goods, suits or garments.
TRY US! AT
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE 24 AND 25
BOSTON. 175
G. H. RICHARDS.

Insurance.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.

A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

GEO. H. CONN.

Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

Mortgagee's Sale.

To Edwin C. McFarland, William A. Wilson, and all other persons interested.

PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Wm. A. Wilson to Anna P. Ripley, dated October 26, A. D. 1872 and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Middlesex County, Southern District, Lib. 1234, Fol. 284, will be sold at public auction for breach of conditions of said mortgage, on Monday, November 30th, 1874, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises hereinafter described as follows: All that parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in the easterly part of Woburn, in the said County of Middlesex, being part of lot numbered thirty-six, as shown on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Book of plans number five, plan twenty-third, and bounded northerly by lot numbered thirty-five, two hundred feet; easterly by part of said lot thirty-six, fifty-five feet; southerly by part of said lot thirty-six, two hundred and eighteen and eight-twelfths feet; and westerly by Tremont street fifty-eight feet, and containing eleven thousand five hundred and thirty square feet more or less, being the premises described in said mortgage, together with all the benefit and equity of redemption of the said Edwin C. McFarland or any other person holding the equity in said premises, their heirs, executors administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. The equity to said premises are now owned or supposed to be owned by the said Edwin C. McFarland.

ANNA P. RIPLEY, Mortgagee.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Nov., 1874.

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!

MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction."

Harper's Bazar,
ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The *Bazar* is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal; and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Bazar* commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by droll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes, to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading matter of the *Bazar* is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post*

TERMS.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S BAZAR, one year, . . . $4.00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's periodicals to one address for one year, $7.00; postage free.

An extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage free.

Back numbers can be supplied at any time.

The seven volumes of Harper's Bazar, for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $7.00 each.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express orders of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

MRS. W. T. AYERS,
Will attend to
Dress and Cloak Making,
at her residence, 39
COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.
Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

Removal.

Mrs. L. A. Gilman has taken rooms in the house of Mr. J. D Gilman, on Railroad street, opposite Broad street, where she will continue dressmaking, and solicite a share of the public patronage.

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents, 22

"Don't you forget it!"
Large Lot
Latest Styles
HOUSE PAPER
SELLING LOW AT
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main Street,
WOBURN.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons. 165

Matched Horses
FOR SALE.
A pair of Black Matched Horses, 8 years old weigh 1200 apiece, good for coach or for team.
165 Inquire of H. PARKER, Winchester.

Two Tenements for Rent.
A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

Fo Sale or To Let.
A store in North Woburn, suitable for an Apothecary. Apply at North Woburn Post Office.

CARPETS.

The cheapest line of FINE CARPETS that can be found in the market are now for sale by the

New England Carpet Company,

A large stock just purchased of the administrator of the estate of a late manufacturer, comprising elegant Tapestries, solid Brussels, Kidderminsters, Extra Superfine, Super, Ingrains, Stair Carpets, Oil Cloths, etc. *All of which will be sold very much under market value.* Many styles for three quarters or one-half current prices.

BRUSSELS,	$1.50
TAPESTRIES,	1.00
EXTRA SUPERFINES,	1.00
SUPERFINES,	87 cents
INGRAINS,	75 cents
TWO-PLYS,	50 cents
CHEAP INGRAINS,	30 cents
CANTON MATTINGS,	12½ cents
STAIR CARPETS,	12½ cents
OIL CLOTHS,	30 cents

New England Carpet Company.

Removed to 85 Hanover St., opposite American House, Boston. 146

Geo. H. Lane & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers of
Men's, Boys'
—AND—

Children's
Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and
Winter Clothing
At BOTTOM PRICES.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock.

☞ One Price to all.

GEO. H. LANE & CO.,
31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

MEDICAL OFFICE,
806 Tremont Street, Boston.

F. W. A. BERGENGREN, M. D., assisted by a Board of physicians, for the scientific treatment of chronic diseases; the following diseases are successfully treated:—Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, treated by inhalation of Ozonized Air. Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Epileptic Fits, Paralysis, Ruptures, Gravel, Liver and Kidney diseases, Piles, Fistula, and all affections of the Rectum; Cancers cured by three weeks treatment; Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Headaches, and all kinds of nervous disorders. Female Complaints, Irregularities, Prolapsus, mercurial and seminal diseases, Chronic Dysentery, Skin diseases, Ulcers of the bone. Never fail to remove Tape-worms in from two to four hours. Diseases of the Spine, Hip-Joint, Contracted Muscles, painful Back Deformities of all kinds treated with great success by a new method.

We have successfully treated hundreds of patients for the appetite for alcoholic liquors and opium.

A short time under our treatment will completely restore your health, or, if not, no charge made.

Remember that we make chronic diseases a specialty, and if we don't cause a permanent cure, no cure, no pay.

Letters promptly answered. Consultation free.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49. 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00. 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.
29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

Three New Singing Books
THAT SHOULD BE UNIVERSALY USED.

The Leader.
For Choirs, Conventions & Singing Classes.
By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Price, $12 per doz., $1.38 per copy.

The Song Monarch.
For Singing Schools, Conventions, Musical Academies, &c.
By H. R. PALMER, assisted by L. O. EMERSON.
Price, $7.50 per doz., 75 cts., per copy.

Perkin's Anthem Book.
Set Pieces, Anthems, Hymn Anthems, Sentences, &c., for Choirs.
By W. O. PERKINS.
Price $13.50 per dozen. $1.50 per copy.
Specimen copies sent post-paid for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

WANTED.
Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

ICE CREAM
—AND—
Fresh Oysters
Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

AGENCY
—FOR—
BARRETT & BROTHER'S
DYE HOUSE,
BOSTON,
At "Horton's Bookstore."
Clothing. &c.
Cleansed
or Dyed
in the best manner. Now is the time to
ECONOMIZE
AND MAKE
Old Clothes NEW!
BRING THEM ALONG TO
195 Main Street, - Woburn.
20

THE
BRYANT & STRATTON
Commercial School,
BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete *Commercial Education.*

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc,)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54
H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

For Sale.
A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

STOVE FOR SALE.
A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

OVERCOATS
At less price than has been seen before since the late war.
Popular Prices:
$10, $12, $13, $15, $16, $18, $20, $22, $23, $25, $28, $30.
All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.
Every garment marked in plain figures.
ONE PRICE.
WILMOT'S.
121 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.
The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.
No. 9 Railroad Street,
where may be found at all times,
Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,
The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with
Hot Brown Bread.
Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.
Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention. JACOB R. CURRIER.
Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,
CLOTHES DRYERS!
AND CLOTHES HORSES.
Thompson's HARDWARE STORE
BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 40
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.
Miss Alice E. Bancroft,
would invite the Ladies to call at
No. 138 Main St., Woburn,
where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.
The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.
LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address
43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!
We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the
Best Machine
ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the
Wilcox & Gibbs
Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:
I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.
Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45
G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,
213 Main Street, Woburn.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
ODELL & HUDSON'S
Elliptic Spring-Bed,
Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55
Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,
WINCHESTER, MASS:
A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY
☞ Orders by Mail Solicited. ☜

JUL. COHEN'S
NEW STORE!
199 MAIN STREET,
Three doors above Post Office,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.
At Very Low Prices!
Woburn Centre, Mass.

The Centennial Celebration and International Exhibition.

Fellow Citizens:—The time has come when the people of Massachusetts should do their part toward preparations for the celebration of the first Centennial anniversary of our national independence, which is to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, as provided for by laws of Congress and to continue through a period of six months.

In March, 1871, Congress, by a vote almost unanimous, brought this subject before the people and in well chosen terms pressed it upon their favorable consideration, and as a means thereto provided for a "national and international exhibition of arts, manufactures, and the products of the soil and mine"; Congress also provided laws and agents for its management, and declared that the ceremonies should be conducted "under the auspices of the government of the United States," whereby it did, as we think, invest said celebration with the prestige of the nation, and associate its fate with the honor of the country. At a subsequent date, and as a means to raise the necessary capital to sustain the ceremonies, Congress created the corporation known as the "Centennial board of finance," clothed with the right to raise ten millions of dollars by selling its own capital stock. This sum was to be apportioned among the people of all the States, and you will perceive that when so apportioned it is equal to twenty-five cents per capita, and that by applying this principle to our State, it will appear that her share is about three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It is true that the liberality of the State of Pennsylvania in furnishing about one half of the entire capital might, by some, be understood to reduce the quota of our State, but she will not claim the benefit of any excess provided by Pennsylvania. That must go for the relief of States less able to contribute. However this may be, our State being second to none in the arts, manufactures and inventions, and feeling as though she ought to contend for the ascendancy in these departments at the coming international exhibition, it becomes both her interest and her duty to provide her share of the capital for the erection of the buildings and other needful preparations without delay. Her manufacturers and mechanics are too sensible of the value to them of the coming comparison of foreign skill with their own, to overlook the needed preparations and we know them to be too proud to occupy space furnished by the capital of others. The shares of stock which we wish you to subscribe for are $10 each. Any number of shares under five will be paid for in full at the time of subscribing. On subscriptions for five shares or more, $4 per share will be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder nine months thereafter. In the election for directors, stockholders are entitled to one vote for each share of stock. No liability attaches to the stock or to the subscribers thereto. The buildings (save those erected by the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia) and all other property and receipts from tickets of admission, belong to the holders of the stock, and the laws of Congress require the board of finance at the close of the exhibition to sell all its property, and after paying all its liabilities to make a *pro rata* division to the stockholders of the fund that may remain. With the pecuniary result will be is difficult to foretell, but those whose opportunities of estimating it are best, say that the present indications are that a large dividend will be paid on the stock, if it be not redeemed in full. This impression is justified by the fact that the two and a half millions of dollars appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia are not represented by stock, the effect of which is equivalent to furnishing for the use of the stockholders three of the principal buildings, free of charge. And although the exhibition at Vienna resulted in heavy pecuniary loss, that in Paris in 1867, paid expenses, and that in London in 1851 paid its cost and a handsome profit beside. While we do not wish to induce you to subscribe to the stock on the ground that you will get all your money back, we do feel at liberty to say that the present outlook would seem to promise general and pecuniary success. The result of the late State exhibitions, held in different sections of the country, point unmistakably in this direction. Observing that a numerous class of the people—laborers and operatives—were anxious to have some part in this patriotic work, and a share of stock being quite above a proper part for such persons, the board of finance has so modified its financial plans as to receive contributions of one, two, three and five dollars. This is accomplished through the use of memorial medals, authorized by a law of Congress, and now being manufactured at the United States Mint; these medals will furnish to the holders the evidence that they did what they could toward celebrating the first centennial anniversary of the republic; and beside their names will be inscribed on the great roll of contributors to be handed down to coming generations. Our great State, with the very cradle of liberty within her limits, and with a history radiant with the noble deeds of her sons, performed in the struggle for independence, cannot, must not, fail to have a commanding part in the ceremonies that are to commemorate the first centennial anniversary of the republic, and to do honor to the memory of the patriots and soldiers who died and suffered so much to establish the principles of self government, thereby securing inestimable blessings for their country. We feel entirely justified in saying to you that the great celebration and international exhibition is an assured success. The buildings for this purpose, covering more than forty acres of spaces, are in process of erection, and preparations are making in all parts of our country to exhibit the choicest of the nation's works of art, manufactures, and of the products of the soil and mine. It is not only clear, then, that these grand ceremonies will come off at Philadelphia, near the spot where independence was declared, but it is certain, also, that they will be witnessed by the representatives of very many foreign nations, for the governments of the following named countries have already signified their intention to be represented and take part in the great international exhibition, to wit: France, Germany, Belgium, Netherland, Norway and Sweden, Spain, China, Egypt, Switzerland, Mexico, Brazil, Chili, Argentine Confederation, Equador, Peru, Venezuela, Sandwich Islands, Colombia, Liberia, and Hayti; and although England, Canada, Italy, Austria, Persia and Australia have as yet adopted no official measures on the subject, we learn that the correspondence from these countries with the director-general of the exhibition, Mr. Goshorn, indicates that each intends to have a part in the ceremonies. Surely there is enough in this imposing outlook to signify to you the pressing need there is for ample preparations. We close with the remark that the centennial agents will call on you within a brief period to solicit subscriptions to the centennial stock, and we bespeak for them a respectful hearing, and for the cause they represent material aid according to the pecuniary ability of each.

JOHN CUMMINGS,
W. B. SPOONER,
JOSEPH H. CHADWICK,
ARTHUR CHENEY,
JAMES S. WHITNEY,
JOSEPH F. PAUL,
CURTIS GUILD,
NATHANIEL ADAMS,
Centennial Committee for the city of Boston.

Why not openly Canvass.

In a circular addressed to the Republican voters of a certain Representative district in Massachusetts, just before the State election, earnestly entreating them to rally to the support of the regular candidate, we find him recommended literally in the following terms:

"The Republicans in caucus assembled, without a dissenting vote, nominated ——, Esq., by acclamation. He is a man of great business ability, a close observer of passing events, is right on all the great questions of the day, commanding the respect of the whole district, and, above all, *does not seek the office.*"

As to these various merits, subjective and objective, as our lively neighbor the Teuton says, voters nowadays feel very variously. They evidently care little or nothing for unanimous nominations by Republicans in caucus assembled. Business ability, close observation and rectitude on great questions certainly command the respect of whole districts—when we can be sure our candidate has got them. But how about not seeking the office to which his fellow-citizens nominate him? Is that such a merit that it deserves to be set "above all," and printed in italics? Evidently, it is called one now. Evidently, if a man who wants an office, legislative, executive or judicial, comes out before the world and says so, announces himself as a candidate, it is regarded as an extraordinary, an unheard-of thing. A candidate may do anything to get an office—whisper, hint, entertain, treat, solicit, bribe; success or party machinery will somehow cover over everything—but he must manage matters so that his friends may in any event say with a kind of truth he did not seek it. And again, why not? We are not speaking of cases where good candidates or bad candidates have office thrust upon them. It is very certain that good and honorable men have declined nominations more or less peremptorily, under such circumstances as to prove their disinterestedness; it is certain, also, that comparatively worthless men who never cared for office have been trust in as tools of others; such are the common-places of American politics. But, if a proper candidate in other respects announced himself as a candidate, would that unfit him? Would it throw any imputation on the freedom and independence of popular election if he was chosen? Would the fact that he was perfectly frank make him any the less honorable? A candidate for employment in trade or commerce, manufacturing or teaching, in medicine, law or divinity, says so. Why not in politics?

In two great communities at least this is the practice. First, in England, any one, old or young, who wishes to go into Parliament puts out an address to the electors of some place. He is generally assisted in the selection of a constituency by party machinery. Our present district system, one of very doubtful expediency, avoids that. But when it is selected, he says: "Here I am; so and so are my views; will you take me?" On the actual day of election, he is proposed and seconded, but that is a formality, a backing up, not the initiation of the canvass; on the contrary, it is about the last step in it. Will any one say that, as a whole, our system gets hold of more promising or more experienced men than the English? Second, at the South, before the war. It was the regular practice throughout the Southern States for those who wanted to be employed in the public service to announce themselves as candidates and to travel round the country on their own account, speaking against each other at the same meeting, generally staying at the same inn, and often occupying the same bed. It was done with the some frankness and bold declaration of ideas and wishes that ran through the whole old-time South. Again, are we prepared to say that on the whole the South used to send to its Legislatures and to Congress a less able, less active, or less honorable specimen of its population than we do now of ours?

There is a great deal of talk now about the evils of the caucus system; a great deal of discussion how the public voice may make itself more accurately heard. The truth is, the public want to have various articles offered to it before it can tell which to select. Why not get rid of this mock modesty of candidates, this affection of yielding to solicitation, this pretence that an honest ambition for an honorable post is somehow a disgrace to a citizen, and let candidates come forward frankly and fairly, as they did in the best days of the South and do in England now?—*Globe.*

"GIVING IN."—It is better to yield a little than quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
BY HIS HONOR THOMAS TALBOT,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF
PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

With the advice and consent of the council, I designate Thursday, the 26th day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving to God for the prosperity and fruitfulness of the year; for the success which has attended the labors of the husbandman, the enterprises of commerce, and the industries of our people; for the institutions of freedom and religion, which make our Commonwealth the abode of purity and peace; for the example and influence of our public servants, who, living or dead, inspire the hearts of our citizens with higher aims and a firmer purpose to serve the cause of humanity.

Let us praise God, and render thanks for all his mercies, the daily bounties of his providence, the beauty of his smile in the changing seasons of the year; the grace which garners in our homes the treasures and enjoyments of domestic life; and, above all, for the higher hopes and aspirations which spring from the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

With a gratitude proved genuine by the generosity and kindness kindled in our hearts towards the poor and the suffering, the outcast and the oppressed, the weak and the criminal, let us strive to merit at last the divine approbation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Given at the council chamber in Boston, on this twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and of the independence of the United States of America the ninety-ninth.

THOMAS TALBOT.

By his honor the lieutenant-governor, with the advice of the council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.—A Canada negro has been walking around the Central market and "blowing" how many melons he could eat in a given time. It was known that he was pretty heavy on melons, and the American darkies had to take a back seat and bide their time. Thursday evening a steamboat fireman, called "Black Betsey," stopped off here, where he lives, and he happened around the market yesterday morning just when "Tall Jack" of Canada was blowing his hardest. "Talking about meluns" sung out "Betsey," "'bout eating meluns! why, sir, I kin eat more meluns than any two niggers in Kennedy!" The terms were soon arranged, each contributed half a dollar, and the dollar bought eighteen fair-sized musk and watermelons. They were carried to a shady spot on Bates street and divided into two piles, and it was agreed that the one who failed to eat his nine, or who quit the first, should pay for all. Both men took off their coats, unbuckled their straps, and went to business. "Talk 'bout eating meluns!" sneered Betsey, as he ripped one in two and made about six mouthfuls of it, "Yes, talking 'bout meluns—umph!" replied Jack, slinging away a heap of rinds. Neither of the contestants paid any attention to watermelon seeds, eating them down, and the interior of a musk melon was raked out at one handful. Neither faltered until after the fourth melon, when the Canadian began to pick out the seeds and go slow. His friends rallied him, and he got into the sixth melon as Betsey finished his seventh. "Whoa, boy! what ails ye?" shouted the crowd, as Tall Jack looked despairingly around and nibbled once or twice at his seventh. He managed to gulp down half of it, and then leaned back against the fence, slowly pulled out fifty cents, handed it over and remarked: "Somehow I doesn't feel like eating meluns to-day. Betsey tossed away the rinds of the eighth, bit open and went through the ninth, and as he reached over and took the largest one from the other pile, he yelled: "Meluns! meluns! Tell 'em to keep dat street-car team out of de way of dese rinds."—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ On one occasion during the Revolution "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting which he wished to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't wish to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line. But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

☞ If you lose a watch, a dog, or a child, or if you desire people not to trust your wife, you rush to your local paper, knowing that every one will read the advertisement. But you will plod along in business year after year, without calculating how much you are losing by not advertising it.

☞ Says the Little Rock Republican: "Of all cliques, the most implacable and unreasonable is a church clique." Oh! you have them out there, do you?

☞ It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, we are now prepared with an entire stock of New Goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library and Dining-Room
FURNITURE.
Draperies & Interior Decorations
At prices that defy competition.
HALEY, MORSE & Co.
411 Washington St. 122

Another Chance!
Fifth and Last Gift Concert!
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF KENTUCKY.
POSTPONED TO
November 30, 1874.
Drawing Certain at that Date!

LIST OF GIFTS.

One Grand Cash Gift,	$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	75,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,	25,000
5 Cash Gifts, $20,000 each,	100,000
10 Cash Gifts, 14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts, 10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts, 5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts, 4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts, 3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts, 2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts, 1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts, 500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts, 100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts, 50 each,	950,000
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all cash,	2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets,	$50 00
Halves,	25 00
Tenth, or each Coupon,	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22½ Tickets for	1000 00

For tickets or information, address
THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.
Or THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,
133 609 Broadway, New York.

Mortgagee's Sale.
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

To all persons interested in the premises hereafter described.

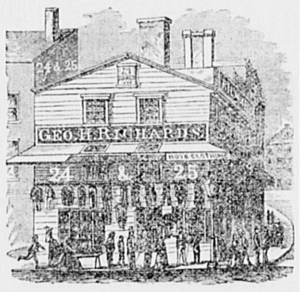
PURSUANT to the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed, given by Charles McCormick and Maria J. McCormick his wife, to the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, dated May 1st. A. D. 1872, and recorded in the South District Registry of Deeds for the County of Middlesex. Lib. 1208, fol 510, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of the said mortgage, on Monday, the 16th day of November next, at 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, on the premises a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the northerly side of a private way leading westerly out of Main street in the southerly part of said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises, at land of William Courts, thence the line runs westerly on and by said private street sixty-six feet to a stake at land of Thomas Richardson, thence northerly by land of said Thomas Richardson, one hundred and sixty-six feet to a stake; thence easterly by land of Heirs of Josiah Richardson, deceased, sixty six feet to a corner; thence southerly by land of said William Courts, one hundred and sixty feet to the point of beginning, and being the same premises conveyed to Maria J. McCormick by James Burke by deed dated September 1, 1870, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds. Book 1127, Page 481, and also being the premises described in the said mortgage, together with all benefit and equity of redemption of the said Charles McCormick and Maria J. McCormick, their several heirs, executors, administrators and assigns therein.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

WOBURN FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
Mortgagees.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Oct. 29th, 1874. 157

Tenements To Let.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

Richard's
"Old Corner"



CLOTHING HOUSE
24.....DOCK SQUARE.....25

Is now furnished with the Largest and Best display of seasonable

MEN'S
YOUTH'S and
BOY'S CLOTHING,

That we have ever had upon our counters. We have laid in for the

FALL of 1874,

A prime assortment of everything desirable, from the smallest ready made Suits for CHILDREN, to the complete outfit for GENTLEMEN, or BOY'S wear—in all the varieties of fabric and styles—and our notable

LOW PRICES,

Are so well known all over New England, that we again invite out of town buyers to remember, when visiting Boston, if they would

SAVE 30 PER CENT

In their FALL and WINTER CLOTHING purchases, that

RICHARDS' "Old Corner,"

Is the place to call at, where they will not be disappointed in

PRICE,
QUALITY,
GOODNESS,
OR STYLE
24 DOCK 24
25 SQUARE 25
BOSTON. 137

Established in 1861.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
The best and largest Stock of
Pianos & Organs
Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly
Reduced Prices for Cash
OR INSTALLMENTS.
Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann,	New York
McCammon,	"
Guild, Church & Co.,	Boston
W. P. Emerson,	"
Vose & Sons,	"
New England Organ Co.,	"
&c.,	&c.

STOOLS & COVERS, all Varieties,
Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,
FOR SALE CHEAP.
O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,
16 WOBURN, MASS.

THE OLD
WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.
James Partridge, Proprietor.
Painting, Graining, Guilding,
—AND—
PAPER HANGING.
Also—Whitening and Tinting.
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.
NEAR POST OFFICE. 189
☞ Sign Writing and Lettering a specialty.

Chas. K. Conn & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal, Wood, Lime,
Cement & Hay.
Office, 113 Main Street, Ellis' Store,
WOBURN.
YARD near Horn Pond Station.
CHAS. K. CONN. 60 C. H. POLLARD.

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Uphoster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 61
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

IMPORTANT!

The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 63

Go to "Grant."

He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs

THE BEST WORKMEN,

who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments

As they should be made.

So if you want to get suited in any department of a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment,

Call on

A. GRANT,
169 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

REMOVAL.
L. W. OSGOOD
Has removed his LAW OFFICE into one of the offices occupied by H. Collamore, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, in Wade's Block, 67
No. 172 MAIN STREET, Woburn.

W. P. B. Brooks & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FURNITURE!
Carpetings,
STOVES, FEATHERS,
Mattresses, &c.
Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.
We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere Our assortment is full and complete.
9 Marshall Street,
114 Blackstone Street,
AND
151 Hanover Street,
Corner of Marshall, Boston.
Wm. P. B. Brooks, Levi Walbridge.
Fred. G. Walbridge. 68

CENTRAL MARKET,
151 Main St., Woburn.
B. F. WYER
keeps constantly on hand a full and fresh stock of
Beef, Pork & Mutton
AND ALL KINDS OF
SEASONABLE VEGETABLES,
and everything usually found in a 76
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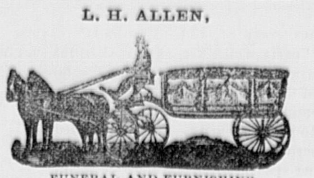

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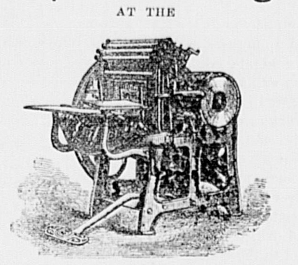

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Poetry.

HERE AND THERE

The maiden of the hostel
Stands at the set of sun;
The soldiers halt full gaily,
She has but eyes for one.
He drains the cup she brings him,
His bearded lips are wet,
"A kiss, sweetheart!" he whispers,
"*No! No!*" says Colinette.

Out from her green-leaved lattice
She leans and looks below,
As farther, ever farther,
Away the soldiers go.
His last few words reproachful
Are in her sad ears yet,
"Farewell may be forever!"
"*Ay me!*" sighs Colinette.

The cruel war is over,
Once more with her is he:
"you've learnt to love since last we met,"
He says; but nought says she.
"You'll wed the happy somebody,
And me you'll quite forget!
Would I were he, my darling!"
"*You are!*" cried Colinette.

Selected.

ALICE CRAIG.

Yes, one who has had lodgers, learns a good deal of human nature, and sometimes a good deal of the bad side. For twenty years and over I have let lodgings, so you see I have had quite an experience, but in all these twenty years I have never taken anything to heart as I did that about poor little Mrs. Craig.

It was in the spring of 18—, that she and her husband took my second floor. He was not a handsome man, and not over young; slight and dark haired, with a heavy dark moustache, rather small, gray eyes, and a curious half-lisp caused by the loss of a front tooth. Not a handsome man and not young, but his beautiful little wife seemed fairly to worship him, and he was certainly the most lover like husband that I ever saw.

As for her, she was the loveliest little girl that my eyes ever rested on, but, as I soon found, a trifle weak and silly;—fair as a lily, with great innocent brown eyes, (eyes that always seemed like those of some gentle, petted animal, accustomed only to kindness and suspecting evil of no one,) and golden hair curling in little babyish rings and ripples around her head.

At first she was shy and reserved, but after a while she began to seem more friendly, and sometimes when Mr. Craig was away (and he was away a great deal sometimes not being at home for two or three days at a time,) she would come down into my little parlor, bringing a bit of sewing with her, and stay an hour or so.

I don't know why it was, but she seemed, in her childish way, to take a fancy to me; perhaps it was because she lived so lonely a life, for she had no friends, and no one ever came to see her, and perhaps it was because I loved her so;—love brings love, they say, but any way, after a while she began to come to me with her little worries and perplexities (which were many, for she was, as I have said before, a trifle weak and silly,) as she might have gone to her mother.

One day, when she had been with me about two months she grew very confidential and told me all about herself. She was an orphan and had always lived, at least since she was a wee child, with an old great aunt of hers, "a regular dragon," she said, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "but awfully good," and with this "awfully good" woman she had lived an uneventful, dreary life without a gleam of real sunshine in it, until, "until Arthur came," she said, with a girlish blush.

He had made love to her, and she, longing for the love and tenderness which no one ever showed her, and which was a necessity of her nature, had unhesitatingly accepted him as her hero.

"It was so romantic!" she said, with a gleeful laugh. "He ran away with me, you know, and I left a little note, as they always do in novels, saying 'pursuit is useless,' though I don't believe Aunt Barbara ever thought of pursuing us. Then we went on the continent, Arthur being ordered there on business by the firm which employs him, and then we came here. I had been married just three months on the day we came here, Mrs. Gathright, and that was my eighteenth birthday."

"You were very young to marry," I said, looking at her fair face admiringly.

"Yes," she answered, "very young—but you see I loved Arthur so!—Oh, Mrs Gathright," she turned on me so suddenly that I was startled, and half rose to my feet.

"What is it, dearie?"

"Nothing, only — only — I think I should die if anything should come between us,—if he should tire of me. Do you think he ever will? I have heard of such things, and it would be so terrible!"

There was a look on her face which fairly frightened me, a look of such dread foreboding, but it was gone in a moment and she laughed in her light way, shaking her curly head at me.

"I am a little goose, Mrs. Gathright, Arthur always calls me me so. Of course nothing of the kind will ever happen,—I wish he would come, he's been away two whole days and I think Schlotterbeck and Huntgenheimer are hard hearted as can be to send him off so!" and in another minute she was out on the little balcony singing like a bird, and looking down the long street for her husband.

I am an old woman and not imaginative, but, as she stood there, the slanting sunbeams shining on her golden hair, her her white dress, (she was very fond of dressing in white and her husband encouraged her in it,) and blue ribbons blowing about in the breeze, and her pretty hands shading her eyes, I thought that I had never seen any one so lovely in all my life, and some way there was a look about her like the daughter I had lost long ago, but my heart sank as I saw how fragile and delicate she was, and thought how weak and helpless she would be, if any trouble should come to her.

She did not stay there long, for she was like the butterfly, never in the same place for two minutes at a time, and as the sun sank lower she came in with a little shadow on her face. "He's not coming to-night, Mrs. Gathright,—I am so sorry! I think I will go and lie down,—my head aches."

There were tears in her great eyes and her lips quivered;—poor little girl! She was very much disappointed, and so I tried my best to cheer her up, but it was not until she heard a well known step in the passage that the smiles came back to her face.

"There he is!" she cried, and running to him like a little child she held her face up for a kiss. "I had given you up for to-night Arthur, and I am so glad—so glad!"

It fairly made my heart ache to see how her whole life seemed to be bound up in that man; true, he seemed very fond of her and all that, but there was a look in his gray eyes that I never liked, and, some way, I never felt quite sure of him, in spite of his polite, gentlemanly ways and smooth words.

As the days went by Mr. Craig was more frequently absent, sometimes for a week at a time, and his poor little wife's health grew very bad indeed. She lost all her pretty color and grew pale and thin, and, as the fall days turned colder, she used to nestle down close to the fire, wrapped in a great shawl, and looking like a ghost of her old self, but quiet and uncomplaining always for her husband's sake.

It was really pitiful the way she loved that man! Her great eyes would follow his every movement when he was with her, and sometimes when he was away I would find her asleep, poor baby! wrapped in her great shawl before the fire with a glove or a handkerchief of his pressed against her poor pale cheek, and and smile on her lips, although her eyelashes were wet with tears.

It was in the dead of winter when her baby came,—a stout healthy boy with a face the exact miniature of his father's, but I think no summer day seemed ever so full of warmth and gladness to the young mother, as did the cold, bleak night when she heard the first cry of her child, and yet, even then, her husband was first in her thoughts.

"We will call him Arthur," she whispered, and then as her husband went to her and laid his head on the pillow beside her, she raised herself, weak as she was, and kissed him. "I love you more than ever," she said, "I have tried to be patient for your sake, my darling."

After that for the next few months Mr. Craig was more at home than he had been, but, as his wife began to seem better, he was again frequently called away by his business, and when the baby, —"little Arthur"—was seven months old he announced that he was ordered off to the continent again.

I shall never forget the look on his wife's face as he said this. "Are you really going?" she said. "You will take me, of course?"

"Not this time, Alice. You are not strong enough to travel, and I shall be hurrying from one place to another."

That was decisive, for, although the poor little thing grieved bitterly over it, she submitted quietly, as she always did to him, and tried to seem cheerful and contented.

"It is hard for him to go, I know," she said, "I will not make it any harder," and so, on the morning of his departure, she kissed him goodbye with a smile on her face, though her eyes were full of tears, and waved the baby's limp little hand at him until he was fairly out of sight; then she ran up stairs and locked herself into her room, crying as though her heart would break.

Half an hour afterwards as I was sitting alone, sewing, Mr. Craig suddenly made his appearance in the doorway. "I forgot to tell you, Mrs. Gathright," he said in a nervous hurried way which was the very opposite of his usual manner, "that if anything happens to Alice or the baby you must let me know at once, I have explained to Alice that it will be impossible for her to write to me, as I shall be travelling all the time, but, if anything serious happens to either of them, a letter sent to this address will be forwarded to me," he handed me a card as he spoke, on which was the address of one of the oldest law firms in London, and it crossed my mind then, that it was just a little odd that he, a travelling clerk for a by no means wealthy house, should have any claim or interest there, but I held my peace.

"You need not mention this, or my coming back, to Alice," he said after a little pause, twisting his heavy moustache and looking very ill at ease. "She's so easily disturbed, you know, and she might worry over it. If you can make her any happier while I am away you shall not lose anything by it."

"I will do my best for her, sir," I answered a little stiffly, "as I always have done," and then, as I looked at him, I noticed something about his face which I had never noticed before; a ragged crimson scar, cutting deeply into his upper lip. The heavy moustache had heretofore concealed it entirely from view, but his nervous fingers had uncovered it and could scarcely repress a shudder as I thought how cruel the hurt must have been which had left such a terrible mark.

He flushed a little as he saw that I had seen it, and raising his hand held it over his mouth while he gave me additional charges concerning his wife and child. I heard him patiently, and promised over and over to do my very best for them, but his now fidgety, fussing ways tried and worried me, and I was heartily glad when he was fairly gone.

The poor little woman was very nervous and low-spirited for the first week, but after a little time she began to grow brighter and more like herself. "I don't want him to come back and find me looking like an old woman," she said, and so, for his sake, she was cheerful and contented, and by means of playing with, and taking care of her baby, the time passed quickly and pleasantly after all.

But, notwithstanding her bright ways I could not help feeling uneasy and worried about her for I knew that she was far from well; she grew weaker every day and the least exertion would bring a scarlet flame to her cheeks which after a minute would die away leaving her deathly white. I was greatly troubled about her, for I saw that she failed daily, but she persisted that she was perfectly well. "My strength comes slowly," she would say, "I shall be as strong as ever in a week or two," but at the end of that time she was no longer able to come down stairs, or even to leave her room.

"I shall be better in a few days," she said, even then refusing to see what I saw so plainly. "I hope Arthur will not come until I am stronger, it would trouble him so."

She would sit all day in her great chair by the window, with her poor thin hands folded in her lap and her great eyes closed, save when I would bring little Arthur to her and put him on her lap. He was a rosy, fat, good-natured baby of whom any one would have been proud—strong and sturdy, and full of life and mischief, and I loved him as though he were my own, but his beautiful little mother seemed fairly to worship him. She mourned a great deal because the resemblance to his father, which had been so perfect when he was a wee baby was fading so rapidly, and would sometimes scold him playfully, twining the golden rings of his hair around her slender fingers the while, because he was getting to look like his "ugly mamma" and "not a bit like poor, dear papa," but whenever he was with her she would seem for the time, brighter and better.

"I shall be well very soon," she said one day, after she had been playing with him. "Perhaps I can come down stairs to morrow," but when the morrow came and I went to her room I found her too weak to rise.

"I will stay in bed to-day," she said, "I feel so tired. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be better for the rest," but I saw that she was very much worse, and that then, if ever, was the time to write to her husband.

Doctor Burress came in and after talking for a while with her, and playing with the baby, (an especial pet of his,) came down into my room with a grave shadow on his face.

"It is a bad case," he said, "very bad, and the mischief of it is, I am obliged to leave London for two week just now."

"Is she very ill?" I asked, for, although I had known that this was coming all the time, I could not bear to known that it had come.

"There is no hope," he answered gravely, "I would give half my income to stay until the end, but I can do nothing except to give you a note to a friend of mine, a brother physician, in whom you can place entire confidence, he will do all that I could," and then the good doctor left me, with the little note and his best wishes.

It was a cold, bleak day, but I knew that there was no time to be lost, and so leaving my niece, Dorothy Wells, who lived near, to take care of Mrs. Craig and the baby, I started out. I had decided to go to the doctor's first, and on my way back to post the letter which I had written to Mr. Craig, telling him of his wife's illness. It was a long walk, but I am strong and active, and as I resolutely kept my eyes away from the shop windows, and pushed my way along, turning aside for nobody, my first errand was soon accomplished, and I was vastly relieved when the kind faced doctor promised to come and do his very best.

The next thing was to mail my letter, and that done I started homeward, after doing a little shopping, but I was tired with my long walk, and knowing that Dorothy was as steady and trusty as I myself, I walked a trifle slower and looked about me a bit, it was not often that I got into the grand part of the city, and it was as good as a play to see the splendid houses, the proud looking ladies and gentlemen walking and riding by, and the beautiful horses and carriages.

I was walking slowly, as I said, looking about me, and feeling very queer and out of place in the midst of it all, when a carriage containing two gentlemen went by me and stopped a little in advance of me, before a grand stone house. One of the gentlemen was large and light haired with bushy side whiskers but the other, who alighted, and stood with one hand hand resting on the carriage door, talking earnestly, was slight and dark haired with a thin face and heavy black moustache; I stopped short in the street as I looked at him, and saw his extraordinary resemblance to Mr. Craig. The figure and the face were exactly like him, with one exception—the white teeth were in an unbroken, even row.

I was completely bewildered and upset by the singular likeness, but laughing at my foolishness I picked up my parcel, which I had dropped at the first surprise and walked along; at that moment the two gentlemen separated and the carriage rolled away, while the dark haired one who had so startled me, slowly ascended the steps of the grand house, with an annoyed look on his thin face.

I was still looking at him, wondering who he was, when on the upper step he turned and looked back for an instant after the carriage, his nervous fingers pulling at his moustache. In that instant, before the door closed behind him, I saw the ragged, crimson scar, cutting deeply into his upper lip, and I knew that Arthur Craig was in London!

For a moment I stood irresolute, not knowing what to do, and then moved by a sudden impulse, I ran up the long steps.

"I must see Mr. Craig," I said to the man who opened the door. "I must see him at once."

The man stared at me in stupid surprise. "There isn't anybody by that name here," he said, "you are mistaken ma'am."

"But I saw him come in not a moment ago," I persisted, "Mr. Arthur Craig, I am Mrs. Gathright and must see him."

"There hasn't any gentleman came in here but Mr. Newcastle himself," he said "you have made a mistake I tell you." He was going to close the door in my face but I stepped inside and planted myself firmly before him.

"I tell you he *is* here," I repeated, "and I won't leave until I see him!" (you see I was red-hot angry then, for I never could stand any nonsence from those laced-up flunkeys.)

At that moment a door near by opened, and Authur Craig looked into the hall. "What is it Briggs?" he asked, "What is the disturbance?" and then, as he saw me, his face paled until it looked like yellow wax.

"Which I think this female has turned crazy," answered Briggs in an injured tone. "Here she is insising that Mr. Authur Craig is here, and she won't leave until she sees him, and I never heard the name, much less saw the man, in my life."

"Show her into the library," said Mr. Craig, "I can explain her mistake to her in a few minutes, at present I am engaged," and then his pale face disappeared and the door closed.

I followed the servant into the library perfectly dumb with amazement. What did it all mean?—why was Arthur Craig in London, and not with his wife? Why was he wearing a false name?—and how came he to have so much authority in so fine a house? I could answer not one of these questions, and so I sat there in a perfect daze until he came in, looking like a ghost of himself.

"What is it, Mrs. Gathright?" he asked short and sharp, but avoiding my eyes and resting one hand on the table as though to steady himself. "Is anything the matter with Alice? I have received no letter as you promised."

"I have just posted a letter to you," I answered. "I thought it was time to—"

"Is she sick?" he interrupted me with a suddenness which quite took my breath away, and I answered him short and sharp myself.

"Not only sick, but dying, sir!"

He turned his back on me and walked to the window; not a word did he speak, but when he came back his face was hard and set, and I saw how terrible the blow had been.

"You were doubtless surprised to see me in London," he said, after a long pause, during which he had recovered himself a little. "I came back only to-day, Briggs is new to the place, which accounts for your trouble at the door, and I—I am almost a stranger here."

I was looking him squarely in the face as he said this, and he met my eyes unflinchingly. What a weight trifles have in this world! Had the door not opened just then, I should to this day, have believed in Arthur Craig implicitly, but even as he stood there with the words on his lips, a little girl about eight years old came in, and ran up to him with a ringing laugh. "Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, not noticing me, "Mamma says if you are willing we may come into the drawing room, after dinner, I and Robbie, may we?"

"Go away now," he said, "I am busy;" but as he turned to close the door after the abashed and disappointed little one, a tall handsome woman, richly dressed, passed through the hall and called to him, "Robert a moment if you please." And as he went out I saw her put her hand on his shoulder and look up to him as poor little Alice had so often done, and then like a flash of light, his guilty secret was revealed to me, and I understood the double life which he had lived

It seemed hours that I sat there trying to realize the awful truth, and when he came back I saw by the look on his face that he knew that the end had come to his deception.

"I suppose you see the truth now," he said scowling and biting his nails savagely. "It's no use to tell any more lies, and I won't, only for God's sake, have a little mercy on me!"

"Mercy!"—for an instant I seemed to see poor Alice and her baby close beside me, and the word "mercy" turned me hard and cold. What mercy had he shown her?

"That was your wife," I said, "and those voices that I hear are the voices of your children. *You*, who have done Alice Morton the cruellest wrong that man can do, ask *me* for 'mercy.' May God forgive you—but I never will."

I rose as I said this, but he caught at my dress; his fear of exposure and disgrace made him abject and humble as a whipped dog. "Only keep my secret," he plead, "you shall never regret it, I will pay you—I will—"

I drew away from him—even his touch seemed contamination. "If I keep silent it will be because I love Alice—it would kill her, and she has not long to live at the best."

"You *will* keep silent?" he caught at that eagerly. "You give me your word that you will?"

"For Alice's sake, yes, for her and her child."

"May I come and see her?" He was as humble as a child now.

I turned on him fiercely. "You?—No! Let her die in peace if she can—you have done her harm enough."

He cowered and trembled, strong man that he was, and said no more, and without another word I left him.

Alice was much worse when I reached home, but quiet and uncomplaining as she always was. I dreaded to meet her eyes; but, knowing that probably she was worrying over my long absence (for she had grown very fond of me of late), I laid off my wraps and went up to her room. She was lying with her hands folded on her breast; her eyes were wide open and feverishly bright, and a scarlet flame burned on either cheek. Arthur was on the bed beside her with some playthings, but she seemed scarcely to notice him.

"I am so glad you have come!" she said as I went to her. "I want you to do something for me. Dolly is good, but I didn't want to ask her," and then she told me what it was. I was to open a certain box, and take out a picture which was there, a picture of her husband, and give it to her. I did so, and she was for a time quiet and satisfied, but when I went to take Arthur away she asked me to wait a little.

"It's not long that I can have him with me," she said. "I see it all now, and, oh, Mrs. Gathright, if Arthur were only here!" and then, as she saw the tears in my eys, she held out one of her hands to me and drew me close to her. "Don't cry," she said in her childish way. "You have been very kind to me, and I have been very happy here, and I can't bear to have you feel so badly," for I was sobbing as though my heart would break, and then she turned her head wearily on the pillow. "If Arthur were only here, oh, Arthur, Arthur, Arthur."

"She may live a week, and she may not live a day;" said the doctor after he had seen her, "there is no help or hope for her," and so he went away, and the poor little woman lay white and still, repeating over and over under her breath. "If Arthur were only here. If Arthur were only here."

For two days there was no change, but on the evening of the third day Dolly called me up stairs in a great fright, Alice was sitting up in bed with a strange brightness on her face, her hands picking at the clothes in a queer nervous way. She looked up as I came in, but did not seem to know me. "I *must* see Arthur!" she said in an eager, earnest way, "I can't die until I see him, and it is so hard to wait so long."

I tried to calm her, but she put me away with all her feeble strength and did not seem to hear a word. "I *must* see him." she repeated. "How can you be so cruel —keeping him from me? I *must* see him! I must see him!"

I saw plainly that the end was very near, and after trying to soothe her—all in vain —I ran down stairs to bring up little Arthur, thinking that the sight of him might make her calmer. It was nearly dark, and the passage was not yet lighted, but I knew my way perfectly and went quickly along to my room where I had left little Arthur asleep on my bed. To my surprise the door was ajar, and I heard the baby laughing and cooing in his pretty way, but stopping only to wonder at his being awake, I pushed the door back and went in. I was all upset by Alice's sickness, and the worry and trouble of the past weeks, and although I am not usually cowardly, I fairly screamed as I saw between me and the window the figure of a man.

"It is only I," said a well known voice. "Mrs. Gathright I could not stay away—for God's sake let me see her."

I could not answer for a moment, but stood in silence, Alice's words ringing in my ears—"I must see him! How can you be so cruel? I must see him!" and then a sentence in the Holy Book burned in letters of fire before me, "Judge not that ye be not judged," and then I answered him.

"Robert Newcastle, I cannot refuse you now, the end is so near. Give me the child and go to her."

I turned the gas up brightly as I spoke, and as he turned his face towards me I was fairly frightened at the change there. He looked years older, and such suffering, such utter misery as was shown by the hard, set lines around his mouth and the dark shadows under the eyes, I never saw before. Verily he had eaten of the bitter fruit of repentance at last, and had found that the "way of the transgressor is hard."

I went with him to the door of the room and called Dolly, and then he went in to the woman whom he had wronged so bitterly.

I heard one joyful, sobbing cry, "Oh, Arthur, Arthur! you have come at last!" and then there came an awful silence, a silence that was broken only by the plashing of the raindrops against the windows, and I knew that Alice Morton's soul was free, and that she was at rest forever.

All through that dreary night Robert Newcastle kept watch alone in the chamber of death. The rain poured steadily, the fierce wind rattled the windows and doors, but above all the noise of the tempest I heard him walking up and down, up and down, up and down, in the room above; only stopping to gaze upon the quiet face of the dead woman.

What he suffered that night, no one save himself, ever knew, or ever can know. What agonies of remorse—all the more terrible because so unavailing—tortured and tormented him; and then, at every turn, that beautiful face, so awful in its perfect peace, the face of the woman who had given up everything for him, even life itself;—the woman who had trusted him, believed in him, and loved him to the very last, the woman whom he had wronged, betrayed and deceived cruelly and deliberately, confronted him, unmoved by all his suffering, even as it might confront him on that dreadful day, when all the hidden secrets of the heart shall be made known.

All night he stayed with her, but in the morning he came to my room, stern and quiet, like his old self.

"I must go back," he said, and then, as little Arthur crept to his feet, he stooped and lifted him in his arms. "Poor baby!" he said pityingly, as the soft little hands patted his face, "motherless and worse than fatherless—what will become of you?" but even as he spoke, the child turned away from him, and held out its little arms to me. It was as though the spirit of his mother looked through his eyes, and I took him from his father's arms.

"He shall be my child," I said, "for his mother's sake," and then the little golden head nestled down on my shoulder and I felt as though the child understood it all.

Years have passed since then. At first Robert Newcastle's lawyer sent me money from time to time, but I returned every penny of it, and after awhile, all communication ceased between us. I hear of him often through the papers. He has become an active and successful politician; his speeches are copied far and wide, he gives brilliant entertainments, and is a man much envied and much praised; but I, hearing these things, often think of that winter night when he travelled those weary miles in that little chamber, and wonder if, among all the events of his life, he has once forgotten it, or lost sight of Alice Morton's dead face, even for a moment.

Out in a quite little graveyard, not far from here, there is a grave which bears on the white stone at its head only the one word "ALICE." There Arthur and I often go, and I talk to him about his beautiful young mother, who was laid there so long ago. "My daughter," I always call her, and Arthur never thinks differently.

He is a dear, good boy, of whom any one might be proud, gentle and loving as his mother was, but a deal stronger in every way. I love him dearly, and he loves me. "Dear Gran" he calls me, and often as he glances at me, it seems again as though the spirit of his mother is looking through his eyes, and that thought makes him even nearer and dearer to me. —*Peterson's Journal.*

PUBLIC LIFE IN AMERICA.—When Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown*, was in this country he saw much of college boys, and was surprised that none of them thought of public life as a career. In England, he said, we always suppose that the first scholars are thinking of Parliament, and secretly meaning to be Prime Minister. The English stories and the French vaudevilles are full of the same view, and the curtain falls upon the hero as minister or embassador, the cup of his glory running over. De Tocqueville observed with curiosity that the best men in America were, as a rule, neither in public life nor anxious to be there; and a shrewd young European who was recently in the country said, "Everything went well until I came to Washington, and then Congress staggered my faith in America." He explained that in a representative republic it was fair and unavoidable to judge the people by those whom they selected to represent them; and if the judgement was incorrect, it could only be because the system itself was a failure. It would have been more correct to say that the system was abused, for it could properly be accounted a failure only when its purpose was quite defeated. Now the purpose of a representative system is not to designate the best men in the community, but to secure good government; and from that point of view the American system can no more be called a failure than the English or the Continental. If good government be the test, what shall be said of English rule in Ireland?

There are two obvious but powerful reasons why the class of men of whom De Tocqueville speaks does not turn to public life in this country, although many of that class are conspicuous in it, from Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and others, down to Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Seward, Chase, Sumner, and their associates. Indeed, with all its truth, there is much that is illusive in the statement. The village Hampden might shrink upon a larger theatre, and the mute Milton turn out a Tupper. Te remark of De Tocqueville has the advantage of *omne ignotem pro magnifico*—the obscure is apt to seem magnificent. But then a shirt on a clothes-line seen in the twilight has startled the whole village as a majestic ghost. With all reservations made, however, it will be conceded that the choice of the representative of a constituency full of admirable and able men often falls very oddly. There is, for instance— But the gentle reader shall supply his own illustrations. What, then, are the two obvious reasons that, as a class, the men whom we should prefer to elect are not anxious to be elected?

The first is the uncertainty of the career, and the second is the small salary. The last is not a noble reason, and it is powerful only in connection with the first. An able man, ambitious to serve the state, but wholly dependent upon his profession for the support of his family, naturally hesitates to throw away the income that he has secured to enter public life for two or four or six years, with no certainty of continuance in it. Were he sure of remaining, the sacrifice would be comparatively small; but the conditions of continuance are often such as honorable men disdain. In England, the only other constitutional country, the conditions of public life have hitherto been essentially different from ours. The peers are hereditary legislators, and many of the seats in the Commons were virtually the property of noblemen, given continuously at their pleasure, while the organization of parties is such as to afford a permanent career. Yet even in England a competence is essential to a successful public man. The fact observed by De Tocqueville, therefore, is not due to the disinclination to public life of the men of whom he speaks, but to circumstances which they can not directly control. And if it should be said that those circumstances are the condemnation of the system, we should reply that the disadvantages of the absence of those men are due to abuses rather than to the system. Among such abuses are the limitations of locality, and of what is called rotation, by which a good man is removed for the sole reason that he has become better by experience, while his place is filled by a new man who must be selected from a particular county or district. Other abuses are those which arise from patronage, and which give the nomination and the power of the party machinery to merely mercenary and selfish schemers. Such abuses are not inseparable from the system, which must not, therefore, be judged by their results.

Meanwhile there are those who make the sacrifice, and enough of them to suggest a doubt whether the remark of the shrewd Frenchman is well founded. —EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine for December.*

MARK TWAIN INTERVIEWED.—It is a pity that more interviewing reporters do not get hold of such tough customers as Mark Twain, for then their occupation would be gone before long, as any one can see from the following extract:

"Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr if you are only nineteen years—

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion, nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But good heavens! if you were at his funeral he must have been dead; and if he was dead how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it all. You say he spoke to you and that he was dead?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?

A. O, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—. However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you 180 years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be 180. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn,t make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing."

HOW JOHN JACOB ASTOR DOES BUSINESS.—The wealthiest men in New York hold the bonds of the city. They appear in person to look after their interests. On the street and among the great commercial houses interest is received, money deposited, heavy bills and drafts collected by boys, who get $3 and $4 a week for their work. But the heavy men of the city attend to this business in person. I saw John Jacob Astor in the controller's office the other day—a modest, quiet, unassuming man, careful of his words as he is of his dollars. A huge fellow, over six feet high, massive in size; red hair, heavy, phlegmatic, German in look; with a ponderous tread that made the chandeliers jingle as he walked along; and withal he has a decided stoop. He came in and did not even speak. He nodded "How-do-you-do?" The clerk gave him a look of subdued recognition, darted off for a big book opened it, pointed his finger to the place of signature. The millionaire took the pen, placed his name where it ought to be, took the check, and passed out. The only word he uttered in the room, was in reply to a statement by a visitor: "Very pleasant weather, Mr. Astor." "Very." He was in the city hall about three minutes. The transaction involved millions.—*New York Letter.*

☞ The other day as a Detroiter was riding on the Pontiac Road, says the Detroit *Free Press*, he came across an old lady seated in a buggy which had been halted within a few yards of the Grand Trunk Railroad track. She seemed to be uneasy about something, and as he drove up she asked, "Say, mister, hain't that engine going to come along pretty soon?" He asked her to explain, and she pointed to the sign, which reads, "Look out for the engine!" and added, "I've waited more'n two hours for the ole engine to go by; but I'm getting tired, and if it don't come pretty soon I'll drive right over the track and go hum."

☞ An erring husband who had exhausted all explanations for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock very softly, denuded himself gently and began rocking the cradle by the bedside as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes when Mary Jane, who had silently watched the whole manouvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool, the baby ain't there."

Woburn Journal.

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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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FORTY FEET OR LESS.

At the last Town Meeting the Road Commissioners reported having laid out Second Street thirty-five feet wide, and the attempt to accept it as a public street failed. Sec. 18 of Art. 4 of the By-Laws says, "No street or public way shall hereafter be opened in the town of a less width than forty feet." This would seem to be plain enough and yet the Commissioners felt authorized to recommend its evasion. It appears that this street has been open for years to give some of the abuttors a rear entrance to their estates. The Water Commissioners put pipe through it, though whether under the impression that it was a public street, or not, we cannot say. Recently the abuttors on one side with others have bought the estate which forms the east boundary and they propose to move their fences on the west line, several feet to the east, and then lay the street 35 feet wide on the east side of that line. They give the land, and want the street only 35 feet wide. We understand they will go on and build the street on that plan. There can be no possible objection to such a proceeding, and so long as it continues a private way, nothing need be said about it. But we have narrow streets enough without adding to the list. Fairmount street is said to be only 32 feet wide and Auburn street is about the same, and these streets are cited as reasons why we should take another narrow street. If we do, we shall add another argument in favor of the next narrow street that comes along. If the town does not want 40 foot streets let the By-Law be expunged, but if there was any sense in inserting it in the code, common sense would dictate its enforcement.

WHO SHALL BE SENATOR?

This question has been discussed a good deal the present week, by those who held that Hon. Richard Britton, the Senator elect had never been naturalized, nor his father before him. This, said they, not only throws him out, but elects his competitor, Mr. Thompson, forgetting that Mr. Thompson did not receive a plurality of all the votes cast at the election, and as a consequence a new election would have to be held. It seems, however, that when Mr. Britton was fourteen years old, his father was naturalized, and became a citizen of the United States. Mr Britton has the papers in his posession, they have been examined by the proper authorities and pronounced all right. If his seat is contested he is prepared to meet the issue. It is a little singular that this matter should be brought up now after Mr. Britton has been in office for nine consecutive years. The Boston *Globe* of Monday has the following:—

The friends of defeated Senatorial candidates in the Sixth Middlesex District are greatly agitated over a rumor that Mr Richard Britton of Wakefield, the Senator elect has never been naturalized, and is therefore ineligible. An old veteran was at the State House on Saturday, hunting down the facts. Mr Britton never was naturalized, but he rather enjoys this ray of comfort, which the friends of other candidates are rolling as a sweet morsel under their tongues, because his father was naturalized when the present Senator was only fourteen, and hence he is all right. Men of Mr Britton's intelligence do not leave their front doors open o' nights.

SEWERAGE.—The following order has been passed by the Boston City Government:—

Ordered, That his Honor the Mayor be requested to join with the Selectmen of the towns of Woburn, Winchester, Stoneham and Medford, in a petition to the legislature for authority to provide a system of sewerage for said towns, and for carrying away the impurities which now discharge into Mystic Pond, the expense of doing said work to be equitably assessed upon the parties benefitted, in such manner as the legislature may determine.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—S L Cutter, Esq, of San Francisco, gave a very interesting description of the "Sunset Land" in his lecture upon California before this society last Monday evening. In his introduction he spoke of the geographical position of that State, its climate, resources, its early history, sketches of the early settlers, descriptions of the large cities and towns, and the Golden Era down to the modern times.

WELCOME.—Our old friend and former townsman Eli Cooper, Esq, proposes returning to Woburn. He has bought the old Grammer Homestead on Warren street, the former owners expecting soon to occupy their elegant mansion lately erected on the same street. We cordially welcome Mr Cooper back, and his coming we take as evidence that our ways are really not so bad as they seemed to him when he observed them from a distance.

THE GLOBE.—Since the Boston *Globe* reduced its price to three cents a copy, it has been steadily increasing its circulation, and bids fair to outstrip its competitors. It is growing in popularity here in Woburn very rapidly. Under the management of Col Taylor and the editorial care of Mr Bacon, it shows an ability that is worthy of success, and which is sure to be appreciated.

☞ It is now said that Banks does not crave the Speakership of the House, but aspires to a leadership on the floor.

RAIN.—One-fifth of an inch of rain fell last Tuesday night. It laid the dust at least.

TOWN MEETING.

Last Monday afternoon the voters of the town assembled, and the warrant being read by the Town Clerk, they proceeded to ballot for moderator.

Whole number of votes	30
W. T. Grammer	16
A. E. Thompson	7
J. G. Pollard	4
Charles Porter	1
T. H. Hill	1
Walter Wyman	1

Col. Grammer was not in town, and a second ballot was had.

Whole number of votes	60
J. G. Pollard	21
A. E. Thompson	16
W. M. Miller	15
Charles Choate	3
T. H. Hill	3
George Bancroft	1
Charles K. Conn	1

Mr. Pollard at once assumed the gavel and the meeting proceeded with

Art. 2. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners, on laying out a street leading from Bedford to Winn street, as petitioned for by James Noland and others.

The Road Commissioners reported giving the lines, the street to be 40 feet wide throughout, all the land being given. It is the street known as Elijah street. On motion of Patrick Hickey the report was accepted and subsequently adopted.

Art. 3. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out the extension of Eastern Avenue from Green to Fowle streets, as petitioned for by S. O. Pollard and others.

The Road Commissioners reported on this extension, having laid it out 40 feet wide, and no land damages claimed or allowed. On motion of Andrew Mc Hugh it was accepted and adopted.

Art. 4. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out Second street as a public town way, as petitioned for by M. C. Bean and others.

The Commissioners reported laying this out 35 feet wide, and recommended it with no land damage, J. L. Parker moved to re-commit the report, as it was contrary to the By-Laws to open a street or public way of a less width than 40 feet. The by law was then discussed by T. J. Pierce, Mark Allen, M C Bean, L L Whitney, A McHugh, D D Hart, F Flint, and J Kelley. George Thompson moved to lay the whole subject on the table to the April meeting, and it was carried by a vote of 79 to 55. Several attempts were subsequently made to reconsider the vote, but as they were by gentlemen in the minority no action was taken.

Art. 5. To hear and act on the report of the Road Commissioners on laying out Vernon Place or Street, as a public town way, as petitioned for by John Burke and others.

The Commissioners reported having laid out the Place 40 feet wide through to Green street, and reported no land damage claimed or allowed. On motion of John Burke it was accepted and adopted.

Art. 6. To see if the town will vote to accept of the arrangements and agreement made by the Road Commissioners with Richard W. Henshaw, in regard to maintaining the Canal Bridges near the Saw Factory in East Woburn, or do anything relating thereto.

Mr Hart from the Road Commissioners reported that Mr Henshaw had made a verbal agreement with them to pay $500 and be forever released from the care of the bridges. Several calls were made to put the agreement in writing. Horace Conn said the town had already paid more on those bridges than would be required to build of stone every bridge in town. John Johnson favored releasing Henshaw when he paid $500. Mr McFeeley wanted the town to ratify the contract. Nathan Wyman moved that the town release R. W. Henshaw from all further liability for the support of the two canal bridges at East Woburn upon his paying to the town the sum of five hundred dollars. Col. Grammer referred to the history of these bridges. One party agreeing years ago to maintain one of them if allowed to cut the street for a canal, and afterwards failing, the town had no relief. He counseled caution in regard to action on this matter. After some further discussion by Mark Allen, Charles Choate, F Flint, S Nichols, John Johnson and N Wyman, the motion was carried.

Art. 7. To see if the Town will instruct the Water Commissioners to lay water pipes in Vernon Place or Street, or do anything in relation to the same.

E W Gray moved to instruct the Water Commissioners to lay 800 feet of pipe in Vernon Place, S Nichols thought if we were to lay pipe for every man who comes into Town Meeting, we might as well lay pipe to every man's house in town. Dr Harlow thought the motion too vague. He wanted to know the size of the pipe, the expense, and how it would be met. Mark Allen was anxious to know if the Commissioners had spent their $400,000. Mr Tidd said they had no money to put in pipe, any more than when the town instructed them to carry it to the Almshouse; but they would obey a peremptory order even if it were to erect a pipe 500 feet in the air. Dr. Harlow explained his position on the Almshouse pipe, and if the town ordered pipe, water commissioners and all to the Almshouse, he shouldn't care. Mr McFeeley then related his experience in trying to get a pipe laid. Stephen Nichols then moved to lay the matter on the table, which was carried, 64 to 57.

Art. 8. To see if the Town will vote to build a new School-house at Cummingsville, or do anything in relation to the same.

S Nichols made an unsuccessful attempt to lay this on the table until the April meeting. W H Cummings then moved to build a four room school house on John Johnson's land on Bedford St; that $12,000 be appropriated, and John Cummings, Leander Thompson, Horace Ward, Henry Cummings, John Ellard be the building committee. Dr Harlow thought a most unheard of procedure for the town to build a school house on another man's land. S Nichols said they only needed two rooms, and on being reminded of his report in favor of four at a former meeting, said there would be four if two more were built. Charles Choate favored reference to a committee. T H Hill believed there was a necessity for a Grammar school there, and the want was very urgent. W H Cummings said there were 168 scholars, and only 108 seats, and 38 were sent to the Centre. Mr. Choate's amendment was lost 93 to 80. Dr Clough wanted the location left to the committee. Geo. Thompson criticized the mover, who had named the location, asked for $12,000, put his father on the committee and did not say how the house was to be built, whether by the day or contract. Mark Allen wanted the question divided. John Johnson had been on the school committee 11 years, and knew Cummingsville needed a school house more than any other part of the town. Any one going through Rag Rock and noticing the children will admit it. Wm Totman believed the whole proceeding illegal because the check list was not used in the choice of moderator. George Thompson moved to dissolve the meeting but that was met with a decided No. Col. Grammer thought the committee should be tied up strongly with the motion, so that we might have no subsequent trouble. Mr. McFeeley asked if $12,000 was for land as well as house, and Walter Wyman asked if it included furniture. Dr. Harlow wanted a committee to investigate. Dr Clough thought two rooms was all they should build. Mr McFeeley wanted it referred to the Selectmen and School Committee, and M Allen wanted it referred to the chairman of those boards and three at large. Geo Perkins spoke in high terms of the gentlemen named in Cummings' motion, and stated that they were the choice of a meeting of the residents of Cummingsville. C A McDonald favored the motion. Humphrey Chadbourne spoke several times on this subject in a very impressive manner, favoring the project, but expressing a determination to confine the committee to $12,000, and that to include the furniture. John Johnson rebuked Mark Allen for speaking 30 or 40 times when others desired to speak. M Whitney hoped the town would be liberal in this matter. The motion was finally amended so that the amount should not exceed $12,000 for the house, land and furniture, and the building to be by contract, and the committee to remain the same, and in this form it was passed.

After disposing of Art. 8, the seventh article was again taken up, and after a good deal of talk it was voted to put in 800 feet of six inch pipe.

Art. 9. To hear and act on the report of the Committee on Fire Alarm.

C W Oxford moved to indefinitely postpone, and it was carried with a rush Anticipating such a result, J L Parker voted with the majority, and then moved to reconsider, to give the committee a chance to report. This was favored by Geo Perkins and Capt Crane. Mr Chadbourne made another impassioned appeal for retrenchment, and was afterwards congratulated on saving the town $5000 The reconsideration was carried, and Mr Conn read his report, which is as follows:—

The committee to whom the subject of Fire Alarm was referred at the Town Meeting of Aug. 3d, have attended to their duty and offer the following report:—

Your committee being without instructions have taken the broadest view of what the town desired them to consider.

At the present time we find the town as far as fire alarm signals are concerned but little in advance of twenty years ago, when the population was hardly one-fourth its present number, and the valuation correspondingly less.

Until very recently bells and steam whistles were the only means of fire alarm, and they have but poorly answered the purpose of calling out the fire department. Recently an attempt has been made with scarcely satisfactory results to signal the general direction of a fire by certain blasts from a steam gong. But as the operator oftentimes is himself ignorant of the true direction, or labors under mistaken information, the alarm but little more than announces the fact that a fire exists.

Our town is widely spread, and the outlying villages as well as the more central portion, are well provided with means for extinguishing any fire which might occur; but in order to make those means effective, some better and prompter method of making an alarm is necessary, a method that shall, at the same time it gives an alarm, notify the firemen accurately of the locality. Often through the indefiniteness of an alarm our firemen have responded from the most distant villages when their services were not needed, and often the entire department has been hurried out on the occasion of a fire in an adjoining town. In such a case a fire arising behind the firemen thus hurrying away finds the endangered parts defenceless.

The very method now used to alarm our firemen in many instances, is the cause of discouragement to them. Therefore the total inadequacy of our present means of fire alarm must become apparent to any citizen who gives the subject a few minutes' careful attention.

The features desirable to make a fire alarm truly effective are that the alarm shall be swift and correct; that the means shall be easily accessible in all parts of the town; that the alarm shall not only give notification of the fire but also of its locality; that the system shall be easily kept in repair; and that the regular expense for operating the system shall be the smallest possible.

Your committee after careful consideration find all these desirable features are found in the American System of Fire Alarm Telegraph, and in that only. After the recent exhibition of this system in Lyceum Hall, it will not be necessary for the committee to make an extended description of its method of working.

By alternately making and breaking a circuit of electricity a series of blows is struck upon the different church bells, and upon certain gongs placed wherever they may be needed, thus accurately signalizing both the existence and the locality of a fire at one and the same time.

The system can be applied to as many bells, and there may be as many boxes for sounding the alarm as the town may feel willing to pay for. To introduce this system it will cost ten thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; to work it annually, about two hundred dollars.

It is not liable easily to get out of order, and cost of ordinary repairs is trifling.

In case of injury it notifies the fact to the department of itself, and no case of injury can throw the whole or greater portion of the system out of working order. A blunderer cannot give a false alarm or interfere with a previous alarm already in progress of striking.

In short, this system is a miracle of successful adaptation of many discoveries and patents to one end. If the Town is to adopt any system of fire alarm, this is the only one worth having.

Your committee are of the unanimous opinion that this expenditure is on the side of a wise economy. We believe that every few years this system will save double or treble its value in preservation of real estate. It will increase many fold the efficiency of the fire department, and it is the logical consequence of your street hydrants.

Your committee have the means of knowing that in every one of the numerous towns and cities of Canada and the United States in which this system is in operation, the opinion of the community heartily indorses its introduction and would not exchange its benefits for the money which it originally cost.

CHARLES K. CONN,
GEORGE PERKINS,
T. F. PAGE.
JOHN GILCREAST.
JOHN L. PARKER.
Committee.

WOBURN, Nov. 16th, 1874.

Mr Whitney moved to accept the report and discharge the committee, but on motion of Major Pierce it was indefinitely postponed. The tenth article, referring to the same matter, met a similar fate.

Art. 11. To see if the Town will instruct their Water Commissioners to extend the water pipes on Munroe or Morse streets, or do anything in relation to the same.

C K Conn moved to put in 500 feet of 4 inch pipe. Mr Tidd said the expense if no ledge was struck would be $500, but a ledge would increase the cost to $650 Mr Chadbourne favored this project, and the motion prevailed. The meeting then adjourned.

THE FAIR.—A partial organization of the ladies and gentlemen who are assisting in the preparation for a Grand Army Fair, which is to be held in Lyceum Hall, on Dec. 16, 17 and 18, has been effected as given below. The solicitors report a generous response to their appeals, and the prospect of the success of the Fair is good:—

Executive.—Joseph G Pollard, Rev W S Barnes, A E Thompson, E F Wyer, W T Grammer, W Ellard, John L Parker, Miss S E Edgell, Mrs S Simonds, Mrs J S True, Mrs B D Osgood, Mrs C V Rice, Mrs G W Pollock.

Treasurer.—Alpha Elbridge Thompson.

Decorations—M M Tidd, W A Colegate, George S Butters, W M Miller, G W Kimball.

Museum.—Nathan Wyman, T Marvin Parker.

Refreshments.—Cyrus Tay, Mrs S Simonds, Mrs W T Grammer, G R Gage, Mrs S A Grammer.

Tables.—J D Taylor, John I Munroe, W R Putnam, Miss S E Edgell, Mrs Martha F Pollard Mrs A L Wheeler, Mrs J C Osgood, Mrs G W Wolgamott, Mrs N Z Tabor, Mrs C Alonzo Pierce, Mrs Timothy Winn, Miss Irene Bedell

Appraisers—Charles A Smith, H F Smith, Mrs C A Pierce, F B Dodge, Miss E Bancroft, Sparrow Horton.

Floral.—Miss E Bancroft, Mrs P L Converse.

Balloting.—L W Cooper, S A Grammer, T J Pierce, L W Fowle, S O Pollard.

Confectionery—C H Buss.

Music—W T Grammer, E F Wyer, George Parker.

Weighing—Marcellus Littlefield.

Teacher's Table—J G Pollard, E H Davis, J I Hanson.

Picture Gallery.—E E Boardman.

Committees are expected to select their assistants, and fill any vacancies that may occur. The chairmen of committees are requested to assemble their associates as soon as convenient, and organize duty. They are expected to report to the Executive Committee this Saturday evening, Nov. 21, at 7 1 2 o'clock, in the Orthodox vestry.

EAST WOBURN, Nov. 14, 1874

DEAR SIR.—Having found it necessary to write the following letter in discharge of a duty which I deemed that I owed to the citizens of the town, I request of you an insertion in your next issue:—

To the Selectmen and Treasurer of the Town of Woburn:—

Whereas certain expenditures have been incurred in the building of the new school-house in the easterly part of the town, no such expenditures having been authorized by a formal vote of the building committee, and in fact not even proposed at a regular committee meeting called for that or any other purpose; and whereas the regularly appointed secretary has in vain endeavored to convene the committee for the consideration of such expenditures;

Therefore the undersigned, in view of his duty as one of a committee appointed by the town for the expenditure of money, hereby disclaims all responsibility for incurred expenses which do not receive his written approval.

Yours, etc.,
GEO. PERKINS.

POULTRY SHOW.—At the first exhibition of the Middlesex Poultry Association held at Lowell this week, Mr J Henry Symonds of Woburn received the second premium for Golden Spangled Poland chicks, $2.00. C L Parker of Winchester for best White Cochin fowls, $3.00; Miscellaneous, second, $2 00; best Aylesbury ducks, $2 00; Rouen $3.00; Muscovy, $3.00; White crested, $3 00; best Toulouse Geese, $4 00; Hong Kong, $4.00; Wild, $3.00.

BOLD ROBBERY.—Our town seems to be infested with a set of thieves who carry on their depredations with a boldness that is very annoying. Last week Thursday, Rev. J. M. Bailey came over from Arlington and left his horse in S. W. Russell's yard, while he attended a meeting. On returning to the team he found three ladies' shawls, one lap robe, one gents' heavy shawl, and a horse blanket had been stolen. No clue has been obtained of the thieves.

HORSE STOLEN.—Last Monday night the barn of Alfred Ward, who lives on the Brooks' Place, near Reading line was entered by a horse thief, and a valuable horse stolen. A dog on the place was disturbed and made some noise, when Mr. Ward arose and ordered him to be quiet, but did not think there was any cause for the dog's barking until morning, when he discovered his loss.

BOSTON JOURNAL.—The best *newspaper* in Boston is advertised in our columns to-day. The *Journal* we have read since boyhood, and its familiar face is as welcome now as it was then In arranging for the coming year our friends should not fail to read the announcement for 1875, and if they want all the news they cannot fail in choosing the *Journal*

TUFTS COLLEGIAN.—This is the name of a monthly paper published in the interest of Tufts College. It contains among much interesting matter, a reminiscence of the College. The current number is only No 3, but it promises very well.

RUNAWAY.—Charles Nichol's horse ran away last Friday, and made quick time through Winn and Franklin streets on his way to No Woburn. He wrecked the wagon on Winn street.

CROSSING.—A granite street crossing has been put into Main street, on the south side of Church Avenue. Why not complete the good work by paving Main street from Summer to Salem streets?

☞ Mr Boyle O'Reilly of the *Pilot* boiled over the other day, and kicked Mr Fogarty down stairs. The latter was a good deal riled up about it.

☞ Our townsman D O Blanchard of West Woburn, has removed to Newark, N J, for the winter.

DRAIN.—A new sewage well has been put in at Woodberry's Corner.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society.

A meeting of this society last Wednesday evening was held at the residence of Dr Dow of Reading. Drs Abbott and Ames of Wakefield, Barstow of Melrose, Brown of Stoneham, and Brown of Reading, Cowdry of Stoneham, Cutter of Woburn, Day of Greenwood, Dow of Reading, Harlow of Woburn, Hodgdon of Arlington, Holmes of Lexington, Jordan of Wakefield, Stevens Jr, of Stoneham, Winsor of Winchester, and Mr W R Cutter of Lexington were present. After a handsome entertainment in the dining room of the host, the doctors adjourned to the parlor, where after listening to the reading of the records of the previous meeting and to the verbal reports of committees, Dr Winsor of Winchester read a paper on the valuable project of of the education of nurses, and Dr Cutter of Woburn another on some proposed society researches on the contagiousness of consumption. Drs Brown of Reading and Abbott of Wakefield, read interesting reports of cases of vesico vaginal fistulæ, the former of which especially awakened considerable discussion. After the exhibition of some specimens of morbid anatomy, Dr Cutter exhibited a loaf of bread made from very choice, selected wheat, ground whole without bolting, at S A Fowle's mills in Arlington, which met with apparent favor. He also gave samples of the same wheat flour prepared as above, to each doctor present, and the society passed a vote of thanks to Dr Cutter for his very acceptable donation. At a late hour the meeting adjourned, and the doctors returned to their several homes.

CURRYING SHOP BURNED.—About twenty minutes past twelve Thursday night the Baptist bell was rung for fire. The firemen quickly rallied and at half past twelve Perham Hose from the hydrant corner of Salem street, and Highland Hose from the Broad street hydrant, had streams playing on H C Trowan's shop, which was well on fire The shop is surrounded by wooden buildings which caught fire readily, but the firemen confined the flames to the shop The first to discover the fire did not give any alarm, but tried to get out the stock, and the shop must have been on fire for half an hour before the bell rung. The shop and machinery is a total loss. A small amount of leather was saved and a few barrels of oil. The fire caught from the upright boiler, the appearances indicating that coal gas from the fire blew off the bonnet, and the flames communicated rapidly with the upper part of the shop. The loss on the shop and machinery is $7,000, on which there is $3,400 insurance; loss on stock $6 000, insured for $3 800. The steam gong did not sound at all, it being frozen so that the engineer could not start the lever. Every one who was at the fire could see the advantage of an early alarm, such as the telegraphic system might give us, and could appreciate the unreliability of our present bell and steam gong system Tenement houses belonging to L W Cooper and to John G Flagg were damaged several hundred dollars by the scorching flames. Three of Mr. Cooper's houses will require painting, and one of Mr. Flagg's considerable repairing.

SELECTMEN.—Thursday evening, Nov 19, 1874 All present but Cummings. E F Poole in the chair. Wm W Hill, apothecary, was licensed to sell spirituous liquors for medicinal, mechanical and chemical purposes, agreeably to the Statutes of the Commonwealth. Messrs Hart, Frye and Putnam were appointed a committee to meet the Selectmen of the town of Reading for the purpose of adjusting Town boundary lines. Voted, That the Selectmen join with the Mayor of Boston and also the Selectmen of Winchester, Stoneham and Medford in a petition the Legislature for authority to provide a system of sewerage for said towns. The annual Armory and Pauper Returns were completed, signed, and ordered to be sent to the State House.

HAMPTON SINGERS.—The Hampton Colored Students will make their third appearance in Woburn at Lyceum Hall, next Wednesday evening, 25th inst. All who heard and enjoyed their former concerts will be pleased to hear the announcement. Their object is to raise funds for the building of their college at Hampton, Va., and this object aside from their excellent music should secure them a crowded house. Tickets 35 cents, reserved seats 50 cents; for sale by Sparrow Horton

LECTURE.—Dr Gardner's lecture was very interesting. He had a short panorama on Jerusalem, and his familiar talk on the subject of his travels was greatly relished. Owing to his absence in Europe, Rev Elias Nason will not lecture next Tuesday, and the lecture of that date will be deferred.

☞ Warrington who was beaten 158 to 64 by a soldier in 1873, can never forgive the saviors of his country, and he never loses a chance to put in a foul blow. The sight of a blue blouse affects him as a red rag affects a bull. Let him rave; people are not as afraid of him as they were.

PARADE.—The Engineers have voted to have a parade of the Fire Department on Saturday, the 28 h inst, if the weather is favorable. We hope they will reconsider the vote.

☞ Sufferers from dropsy and kidney disease, can be cured by using *Hunt's Remedy*, the great kidney medicine, purely vegetable and used daily by our best physicians in their practice.

THANKSGIVING.—Next Thursday, the 26th, is Thanksgiving. There will be union services in the Unitarian Church at 10 A M.

HOSE CARRIAGES.—Chief Gilcreast visited New York this week and reports that the new hose carriages will probably reach Boston Thanksgiving morning.

☞ We have received from President Miner, the triennial catalogue of Tufts College.

39TH.—The 39th Mass Vols hold their eighth annual reunion at Medford, Dec 3d, at one o'clock. Assessment $1.50.

POLICE COURT.—Nov. 13th, Owen O'Hara, single drunk, fined $3 and costs; Nov 16, Peter McMurray for illegal keeping of liquor, was fined $10 and costs, and sentenced to House of Correction for 20 days, and 20 days additional if the fine is not paid, and ordered to recognizance in the sum of $100 not to violate the law again. He was also brought up on an old warrant charging him with the same offence. Before the case was disposed of he went off and was arrested soon after his return. On this he received a sentence like the above with the exception of $20 fine instead of $10. Nov. 17, John Kelley, single drunk fined $3 and costs. Henry Ferrin, violating Lord's Day, fined $5 and costs. Mary McDonald, common drunkard—sentenced to three months in House of Correction.

CONCERT.—The first of the Jones series of Entertainments came off Wednesday evening. The Adelphi sang better than before, and were accorded a generous reception. Their chanting merited great praise. Miss Barr made a very good impression, and her singing elicited much praise Mr Jones was unexpectedly called upon to help out the programme, and read the Danbury man's account of putting up a stove, and a selection from Widow Bedott. The audience compared favorably with any this season, and they were furnished the worth of their money by the manager.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Dexter Carter's family of North Woburn, were returning from Burlington on Wednesday, Miss Ella Carter was thrown from the seat of the carriage in an attempt to turn out for a passing team near the Cutler farm, and had a bad gash cut in her head, and was otherwise bruised.

STRAINED.—On Tuesday last a son of James L Fowle, living on High street, while performing on the horizontal bar, fell, straining the muscles of the abdomen very severely. He had hardly recovered from a fall in a hole while running a short time before.

W. M. P.—The course of assemblies which the Phalanx are carrying forward are very successful, and afford the participants considerable enjoyment. The one which occurred last Friday evening was the best of the series.

SNOW.—The first snow storm of the season began Friday noon, Nov. 20 Still at it as we go to press.

☞ Woodcocks and partridges have to suffer during this pleasant weather.

SHOW.—Don't forget Washburn's Show this Saturday evening.

Stoneham.

☞ A large meeting of the citizens was held in the Town Hall, Monday evening, in aid of the Kansas sufferers. The Rev. E. B. Fairchild presided; $60 was contributed for relief, and a committee raised to carry on the work, as follows: The Rev. E. B. Fairchild, Dr. Cowdry, David Hill, C. H. Daniels, H. S. Bartlette, Mrs. Dame, Miss Myra Wilson, Miss Sarah Collyer, Miss Maria Hill.

Winchester.

PARISH MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Winchester Unitarian Society took place in the vestry of the church on Thursday evening of last week. Dr F Winsor was chosen Moderator. The report of the Standing Committee which embraced that of the pastor, briefly referring to what had been done the past year was read and accepted. The Treas. report shows the financial condition of the society to be good. The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: Clerk, Thomas P Ayer; Treasurer, Edwin A Wadleigh: Directors, in connection with the Clerk and Treasurer, Frederic Winsor, Franklin W Perry, Samuel W Twombly; Emmons Hamlin, and Francis H Nourse; Superintendent of Sunday School, Rev Richard Metcalf; Assistant Supt., F Winsor; Secretary and Treasurer, E A Wadleigh; Librarian, Frank O Wellington.

The pastor preached last Sunday morning a sermon upon the close of the ninth year of the formation of the society, referring to the early efforts twenty years ago, when a Sunday school was formed and continued for four years, then suspended for seven years, and finally culminated in the formation of the society. Reference was also made to the aim and object of the society and what it had accomplished, and the earnest hope expressed that the tenth year upon which they would soon enter the society might be more fruitful if possible in its results than the past.

JEFFERSONIAN LEGISLATURE.—In order that many of the citizens may possess a knowledge of the manner of conducting Legislature business, familiarize themselves with parliamentary laws and accustom themselves to public debate, an organization is to be formed in the shape of a mock Legislature, officered and carried on in proper form. Certain gentlemen have been notified of their election as members of this august body to represent certain districts in this Legislative body and requested to meet in Adelphian Hall on Thursday evening of this week.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—This community are not likely to suffer this winter for want of entertainments in the shape of lectures, concerts, etc. There are two courses of lectures,—a club called the "Adelphians" to give dramatic and musical entertainments, the Legislative body to discuss parliamentary law, the Church Society for instruction in singing, the Good Will Club with its various methods of entertainment and instruction, besides other transient efforts from time to time.

SELECTMEN'S ROOM.—The new quarters occupied by the Selectmen and other town officers in the old engine house are quite an improvement on the old. A safe and secure place of deposit for the town records and other valuable papers and more room for the meetings are now provided. The room should be better lighted, however, as the fixtures of the old room are not adapted to the new one.

MASONIC RELIEF.—E. A. Wadleigh of this town has been chosen a director of the Middlesex Masonic Relief Association which is located at Arlington. The object of this association is well known, probably to our readers, and we trust the masonic brethren in this vicinity will become members of and unite in the benevolent object which it has in view.

SALE.—The Ladies' Friendly Society connected with the Unitarian church, will hold a sale of useful and fancy articles in the vestry of the church on Thursday. Dec. 17th, to raise funds towards the painting of the church edifice, and beautifying the grounds around it.

HAMPTON SINGERS.—This well known troupe of colored singers will perform in Woburn on next Wednesday evening Tickets 35 cents, reserved seats 50 cents; for sale by Dr. Geo P Brown. Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 10 10.

POSTPONEMENT.—On account of the death of a prominent member of the Baptist church, the Coffee party at Mr. Wilder's is postponed to Dec. 3rd.

SPIRITUALISM.—On Thursday and Friday evening of last week Dr. Clark of Chelsea gave an expose of spiritualism in Lyceum Hall to large audiences.

Wilmington.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—One church, one society, bespeaks unity of Christian precepts and harmony of religious purposes, which, as we with railroad speed glide through small towns and villages, by chance greets the eye. But when we see numberless church spires reaching towards the heavenly zenith with their significance, the heart sickens at the thought forced upon the mind that there dwelleth within what seemeth the peaceful environs of a happy people, the anti-spiritual contagion of denominationalism, which struts its prejudices to and fro as the vexed mania of discord, too irrational to be tamed or caparisoned by centralization or harmony of religious sentiment and purpose.

Thus envy, malice, prejudice and dissensions creep in and monopolize all the better feelings, while estrangement thwarts every effort which tends to Christianize and spread "glad tidings of great joy" as the make-peace of friendship and social aggrandizement.

In this respect we are an examplary example, having but one church, one minister, one people,—all denominations fraternizing under and within one church, essentially shutting out the cloistering sectarian principles which engender naught but evil, thereby supplanting in its stead the spirit of freedom, the hardihood of reason, and cheerfully accepting the position of prodigals for the sake of partaking of the spiritual manna which is vouchsafed to us, that bringeth peace, comfort and happiness to the hungry soul through the good intentions of the adopted ministering spirit with whom we join in praise.

The question of education is making stealthy inroads upon ignorance within our borders. We have a flourishing High School, well patronized, with five primary district schools that rank well as such, granting every facility that can be bestowed upon all classes, and with the statistical record before us we find that this happy feature of the lesser element shows the grand march of intelligence that is developing itself in every district, and chartering every fireside home as the ground for mental culture and improvement; the defacto schoolmaster, the clio of the hearthstone.

Were our forefathers to glance at the hugh piles of literature, (with the daily accessions from "Loring and Halliday,") with which the center tables now are spread, loaded and creaking, they would doubtless think a regular scientific pandemonium birthright had succeeded and usurped the potent rights of Polyglot, Hume and Smollet, Goodrich and Watts, and last, but always, Robert B. Thomas, the grand tudors and famed champions of their early educations; while the lesser vehicles of urchin frailty are waltzing under the soothing influences of Mother Goose's Melodies, and young voices are chanting forth nursery songs prefigured in their youthful imaginations, or are performing liliputian charades which mark the aspirations for artistic display, germinating in their juvenile minds, as the dusk of evening envelops the household in its stillness and charmed beauty.

Among the many brilliant political episodes which chanced to mark our State election, one occurred by reason of its janus faced issue that is a noteworthy epitome for future reference as it perfectly illustrated the confusion of the minds of many, and especially that of a most worthy deacon, who professes strong Republican and prohibition proclivities, which provoked a smile as Talbot and prohibition headed his ticket, and glutinous paste annexed Tarbox and Rum as an auxiliary for the regular Republican candidate and temperance to the great joy and delight of the P. L. L.'s and uncompromised.

PAUSARIAS.

Lexington.

THE VEXED QUESTION OF DRAINAGE.—At a meeting of those persons who are taxed for the drainage of the Lexington meadows, held at the railroad depot at Lexington Centre, Saturday evening, November 14 h, in response to a call posted in several public places, and signed "Justice," the meeting was called to order by James Gould, and organized by the choice of James Gould as moderator, and W. R. Cutter as secretary. Mr. Gould then made some remarks, giving an account of his procedures and inquiries in relation to the matter, expressing his sense of the injustice of the measure of taxing a few for the apparent benefit of the whole, and was followed by Dr. Holmes in remarks of the same tenor, suggesting that as those present had a common interest, they should concert some measure to act in common together, that the burden may fall where it belongs; the whole expense being put on individuals, the question is, Has the town any right to tax individuals personally to improve the general health of the town? The speaker thought not, and moved that a committee of five be appointed to confer with some competent authority in relation to the matter, to report at an adjourned meeting of those present, which was unanimously carried. Messrs Chas Robinson, E A Mullikin, D A Tuttle, George W. Robinson and J. L. Norris were appointed said committee with full power. After remarks by several different individuals, Messrs J. E. Hodgman, James Gould, and G W Robinson were appointed a committee to secure the names of those persons who will make common cause with this meeting in relation to the payment of assessments for drainage of the Lexington meadows. Adjourned to meet at same place Saturday evening, 21st inst, at 7 1 2 o'clock, P. M. General indignation was expressed by all present, at the apparent injustice of the Selectmen. We understand that a list of the names of those assessed with the amount of the several assessments, has been refused to the parties interested.

Arlington.

ACCIDENT.—Sunday evening about five o'clock, as Mr Amos F Russell was driving up the avenue on his way to Belmont, his horse became frightened at a passing train on the railroad, and starting back suddenly, pushed the carriage against another team close behind. The axle was sprung, and Mr R was obliged to procure another team before he could proceed.

FIRES.—Sunday evening about half past six o'clock, there was a fire alarm sounded from the bell in the school house near Brattle station, caused by an incendiary fire among some bush and wood land on the estate of Samuel Lewis on Arlington Heights. Highland Hose Company, with the old hand engine went to the vicinity of the fire, but their services not being required, they returned. Wm Penn Hose Company also turned out and went a short distance up the avenue.

About eight o'clock Sunday evening a very bright light in the south east caused several cries of "fire," but no general alarm. It was doubtless caused by the burning of a large barn in Dorchester, an account of which appeared in the papers of Monday morning.

ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday Mr John McCarty, who was at work for Dr Mason, fell against the stair railing, which giving way, precipitated him to the hall floor, a distance of some eight feet, fracturing his shoulder. The fracture was reduced by Dr Libby, and the patient is now doing well.

S S CONCERT.—The Sunday school concert at the Unitarian church last Sunday evening was very pleasant. The singing of the children evinced enthusiasm on their part and careful training by the teacher. Addresses by the Pastor, Judge Parmenter, and Mr Alfred Norton, made a very profitable and enjoyable evening.

☞ The cold snap of last week has stirred up the ice men nicely. Preparations for reaping an abundant harvest have been made by putting the houses, race ways and skids in perfect order.

West Medford.

RUNAWAY.—Last Saturday morning, as a gentleman and lady from East Boston were driving down Irving street, their horse took fright and ran away, throwing out the occupants and wrecking the carriage. Nobody hurt.

J H Norton Esq, has purchased the Cummings estate on Woburn street, containing about four acres, which he intends cutting up into house lots. Price paid, $8000.

☞ The Young Folks will have a dance at Brooks Hall on Thanksgiving night.

☞ Who will draw the great cash prize of $250,000 in the fifth and last grand gift concert of the Public Library of Kentucky, is now the agitating conundrum. *Some one* will do so with a ticket costing only $50; and the name of the lucky man will be known to all the world on the first day of December next, for the drawing will certainly take place on the 30th of November. Two and a half million dollars will then be distributed in prizes among twenty thousand ticket holders. This magnificent scheme is under the management of Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette, of Louisville; and the same high-toned dealing will characterize this final drawing as was shown in the preceding ones. The Public Library founded by these gift concerts is an honor to the State of Kentucky, whose best men are concerned in seeing that precisely what is promised is performed. Orders for tickets, accompanied with the cash, can be sent to Gov. Thos. E. Bramlette, Louisville, Kentucky, or Thomas H. Hays and Co., Eastern agents, 609 Broadway, New York.

THE SETTLEMENT LAW.—The following law is now in force, entitled an act for the more efficient relief of the poor:—

SEC. 1. Any person of the age of twenty-one years, who resides in any place within this State, for five years together, and pays all State, county, city or town taxes duly assessed, on his poll or estate, for any three years within that time, shall thereby gain a settlement in such place.

SEC. 2. Any woman of the age of twenty-one years, who resides in any place within this State for five years together, without receiving relief as a pauper, shall thereby gain a settlement in such place.

SECT. 3. No existing settlement shall be changed by any provision of this act, unless the entire residence and taxation herein required accrues after its passage; but any unsettled person shall be deemed to have gained a settlement upon the completion of the residence and taxation herein required, though the whole or part of the same accrues before the passage of this act.

SEC. 4. The provisions of this act shall not apply to any person who, at the date of its passage, is an inmate of either of the State lunatic hospitals, the asylum for the insane, or the State almshouse at Tewksbury, the State workhouse, or the State primary school, until such person has been duly discharged from said institution.

All persons who were in the late war a year or over, and honorably discharged, or, if discharged before from inability, obtain a settlement in the city or town whose quota they filled, are referred to the overseers; they aid and charge the said town.

Literary Chit Chat: Glimpses of the Book Trade.

BOSTON.—While we remark as a general fact that the Boston Trade may be called somewhat dull, perhaps we may truthfully say more so than it has been for corresponding seasons for several years past, there are counterbalances to the credit of our enterprising publishers, not to be overlooked. The first noticeable fact is, credits are not given for so long a time by booksellers to booksellers as in days gone by. This is a sign for good in the right direction; we had rather see due caution manifested by our publishers than a too lax system of giving long credits. The result will soon if not already seen, be accepted by both the buyer and seller, as an approach to a more healthy phase of the book trade. Very few very high cost volumes will be issued for the coming holidays, in comparison with those of years past. This we are glad to learn, and we can truly echo the words of an eminent publishing house in our city, "Too many poor books have been published in elegant form, that never should have seen the light in any form." We have long since held the opinion that books which are called only luxuries should not be published except in small editions or by subscriptions. The days of their sunshine is few, and it always gives us pain to find elegant and very costly works upon the shelves of the second hand book stores at "murderously low prices." We hope more attention to the useful juveniles and reading books will mark the progress of the incoming holidays. We have recently spent a few hours' tour among the treasures of ou

publishing friends and shall in another paper tell our many readers what we saw new and interesting upon the shelves of our prominent publishing houses.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, will issue shortly an American edition of Stonehenges Rural Sports. This edition from what we learn will meet a want long felt by our American sportsmen; it will contain much original matter, on different subjects, several pages upon base ball and other national sports and pastimes. We shall notice it fully when it appears, and can promise our friends from what we know of it a work every way worthy their money.

Robert Carter & Bros. N. Y., announce a number of very pretty works for our young folks which we shall notice in due course; among them Rosalie's Pets, by Johanna H. Matthews. Sceptres and Crowns by the author of the Wide, Wide World; and Doors Outward, by author of Win and Wear. These populars authors it is well known, always please young readers.

New Publications.

LILY AND THE CROP. Lee & Shepard.

One of the most interesting novels of the times. It will find many pleased readers who will reluctantly lay aside this very interesting admirably written story. All that is herein written is written in the realm of the possible and is not an unnatural scene of events. It is one of those stories that will not fail to interest all who read it, we would analyze this story of the Lily and crop, and tell you all about Minie and Margot and Zac and the mid ocean rescue, the court martial and the ending, but by so doing we should spoil a very delightful story which we recommend you to read entire.

FIELD COVER AND TRAP SHOOTING. By Capt A. H. Bogardus, N. Y.; J. B. Ford & Co.

We have carefully read this work by Capt. Bogardus with much satisfaction, and as we have been for years addicted to sports of the gun and rod, we can recommend as one of the best books on the different kinds of shooting, and sports in geenral, this admirable work. Capt. B. knows by actual experience just what he talks about, few men have had a larger or more varied experience than himself. You can, young or old sportsman learn much from a perusal of this work. Chapter II, on guns, and their use, is an exceedingly valuable chapter, it should be fixed well in the minds of every young tyro with the shot gun. Chapter VII on the woodcock, etc., is worth the price of the book; read it carefully and you will be of our opinion that with a familiar knowledge of the contents of this book, a good gun would be a new and wonderful source of pleasure in your hand.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for December. "Notes on Kentucky and Tennesee," in the December number, form the final regular installment in the Great South Series, by Mr. King. A description of the Mammoth Cave forms a large part of this article, and there are several fresh illustrations of this wonderful place. The other articles illustrated, either by means of pictures or diagrams are "The Transit of Venus," "The Probabilities of Rivers," "The Silver Age," and "Rambles in Madeira." In fiction we have the continuation of Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" with illustrations; and of Saxe Holme's curious story, "My Tourmaline;" also "Jeanette," by Miss Woolson, and "In a Trumpet," a Thanksgiving story by Miss Hopkins, author of "One of Miss Widgery's Evenings." Mr. Stedman gives us another of his essays on "The Victorian Poets," this time grappling with that tough subject, Robert Browning himself. There are poems by Celia Thaxter and others In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland writes about "The Great South Series of Papers," "Christianity and Color," "Investments for Income," "Nature and Literature." The Doctor says that Edward King traveled in all, twenty-five thousand miles in gathering the materials for his papers. In the department of Etchings there is an amusing account of "The Devil in Literature." Dr. Holland's new novel, "The Story of "Sevenoaks," will begin in the January number of *Scribner's*.

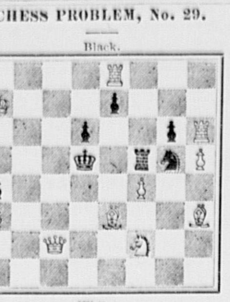
NURSERY.—The hearts of the little folks will be made happy when they hear that the *Nursery* for December has come, and is just as full as ever of stories and pictures. It is indispensable in a family of children and is so cheap that all ought to have it. There is a very expressive picture of two children with balloons, one of which is escaping. The four playmates is a photograph of a home where the children are petted, and the fat brigade will make the little boys laugh. Now is the time to send $1.50 to J L Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, and you will get the last two numbers for this year free.

ST NICHOLAS for December opens with a handsomely illustrated article on the celebrated "Garden of the Gods" in Colorado. Among the other instructive articles are "The Boy Astronomer," by Hezekiah Butterworth; "The Chickadees" by Harvey Wilder; "African Fashions" by Olive Thorne; "Altorf and William Tell," by Emma D Southwick; and "Holiday Harbor," an excellent article by Mrs S B C Samuels, showing the boys and girls how to build a city with all the public buildings, steamboats, railroad trains, etc, necessary for its prosperity. The stories in the number are many of them remarkably good. The wonderful adventures of "Tchumpin" are concluded Mary N Prescott writes charmingly about "Prue's Dolls;" there is a bright, fanciful story by B E Woolf, called—"Mabel's Troubles," with a picture by Etynge, a characteristic tale translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A Brown. Helen C Weeks tells about "Fourteen Monkeys," and all the boys will be glad to read the "Comanchee's Trail," by Samuel W Cozzens A poem, which is excellent in itself, is illustrated by twelve dog's heads drawn from life with great spirit and fidelity by A H Thayer. Among the other poems are "Little Whimpy," by Mrs Dodge; "The Jeweled Tree," by A M Machar, and—"Friends," by L G Warner; Mrs Abby Morton Diaz has one of her funny stories called "A Little Girl's Story." Very interesting announcements are made for the January issue of the "St Nicholas," which will be the holiday number, and will contain, besides ever so many Christmas stories, the opening chapter of the new serials, "The Young Surveyor," by J T Trowbridge, and "Eight Cousins" by Louisa M Alcott.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 29.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

MR. EDITOR.—The following is the solution of Problem No. 28:—

White	Black
Q to K4	P x Q
K x P or K4 dis. chk. mate	
Q to K4	Kt x Kt
Q to Q5 mate	
Q to K4	P x Kt
Q to QB6 mate	
Q to K4	Kt x P
K x BP dis. chk. mate.	

Yours truly,
G. W. M. HALL.

Married.

In Arlington, Nov. 11th, by the Rev. George W. Cutter, Mr. Walter F. Lane of Medford and Miss Louise W. Frost of Arlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Woburn, Nov. 17, Hannah F. Converse, aged 42 years, 10 months.
In Winchester, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Sarah J. wife of Deacon F. S. Richardson, aged 42 years.
In Lexington, Nov. 10th, Joseph Chandler, aged 45 years.

THE PRICE TELLS
AND
EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE
WHOLESALE STOCK OF
MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT RETAIL
MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.
$12 to $24.
Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.
ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.
12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

Religious Notices.

☞ Sunday, the 22nd instant, being the last on which Rev. Dr. Young will officiate in Woburn, his morning discourse will be on "The Duties and Responsibilities of the Pastor;" in the afternoon "Duties and Responsibilities of the Church." In the evening he will preach his farewell sermon, to which the citizens of the town are cordially invited. 191

A CARD.

The undersigned is very grateful for the exertions in saving his property in the fire that occurred on the morning of Friday

J. G. FLAGG.
Woburn, Nov. 21, 1874. 193

A CARD.

The undersigned hereby thanks the firemen and citizens who saved his property from destruction on Thursday night, at the fire on Broad street.

L. W. COOPER.
Woburn, Nov. 20, 1874.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the
LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES
should use all three of the above medicines.
Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.
DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Lot of Feather Beds and Pillows, for sale cheap at Geo. W. Pollock's, opposite Central House, Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Samuel F. Thompson, trustee under an Indenture dated July 31, 1850, and recorded with So. Dist. Deeds, Book 598, page 24 245.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Czarina P. Danforth, of Cambridge, in said County, interested in said trust estate, has presented to said Court her petition for your removal from said trust for reasons therein stated. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

Large Sale of
Wood and Timber,
ON THE LATE JACOB PIERCE FARM,
IN WOBURN.

ON FRIDAY, the 27th inst., at 9 o'clock, A. M., will be sold at auction in lots, and timber standing on about 25 acres of land, situated in the westerly part of Woburn, on the easterly side of Cambridge street, about 100 rods from said Pierce's late dwelling house. Said wood consists of a large growth of Oak, Maple, Birch, Pitch and White Pine, of excellent quality for the market or home use. The access is easy at all seasons of the year, and parties in want of wood cannot do better than at end. Probably it is the largest and the only sale of wood by auction that will take place this season in this section. Entrance to said lot for persons living in the vicinity of Woburn Centre is the old road near Mr. Luther Fowle's residence, and persons living in the vicinity of Winchester Centre will take the road near said Pierce's late residence.

By order of Ebenezer Pierce.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer,
Woburn, Nov. 16, 1874. 183

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, are invited to call at MISS. JOHNSON'S, Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn. 31

Chas. K. Conn & Co
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD

Safe for Sale,
A Morris & Ireland,
3 feet 3 inches high, 2 feet 5 inches wide.
Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at 113 Main Street, Woburn. 181

BOARDING.

Good rooms and board at the corner of Pleasant and Bennett streets. Table boarders accommodated. 182

SEND TEN CENTS to the Journal Company, Lawrenceburg, Indiana, for the number of January, 1875 (now ready) of THE POPULAR JOURNAL, containing the opening chapters of FORTUNE WON, the narrative of a poor mechanic, who, while in bad health, discovered a business in which he made a fortune in a few years, and tells so plainly how it was done, that any one who reads his narrative can be equally successful. 188

JUST PUBLISHED:
PIANO at HOME
A large collection of the best
FOUR-HAND PIECES.
FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

No book is better fitted for "Home" Musical entertainment than this. Beginners can play the easier duets. Advanced players and teachers need not to be told that practice with four hands is he best to acquire "time" and "certainty." Practice in the "Piano at Home" is nothing but a continual pleasure.

250 pages full sheet music size. In boards, $2.50; cloth, $3.00; full gilt, $4.00.

For Choirs: THE LEADER. Price $1.38.
For Singing Schools: THE SONG MONARCH, 75 cts.

The Emerson Method
For REED ORGANS
By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. B. MATTHEWS.

Easy and progressive lessons, scales, studies, voluntaries, interludes, quartets, songs, and other pieces in profusion. All well arranged by skilful hands. Price $2.50.

For Choirs: PERKINS' ANTHEM BOOK. $1.50.
For Quartet Choirs: THOMAS' QUARTETS. $2.50.
Specimen copies sent post-paid for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y. 178

A Complete Pictorial History of the Times.—The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union.

Harper's Weekly
ILLUSTRATED.

Notices of the Press.

The *Weekly* is the ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical published in this country. Its editorials are scholarly and convincing, and carry much weight. Its illustrations of current events are full and fresh, and are prepared by our best designers. With a circulation of 150,000, the *Weekly* is read by at least half a million persons, and its influence as an organ of opinion is simply tremendous. The *Weekly* maintains a positive position, and expresses decided views on political and social problems. —*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Its articles are models of high-toned discussion, and its pictorial illustrations are often corroborative arguments of no small force.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Its papers upon existent questions and its inimitable cartoons help to mould the sentiments of the country.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

TERMS.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, one year, . . $4.00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's periodicals to one address for one year, $7.00; postage free.

An extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage free.

Back numbers can be supplied at any time.

The annual volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for $7.00 each. A complete Set, comprising eighteen volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $5.25 per. vol., freight at expense of purchaser.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express orders of Harper & Brothers.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS.
185 New York.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 17th day of November, A. D. 1874, on the Petition of the Selectmen of Winchester, for widening Church street, in said Winchester, between Main street and Cambridge street, it was adjudged that said widening is of common convenience and necessity. Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's Room, in Winchester, on the 21st day of December, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of the Commissioners.
LEONARD HUNTRESS,
Chairman.
Tewksburry, Nov 1874. 190

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!

MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

Piano-forte Instruction.

PIANO-FORTE instruction in the latest approved methods, as taught by J. B. Lang. Special attention paid to beginners. Address

MISS A. P. DAVIS,
Corner Pleasant and Bennett Streets,
189 Woburn, Mass.

BOSTON WEEKLY JOURNAL,
FOR 1875.
The POPULAR WEEKLY
OF NEW ENGLAND.
ORGANIZE YOUR CLUBS!
THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
carefully compiled expressly for the paper

FAMILY READING, Varied and Attractive, to please the tastes of the intelligent classes.
THE MARKETS fully reported for the benefit of Farmers and Traders.
AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES of a Practical Nature, under the head of "The Farm and the Fireside," with frequent articles by a "Young Farmer."
POLITICAL EDITORIALS and Political News presented fully and fairly.
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE, giving movements of ministers and news of interest to all denominations.
NEW ENGLAND ITEMS, being a record of interesting incidents, carefully culled.
REPORTS OF ALL MEETINGS of interest relating to Science, Literature, Education, and Domestic and Social Economy,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

☞ Postmasters will find it for their interest to act as Agents for the *Weekly Journal*, being the largest and best Republican newspaper published in New England.

The Boston Weekly Journal now is one of the largest papers printed in the country, and in quantity and variety of matter it is unequalled by any New England weekly. We intend that during the coming year it shall be more attractive than ever to its great body of readers, and that by an improvement of its present features and the introduction of new ones, its visits to the homes of New England shall be looked for with increased interest. In every town and village in New England there is doubtless some young man or young woman who by a little personal effort can get up a club of ten or more subscribers, and in this way secure for themselves and their families an extra copy of the *Journal* free. The terms for the Weekly are as follows:

TERMS.

ONE COPY,	$2.00
FIVE COPIES to One Address,	7.00
TEN " " "	15.00

And an extra copy to getter up the club.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Any one remitting us $2 will receive the *Boston Weekly Journal* during 1875, postage included. Getters-up of Clubs must add twenty cents to each copy for prepayment of postage. *The money in all cases must accompany the order.*

BOSTON
SEMI-WEEKLY JOURNAL
FOR 1875.
Published Tuesdays and Fridays.

The current news carefully selected and arranged twice a week, presenting an attractive paper for subscribers who wish to be more fully informed regarding the Leading Events of the Hour than furnished by our Weekly, as it presents all the attractions of that paper, with the News, General Reading and Information given in a more copious form. It also contains the

Marine News

Which is of especial attraction to *Mariners*, Shippers and residents of sea-port towns.

TERMS.

One copy,	$ 4.00
Five copies to one address,	15.00
Ten " " "	30.00

And an extra copy to the getter-up of a club of ten.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Any one remitting us $4 will receive the *Boston Semi Weekly Journal* during 1875, postage included. Getters-up of clubs must add *forty cents* to each copy for prepayment of postage.

The BOSTON DAILY JOURNAL.
Published Morning & Evening,
THE CHEAPEST DAILY
IN NEW ENGLAND,
186

One copy, one year, postage included,	$9.00
" " six months, " "	4.50
" " three months " "	2.25

Contains all the news at the earliest moment, carefully classified and arranged.

Its circulation is more than that of the combined circulation of any three papers of its class printed in New England. Advertisements in THE JOURNAL go into both the Morning and Evening JOURNALS at one price, thus securing practically the advantage of an insertion in both papers. Address

THE JOURNAL NEWSPAPER CO.,
BOSTON

Boston Daily Globe.
Cheapest Paper in the World,
ONLY 3 CENTS.

By mail, 1 year, $8; 6 months, $4; 3 months, $2; 1 month, 75 cents. *Postage free to subscribers after January 1, 1875.*

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is only $2 a year; clubs of four or more, $1.50 each. *Postage free after Jan. 1.* Address GLOBE PUBLISHING CO., 92 Washington Street, Boston. 187

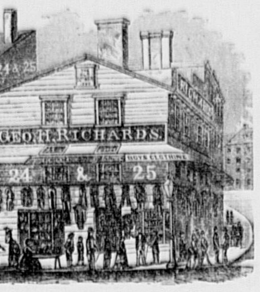
Removal.

Mrs. L. A. Gilman has taken rooms in the house of Mr. J D Gilman, on Railroad street, opposite Broad street, where she will continue dressmaking, and solicite a share of the public patronage.

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

At the "Old Corner."



Nos. 24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE.
We have now on hand the
LARGEST STOCK
We have ever yet placed in store.
OUR GOODS
Must be Sold!
The continued warm weather
THIS FALL
Compels us to dispose of it at
A SACRIFICE
And our prices for Clothing
FOR MEN'S,
FOR BOY'S,
FOR YOUTH,
Of which we have on hand
An Immense Supply,
ARE MARKED DOWN
To Wholesale Cost,
For the Next six Weeks.
WE CANNOT
CARRY THIS STOCK OVER.
NOW
Is the opportunity for
BARGAINS!
Remember ONE THIRD to ONE HALF DISCOUNT on all staple goods, suits or garments.
TRY US! AT
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE 24 AND 25
BOSTON. 175
G. H. RICHARDS.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.

The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75

J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

"Don't you forget it!"
Large Lot
Latest Styles
HOUSE PAPER
SELLING LOW AT
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main Street,
WOBURN.

MRS. W. T. AYERS,
Will attend to
Dress and Cloak Making,
at her residence, 39
COR. FAIRMOUNT AND HIGH STS.
Especial attention given to Children's Garments.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

Matched Horses
FOR SALE.

A pair of Black Matched Horses, 8 years old weigh 1200 apiece, good for coach or for team.
165 Inquire of H. PARKER, Winchester.

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

Fo Sale or To Let.

A store in North Woburn, suitable for an Apothecary. Apply at North Woburn Post Office.

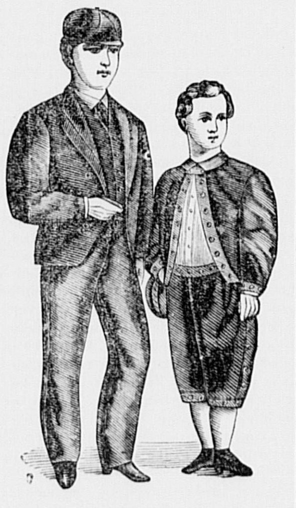
Insurance.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.

A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874. GEO. H. CONN.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers of
Men's, Boys'
—AND—



Children's
Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and
Winter Clothing
At BOTTOM PRICES.
We solicit an inspection of our Stock.
☞ One Price to all.
GEO. H. LANE & CO.,
31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
ODELL & HUDSON'S
Elliptic Spring-Bed,
Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55
Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,
WINCHESTER, MASS:
A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY
☞ Orders by Mail Solicited. ☜

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his residence on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he will continue to
Make, Repair & Uphoster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 61
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30α, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
α Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.
29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

ICE CREAM
—AND—
Fresh Oysters
Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

AGENCY
—FOR—
BARRETT & BROTHER'S
DYE HOUSE,
BOSTON,
At "Horton's Bookstore."

Clothing, &c.
Cleansed
or Dyed
In the best manner. Now is the time to
ECONOMIZE
AND MAKE
Old Clothes NEW!
BRING THEM ALONG TO
195 Main Street, - Woburn.
20

THE
BRYANT & STRATTON
Commercial School,
BOSTON.

THIS School is designed to prepare pupils of either sex for COMMERCIAL PURSUITS, and affords an opportunity for acquiring a complete *Commercial Education.*

The Course of study for Pupils who have acquired a good knowledge of the common English branches, embraces the following-named studies:—

BOOK-KEEPING
(By Single and Double Entry);
COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC
(Designed for Practical Application in Business);
COMMERCIAL WRITING
(with special reference to Legibility and Rapidity;)
COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE
(in a manner answering to the requirements of business letter writing);
COMMERCIAL LAW,
(relating to negotiable paper contracts, partnerships, etc,)

Preparatory Department.

Pupils will be received into this department, and prepared to enter the COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENTS of the School, or for an examination previous to entering some Institute or University. Pupils admitted to all departments at any time if there are vacancies. Catalogue of teachers and pupils, and prospectus of studies, post free, by addressing the Principal. 54

H. E. HIBBARD, 368 Washington Street.

ENTIRELY NEW STOCK.

Our Store and Stock having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, we are now prepared with an entire stock of New Goods of the BEST QUALITY and LATEST STYLES of

Parlor, Chamber Library
and Dining-Room
FURNITURE.
Draperies & Interior Decorations
At prices that defy competition.
HALEY, MORSE & Co.
411 Washington St. 122

OVERCOATS

At less price than has been seen before since the late war.

Popular Prices:

$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.

All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.

Every garment marked in plain figures.

ONE PRICE.
WILMOT'S.
121 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. 19

Woburn Bake House.

The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand.

No. 9 Railroad Street,
where may be found at all times,
Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,

The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with

Hot Brown Bread.

Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings. Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention. JACOB R. CURRIER.
Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

Step Ladders,
CLOTHES DRYERS!
AND CLOTHES HORSES.
Thompson's HARDWARE STORE
BUEL'S BLOCK. 38

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 40
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.
Miss Alice E. Bancroft,
would invite the Ladies to call at
No. 138 Main St., Woburn,

where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.

The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do their fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean, Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and quietness of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.
Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,
213 Main Street, Woburn.

JUL. COHEN'S
NEW STORE!
199 MAIN STREET,
Three doors above Post Office,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.
At Very Low Prices!
Woburn Centre, Mass.

For Sale.
A good second-hand piano, at No. 2 Auburn St., Woburn.

STOVE FOR SALE.
A PEERLESS COOK STOVE, as good as new, for sale cheap. Inquire of
58 A. T. YOUNG.

Tenements To Let.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

How to Put Children to Bed.—Not with reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come when, all too soon, they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them, then, at least, have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man, or woman, whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to his mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home "Dignity" and "Severity" stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

Sit and Set, Lay and Lie.—The two words "sit" and "set" are too often mistaken for each other. When a grammar class is asked, for the first time, if it is right to say "hens set," the "court sets," one-half of them, perhaps, will vote one way and one-half the other. The court means the judge of judges; the judge sits, the court sits, the jury sits, hens sit, birds sit. "Setting hen" is wrong; hens are not "setters" or pointers. Set requires an objective case; we set a chair, but we sit in it. There is a similar difficulty in the use of "lie and lay." In families whose hens "set," everything "lays," and all "lay abed." The quoted words are wrong. Lay means to place, and requires an objective, as, "the hen lays eggs," "Now I lay me." We should say the book lies on the table; he lies abed; lies low; everybody lies, if you please, but nobody lays unless he has something to lay.

Twenty Impolite Things.—Loud and boisterous laughing.

Reading when others are talking.

Reading aloud in company without being asked.

Talking when others are reading.

Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.

Cutting finger nails in company.

Leaving church before worship is closed.

Whispering or laughing in the house of God.

Gazing rudely at strangers.

Leaving a stranger without a seat.

A want of respect and reverence for seniors.

Correcting older persons than yourselves, especially your parents.

Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.

Making yourself hero of your own story.

Laughing at the mistakes of others.

Joking others in company.

Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.

Answering questions that have been put to others.

Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table; and

Not listening to what one is saying in company.

An Illustrative Plate.—A citizen somewhat noted for his econominal habits of expenditure and living, surprised the clerks in Briggs' great china and glass store the other day by coming in with a large platter as a sample of a dinner set that he wanted decorated.

Of course he was courteously served. Pattern after pattern was exhibited, and design after design suggested by the polite Briggs, who, however, exhausted his artistic skill and ransacked his fertile brain in vain to suit the customer's taste.

One design was too dark, another too light, a third "raythe1" expensive, and a fourth too common, till at last the applicant, putting his great white platter down on the heap of drawings and designs said—

"Now what is there I kin hev put on this, that'll be rare and well done?"

"I know of nothing else," said Briggs, "except it be a good piece of roast beef."

"Jest the thing," said the customer, not seeing the joke, "paint the picter of the beef right in the middle."—*Com. Bulletin.*

☞ One morning, on entering the chamber of a French marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, the doctor was thus accosted: "Good day to you, Dr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits, and think my fever has left me." "I am sure it has," replied Bouvart drily. "The very first expression you used convinced me of it." "Pray explain yourself." "Nothing is easier. In the first day of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your dearest friend; as you began to get better, I was your good Bouvart; and now I am Dr. Bouvart; depend upon it, you are quite recovered."

☞ There is something lovely about them, even in death. It was a Kansas prairie and they lay side by side. Tom's thumb in Jack's left eye, and Jack's revolver pushed in Tom's right ear. They had fit it out.

☞ If there is one time more than another when a woman should be entirely alone, it is when a line full of clothes comes down in the mud.

☞ Nothing makes a person laugh so much as a set of new teeth.

— Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

A RIDE IN THE CARS.

BY WILLIAM B. JONES.

No better opportunity is afforded for the study of human nature than an hour or two spent in journeying from one point to another in the cars. Here all the individual idiosyncrasies are brought out in bold relief. With some the cars are too warm; with others, too cold. A fat gentleman, weighing about one hundred and ninety or two hundred and twenty pounds, wants the window open, and declares if it is not he shall suffocate; while his neighbor across the aisle, an emaciated person with a consumptive cough, wrapped in shawls and mufflers, asks his fat friend if "he thinks its healthy to sit by an open window when the cars are running at such a rapid rate, and creating such an intense draft." Then turning to the lady with him, perhaps his daughter, niece or ward, says that he is quite sure unless that window is closed, he will take a severe cold, and death will be the inevitable result. The young lady importunes the conductor, who, perhaps politely and perhaps not, requests the fat individual to close the window. Fat individual inquires if it will be any worse for that bean pole, pointing to the invalid, to freeze to death, than for him to smother. But the pretty, imploring face of the young lady gains the victory, and the window is peremptorily closed. Fat individual growls like an enraged lion, picks up his hat and waddles to the door, remarking that when people are just ready to tumble into the grave they had better travel in some other conveyance than the cars. A young woman with a poodle dog in her arms gets into the car at one of the stations. She inspects all the empty seats, complains of the dust and cinders, finds great difficulty in arranging her multiplicity of overskirts and furbelows, and after putting every person in an agony of suspense as to whether she ever intends to sit down or not, finally settles. Then the ribbons connected with her hat, are out of place. With a peculiar duck of her head forward, and a double back action gesture of her hand, she throws the ends of said ribbons high in the air, which, in due course of time, by the attraction of gravitation, drop upon the newspaper which the gentleman immediately behind her is reading. She looks out of the window, hums some familiar air from "Il Trovatore," or worse yet, "La Grande Duchesse," or "Belle Helene," squints at the passengers and imagines she has made an impression upon the feelings of the young man in a light overcoat who sits opposite. Although he does look a little spooney, he has travelled some and has seen the like of her before to-day. It is very evident that the lady two seats from the stove, has an excellent appetite, from the vigorous manner in which she attacks the oranges and peanuts, and it is quite safe to suppose that she is *deprived* of those luxuries at home.

How very much occupied that young lady and gentleman are. Should say it we were given to guessing that the young gentleman loved that young lady with an ardor unquenchable, and that the young lady didn't care if he did.

Who are these two young men sitting near the above named parties. Reporters we should say, from their nonchalent air. Let us hear what they have to say.

"Dick, that account of Simpkin's party written by you, was just immense. Let me read it again. By the way, you want there, I believe?"

"I was not," replied Dick, and then added with a scornful curve of the lip, "but the vulgar public never'll know the dif."

"Items pretty dry, eh, Dick?"

"Ye-as; no murder to-day."

"I've got an imit for you," said a very loquacious individual behind them, who from their conversation had discovered their occupation.

"Got a what?" said Dick, in a tone of great surprise.

"An imit," replied the man, with an air of importance, as if he was conferring a signal favor.

"Oh yes, exactly," replied Dick, "perhaps you would favor us with a definition of the word."

"Why, hang it, what you are looking for all the time. But if you are so blasted independent I won't tell you," replied the man, somewhat stung by Dick's remark.

"Item, you mean," suggested reporter No. 1.

"I've got nothing more to say," replied the loquacious individual, and not another word will he speak to them although they offer ample apology.

How truly lamentable that oblivious shadows should close about one item that might have enlightened the country and help fill up the paper.

The fact can never have escaped the notice of an observant person that the travelling public as a general thing is very selfish and discourtious, and that the employees of railroads are very apt to answer impolite remarks of passengers in an equally polite manner. There is some excuse for the latter we must allow. Whenever a person asks as foolish a question as, "When does the nine o'clock train start?" must expect the equally foolish reply, "It will start as soon as the depot comes in." Notwithstanding more courtesy might be shown on both sides, and when the day arrives that it is so another strong thread will be woven in the web of moral reform.

There is one person, an attache of the railroad, whom we must not pass over without noticing. He is usually connected with all the "through" trains, though is occasionally found upon the short routes. He is known as the "water boy." The train has been under way for about half an hour, when he makes his appearance with a tin kettle filled with ice water. After serving the passengers with this refreshing beverage he adjourns to the baggage car, and in a short time makes his appearance and offers for sale packages of court plaster. Again he disappears, but like a dissolving view only for a moment, when he appears again as a new picture does in the Stereopticon; this time with novels and light readings for sale. And he always observes the same stoical expression of countenance. While attending to his business it is impossible to smile. The dignity of his office is such that it would be highly reprehensible. The train is approaching a station. What a flurry some of the passengers are in. How many gentlemen's silk hats are ruffled and ladies bonnets knocked awry by those who have stored their parcels in the rack overhead. How much fault everybody finds, and yet there is no real cause, for the train always stop long enough for passengers to alight. And yet there are some people who would never believe this, if they were assured by the conductor that the train would stop twenty-five minutes. But they flurry and hurry just as much; and so they ever will through all time.

How to Ruin Children.—Not all the ways, but one. A few nights since, says the Newburyport Herald, the owner of an unoccupied barn was roused from sleep with a warning that a light was shining through the cracks in the boards surrounding the base of the building. Supposing of course that the barn was on fire he hurried out to save his property if possible without raising an alarm, when to his surprise he found the light to come—not from Diogenes with his rush candle, seeking for a man—but from a man searching for a boy. It seems that several little boys had been accustomed to spend the night under the barn, sleeping upon hay. It is a matter of surprise that boys go to ruin when they are allowed to be out all night, the parents not knowing, and perhaps not caring, where they are?

There is no indulgence given to children so sure to bring them to destruction as to allow them to be out evenings. There is for all children a kind of mystery—a peculiar kind of fascination about darkness that leads them to do many things which they would not dare to do in broad daylight; and the only safe way for parents is to refuse all permission for the child to go out except for satisfactory reasons. It would not be necessary to go many miles from Newburyport to find street corners—not in the vicinity of rum shops—but in respectable neighborhoods—where the children, girls as well as boys, are allowed to play in the streets after dark—developing an amount of juvenile rowdyism that must be injurious to their morals. Boys and girls that in daylight appear decently quiet, and modest, under the cover of darkness become noisy, and mischievous. No man becomes bad all at once—but by degrees—and from seeing to pitying—and from that embracing vice, are degrees that may follow without great intervals between. The child that plays out in the street, near the house, till seven o'clock, soon wishes to be out till nine, and very soon must be down town to stay as long as he pleases. There is no safe way for parents but to keep their children in the house after dark. Playing around the house the first part of the evening, is the beginning of a course that may lead the child to ruin. A short time since the son of a respectable parent was arrested for thieving. The poor man, heart broken with grief, could not see how his boy came to be a thief, but the reason was plain enough to those who knew that he had been allowed with a ruinous indulgence to roam the streets at night—the parent thinking that his boy could surely take care of himself.

Predatory Chicks.—"We had a good deal of trouble last summer with Pitman's chickens; as fast as we planted anything in our little garden, these chicken's of Pitman's would creep through the fence, scratch out the seed, fill up, and go home. When the radish-bed had been ravished in this manner for the fifth time, we complained to Pitman. He was not disposed to interfere. 'Adeler' he said, 'I tell you it does 'em good; and it does them beds good to be raked over by chickens. If I have radishes, give me chickens to scratch around them and eat up the worms. Radishes that haven't been scratched ain't worth a cent.' Then we climbed over the fence with the determination to take the law in our own hands. We procured half a peck of corn and two dozen small fish hooks. Fastening the hooks each to a grain of corn, we tied a wire to each hook. Then we scattered the whole of the corn on the radish bed, and fixed the ends of the wire to the biggest skyrocket we could get. The rocket stood in a frame about ten yards away from the hooks. That very morning Pitman's chickens came over, and instantly began to bevour the corn. We were ready, and, as soon as it was evident that the hooks were all swallowed, we applied a match to that rocket. It is regarded as probable that no barn-yard fowls that have existed since the days of Noah ever proceeded toward the azure vault of heaven with such rapidity as those did. A fizz, a few ejaculatory cackles, a puff of smoke, and Pitman's roosters and chickens were swishing around among the celestial constellations without their feathers, and in some doubt respecting the stability of earthly things. Pitman never knew what became of his fowls; but when we read in the paper next day that twenty four underdone chickens, with fish-hooks in their craws, had been rained down by a hurricane in New Jersey, we felt certain that that skyrocket had done its duty."—*Max Adeler.*

☞ Montesquieu, a French statesman and philosopher, truly remarks, in his celebrated work entitled "The Spirit of the Laws," that the essential principle of a monarchy is the honor emanating from the throne; but that of a Republic the virtue of its citizens. Their strength lies in religious and moral principles, in upright character, and especially in patriotism, industry, temperance and frugality; and as soon as those qualities cease to exist in a nation, it matters not by what name the supreme power is called; it will be a real monarchy, though perhaps masked by the forms of Republicanism, as was the case under the Roman Emperors. As the Republic has in store for every one of its citizens, equal rights and blessings, so it imposes upon every one equal duties. Every one is bound to observe the law, to promote the welfare of the whole, and to defend the Republic against its enemies. But one of its great foes is the demoralizing and pernicious vice of drunkenness. The ruinous effects of this vice, which are daily seen by all observers, and the fearful amount of which is annually stated by physicians, overseers of hospitals and poor houses, keepers of prisons, and other public persons, should induce every good citizen to counteract its farther spread with all his energy, and in so doing aid in stopping one of the chief sources of poverty and crime. The Temperance Societies have taken upon themselves this honorable mission, to whose beneficial operations only narrow minded prejudice or malicious selfishness can be opposed. Every one should be aware at least, that these societies prevent an infinite amount of evil, support one of the main pillars of the Republic, to wit: the virtues of simplicity, industry, economy and frugality; and in this manner promote health, wealth and happiness.—*German in America.*

ONLY

$2.00 A YEAR.

WOBURN

JOURNAL

$2.00 a Year

ONLY.

THE OLD
WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.
James Partridge, Proprietor.
Painting, Graining, Guilding,
—AND—
PAPER HANGING.
Also—Whitening and Tinting.
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.
NEAR POST OFFICE. 59
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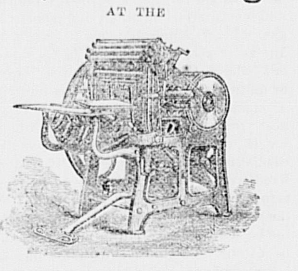
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1874. NO. 11.

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WOBURN 17

Poetry.

THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Ah out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth,
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering firelight, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when failing years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Find my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

—*Scribner's for December.*

Selected.

RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

Ruth Hill was the neice of Farmer Hill as wild and pretty a housekeeper, all the neighbors said, as an old man would care to have, whose own sons and daughters were married and gone, and whose wife was in heaven. She was good at churning, baking or weaving, however; her cheeses were the pride of the county; her bread had passed into a proverb. She made nothing of skipping down the slippery sides of the well, if the bucket dropped in, and she would catch the colts in the pasture by the mane, and leap a fence bare backed—enough to make one's hair stand on end. She had mowed a whole afternoon with a neighbor's son on a wager, and won it too, and had looked as bewitching as Maud Muller herself at the task. She was both hoyden and flirt at once, but so capable and high spirited that everyone forgave her. Many of the young men in the township who had paid court to her, only to find it time wasted if they dared put the question, though it must be owned she carried things with a high hand, and gave them plenty of encouragement; not because she wanted them or their offers, but just because she couldn't help it—because it was natural to her to shine in their society and to love their admiration rather than themselves. "Whom does Ruth Hill expect to marry?" the old people would say, shaking their heads. "She may go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last. It didn't use to be so in our day. If girls would marry, they had to take such husbands as were going, and not flout their betters!" And when all these things were repeated to Ruth, as they were sure to be, she would only laugh. "Whom do I expect to marry? Why, none of their country bumpkins, tell them. I haven't seen the man yet who's made my heart beat, and I mean to wait for him till I'm gray."

"Maybe she's waiting for him of the Ridge Farm," was the favorite sarcasm launched at Ruth.

Now the owner of the Ridge Farm was as mythical a personage to the residents of Greenside as the Grand Lama of Thibet, or the man in the moon. It was indeed, a well authenticated fact that a farm of that name existed; that its owner carried off the county prizes; but nobody among Ruth's acquaintances remembered having seen him. Nobody in those parts had had the happiness to meet him in highway or market place; but when a son of Greenside was to be especially commended to the good graces of any of its daughters, he was declared as "good a catch as him of the Ridge Farm;" or if a neighbor raised an ambitious crop of grain or grapes, or a yoke of steers remarkable in any respect, he was reputed to have beaten the Ridge Farm hollow. As this hero was reputed to be a bachelor, the girls joked about him. Every stranger riding by was "him of the Ridge Farm;" when their scissors stuck in the floor, he was coming to call; and every letter among the tea grounds in their cups was written by him. To being the mistress of the Ridge Farm was almost equivalent, in their regard to being Queen of England.

"I'm tired of this eternal titter about the Ridge Farm and its owner," said Ruth, on one occasion. "I suppose he's made of clay like other folks."

"Like his farm too," put in her uncle Isaac.

"I don't care for him nor his farm either," averred Ruth.

"Wait till you're asked, Ruth."

"I'd show him that there was one woman in the world he couldn't have for the asking; he would ask in vain, I promise you."

Perhaps, as rumors of the Ridge Farm travelled to Greenside, so Ruth's scoffing may have reached the ears of its master, since the dog that brings a bone will carry one.

One winter Uncle Isaac was overreached by rheumatism, and though he fondly trusted that spring would bring him round, yet spring came and found him still beneath the counterpane; but as the planting must be done, and the farm hands needed a head man, he advertised in the *County Plowman* for a capable man to oversee the farm of Isaac Hill. And to illustrate the advantages of advertising, a somewhat tall and thickset man of twenty-five arrived, one Elkanah Reed, with honest brown eyes and a severely outlined mouth, which a smile broke into tender lines and curves. He carried ample recommendations in his pocket, one of which bore the name of Guy Grosvenor, the master of the famous Ridge Farm.

"And how long have you worked at the Ridge?" asked Uncle Isaac.

"From a boy, sir, off and on," was the answer.

Ruth stood with one arrested hand on her spinning wheel, listening—a pretty picture enough, with her saucy bright eyes, the apple blossom color flitting across her cheek, and her lips half pouted with a smile. She had been too often told of her charms not to believe in them, and perhaps she was the least bit surprised that Elkanah Reed never looked at her after the first salutation. It was surely very odd, when every clod-hopper in the fields turned his head to gaze after her—and this man was no clod-hopper.

"And why did you leave the Ridge Farm?" she asked presently, not caring in the least, but bent upon compelling his regard.

"Why, miss? Because I wished to earn more by your leave."

"So he of the Ridge is a hard master, eh? Is he a bachelor still? Will he ever marry, think you?"

"Perhaps so—if he were to see you, miss."

Ruth flung back her curls and made her wheel buzz. This was the recognition she had craved, but somehow it half displeased her; she was uncertain but this Elkanah Reed was laughing at her.

"I would sweep the streets first," she answered scornfully. Then she turned her liquid glance full upon him, and her scorn melted into a smile that seemed to make a halo about her as she graciously said,

"I have met you somewhere, if I mistake not; was it at the fair last autumn?"

"Very likely," he answered, indifferently; "I was there," and he addressed himself to her uncle,

"They have told him I am a flirt and he means to take care of himself, the craven," she thought. "But when did I ever have to beg for notice that I need mind if a farm hand turns his eyes away from me? He'll be looking this way hard enough before long, I'll warrant.

But for once in her life Ruth was mistaken. Elkanah Reed was pleasant and civil to her, just as he was to Kitty Daft, the half-cracked woman from the poorhouse, who came to the farm for her titbits of doughnuts and cider, and brought dried herbs that were quite as likely to be deadly nightshade, or poison ivy as anything. He seemed another order of man from that with which Ruth had had to deal hitherto, and her presence appeared to affect him no more than if he were made of flint instead of flesh, and she were the ugliest girl in the township. He relieved her, to be sure, of a dozen burdens; when Uncle Isaac had an ill turn, he watched and sent Ruth to bed; repaired her spinning wheel and praised her cooking; but whether he took the heavy milkpails out of her hands, whether he turned the churn dasher in her stead, or held the skein of yarn in place of the broken reel, he did it with such nonchalance that it was more aggravation than pleasure, just as he would have done it for any woman, plain or pretty, married or single, with no more visible emotion than if she had been a lay figure instead of a breathing beauty, accustomed to homage. Ruth was learned in these things, and perhaps it vexed her—this total disregard of the charms she had deemed so potent. Perhaps it piqued her that when a curl brushed his face by chance, he gave the chance no heed; that when their two hands met accidentally, he did not appreciate the situation—his own neither delayed nor hesitated; that he never sought occasions to be near her; that he looked at her as if the sight of her quickened no single pulse, as if man had never been beguiled by woman. He never said pretty things to her, such as she had been used to hear all her life, and to expect from the young men about her; and when their eyes chanced to meet, no electric spark was struck, no eloquent story told. He came in and out and sat at the same table and beside the same hearth, and went to the same merry makings, and knelt beside her at evening prayers, in Uncle Isaac's keeping room, for six months and better, without making answer to the coquetry in her eyes, without taking recognition of her charms. Naturally flesh and blood like Ruth's could not long endure such treatment; she must either hate or love him.

One morning they were cutting off a dead limb from a button wood tree near the house, and just as it was about to fall Ruth came sauntering across the yard, her curls blowing back from her rosy face, and carrying a handful of burdock leaves for Uncle Isaac's rheumatism. In half a minute more her chances would not have been worth a fig had not Elkanah Reed dropped the axe he was grinding, and snatched her away in his two strong arms, at the risk of his own head.

"I say, Elkanah," sang out the man in the tree, "that's a pretty tableaux of yours. Practiced it before?"

That night when Ruth lighted Elkanah's candle, she detained him a moment, and began to say, "You were very good this morning to—to do as you did I—"

"Oh, that's nothing," he interrupted, bru-quely. "Do you think I'd stand by and see a woman knocked down?"

"But you might have hurt yourself I don't know—how to—reward you," she stammered, dropping her eyes before him. It was the first time she had ever hesitated in her speech toward man.

"You will reward me—if reward is necessary for doing one's duty—by forgetting all about it," he said. And Ruth felt as if it had been less cruel, had he allowed the buttonwood tree to crush her instead.

"If you are going over to the quilting at Jackson's," said Uncle Isaac the next day, "you had better let Elkanah drive you."

"I prefer to walk, thank you," said Ruth.

"They've found bear's tracks in the woods between here and Jackson's said Elkanah, "You can go round by the highway if you prefer walking. It's a mile further, but you avoid the woods."

Ruth made no response, but Elkanah was busy in the yard when she passed out with a saucy bow and smile, and he saw that she perversely chose the short cut through the woods. She went along through the foot path, with her head down, not much caring for the bears, or believing in their neighborhood, but delaying here and there to pick the tempting raspberries that overhung the way, or to gather the wild geranium flowers for a bouquet. She had forgotten all about danger, in fact, when a rustling in the underbrush startled her out of her thoughts, and she had only time to look over her shoulder in season to see Bruin spring across the path and plunge into the woods again, before there was a sharp click and a flash, and it seemed to Ruth as if the trees were all dancing together, and the earth was shaking under her, and then she had fallen like one dead among the brambles and scented ferns, shot through the foot by a gunner on the track of the bear, whose fowling piece had caught in the undergrowth and discharged itself.

When Ruth got about after this, it was very plain that she would never skip down the well again for the lost bucket, nor catch the colts in the pasture, nor mow a long summer afternoon, nor dance at quilting or wedding, nor "be much of a match for any young farmer now," as the neighbors said, for she walked with the crutch Elkanah Reed had fashioned for her, and would probably never lay it aside.

So the year wore on. The fragrant hay ricks had loitered up from the meadows, drawn by the contemplative oxen; the corn had filled out its ears and unfolded its banners to the breeze, been gathered in and ground in the mill; the Bluenose and buckster potatoes had bid den adieu to sunny fields; the early wheat crop had been gathered; the yellow pumpkins, like gold nuggets, had heaped the staggering wains; the winter pears had been stored, the damsons preserved, the tomatoes canned; the quince bushes had been stripped of their spicy fruit; and gillyflowers and Baldwins had gone to market, or, reposing in the bins in the cellar, they dreamed of the days when they lived and thrived in the sunlight, and the sweet warm rains filled up the cup of their blossoms. The Hill farm had yielded largely under Elkanah Reed's management, but he was to leave at Thanksgiving. It was he who had assisted Ruth at pickling, preserving and canning, and had become almost as necessary to her indoors as he was to her uncle outside. He anticipated her wants before she could put hand to her crutch but he never let fall a tender word or look, nor permitted himself to be betrayed into turning a compliment to please her, nor trifled away the spare minutes in that nonsense which is half love making, so dear to young folks. When they were obliged to ride to market together, he jumped out to pull every painted leaf or blanched fern that she praised; but she had seen him stop his horse and climb a tree to reach some particular bough of glory for old Kitty Daft to hang over her mantel, and Ruth laid no flattering unction to her soul on account of these things. So the maples blushed in the woods, and turned to fluttering gold pieces, the sumach and woodbine reddened, and oak and beech put on holiday attire; the shapes of the trees were growing every day more and more defined against the pensive autumn sky; there was a hush in the air, only broken, not marred by the bursting and pattering of nuts, by the ripple of the falling leaf, and the mournful monody of the crickets, and one grew to have a sense of insecurity in all this beauty, as if a breath would break the spell, bedim the gold, and sadden the scarlet leaf.

At All Halloween the young men and girls assembled in the kitchen at the Hill Farm to work their charms, while they dived for the lucky apple, and searched the melted lead for the implements of their future sweetheart's craft, and roasted chestnuts.

"Did any one name my chestnut?" asked Ruth, as it began to burn brightly.

"I named it," said Elkanah.

"You?" And who, pray?"

"I named it the master of the Ridge Farm," he answered. "See, the two flames have become one—that signifies marriage."

"Then I'll quench it," Ruth cried, throwing water on the blaze. "The master of Ridge Farm, indeed, to marry a crutch! It is not seemly of you to be laughing at me, Elkanah Reed."

"Am I laughing at you? You had a plow in the lead for your share. They should go together."

"There are other farmers in the land, thank Heaven."

Though Ruth would not confess it even to herself, the year had been full of disappointment to her, and now as the wind whistled through the leafless trees of November, and the Indian summer was vanishing like a beautiful wraith, and the time drew near for Elkanah to depart, she was oppressed by a foreboding of trouble and grief, which was realized one morning when Uncle Isaac fell asleep in his armchair, with the November sunshine in his face. "Hush, don't wake him," she said to Elkanah, who he came in to his dinner. He rested poorly last night."

"But he has gone to his eternal rest to-day, Ruth, said Elkanah, touching the dead man's hand.

There was a hushed stir in the farm house next day, friends and relatives coming post haste, needles and neighbors busy over yards of bombazine. But when Uncle Isaac left the Hill farm forever, Ruth woke to the fact that she had no longer any home. The will in which Isaac Hill was to have provided for her had been put aside unfinished; the farm was to be sold, and the proceeds divided among the heirs, and the only one among them who offered her a shelter was the cousin she had refused to marry years before, and whose wife naturally did not second the invitation. Alone, homeless and crippled, Ruth found herself as Thanksgiving Day drew near, when comfort and good cheer and friends seem the only natural things, and misfortune a spot on the holiday sun, a cloud in the sky. The place was to be sold next week, and there was a great packing up and pulling down, and the familiar rooms she had known so long were as naked and forlorn as the outside world, and every one was moving homeward for the holidays. But where should, she go, and what should she do—a woman on a crutch!

"And where do you go, Miss Ruth?" asked Elkanah, as if he had heard her thoughts.

"You know almost as well as I do," she answered, sadly.

"Ay, perhaps I know better," he said, raking together the coals upon the hearth. All the household gods, packed and labelled, stood ready to depart in the wainscotted kitchen, while Ruth sat on the old settle, with her hands idly folded over each other.

"It is Thanksgiving Day to-morrow," she said, bitterly, "and what have I to be thankful for? Last year we had a dance in the kitchen here, and I could balance and polka with the best."

"Do you recall the day I came here—the early spring day?" asked Elkanah, sitting down beside her on the settle, and taking her hand on his broad palm. The thing was so strange on his part that Ruth drew it quickly away, and turned her head aside.

"Ay, I remember well enough." If this man was going to take pity upon her she would show him that even a cripple had some pride, some spirit. And yet there had been something in the touch of his warm hand that renewed the bloom of Thanksgiving weather. She was almost sorry she had drawn her hand away, but could not give it back.

"And do you mind what answer I made, when you asked why I left Ridge Farm?" not heeding her rebuff, but leaning nearer and winding a vagrant curl about an audacious brown finger.

"Yes," she said, twisting the curl into the net that confined her hair to-day—yes, you said you left Ridge Farm because you wished to earn more, or words to that effect, not worth remembering;" for she was angry with herself because she remembered them so faithfully.

"And can you guess what it was I wished to earn? Can you? Come, here is a new conundrum. Look me in the face, Ruth, while I tell you the answer. How long was it Jacob served for Rachel? I came here to earn your love, Ruth. Put your hand into mine, child, if I have not failed, and let us be thankful together." And truth to tell, the little truant hand crept shyly back, and nestled into his.

"And now you see, sir," laughed Ruth, on Thanksgiving morning as they left Greenside together, with the bells pealing across the frosty air, and drove toward Elkanah's home, where he had sent word for a parson to meet him—"now, you see, I shall never marry the master of Ridge Farm, and make all the girls envious. Who knows"—with a touch of the old mischief—"but I might have done better for myself and my crutch?"

"Who knows, indeed?" answered Elkanah; and when, after half a day's journey, he drew up before a farm house, and called for a man to take his horse, and said,—"Welcome home, Ruth," bending to kiss her mouth, Ruth exclaimed—

"What, here? Why I passed by here six years ago with Uncle Isaac, coming home from Aunt Esther's funeral, and he said it was the Ridge Farm."

"It is the Ridge Farm," he assured her, "and I am its master, Ruth. They told me you would jilt an angel in disguise, but I can swear that you treat a man better. When I saw you at the fair last year, I made bold to fall in love with you. Forgive me the part I played, dear; the end sanctifies the means in this case at least. Come, sweetheart, Parson Welfare is waiting for us."

And so Guy Elkanah took Ruth Ellen for his wedded wife, and it was Thanksgiving morning at the Ridge Farm.—*Harpers Bazar.*

MODERN SILVER WARE.—It was but a little before the American Revolution (about 1760 that silver table spoons began exclude those of wood, horn and pewter, from the tables of the quality in England, and even tea spoons of silver are said to have been rare before the time of Queen Anne (1691 to 1713). To this day, it I am rightly informed, no spoons of solid silver, large or small, much less silver folks are to be found in common use among the "plain people" (with rare exceptions) of any European country. In the United States, on the contrary, it is unecessary to inform the American readers of Scribner that, as a rule, the farmer is but thriftless and the mechanic but a journeyman, whose spoons and forks are not of solid silver. The journeyman furnishes his table with plated articles of this class, or at worst brittania, and only the rude day laborer contents himself with tinned or pewter ware. Plated tea services, castors, salvers, pitchers, ladles, cake and fruit baskets, etc., are too common to be noticed, unless wanting, on the tables of those in easy circumstance, and it is no rare distinction if they are of solid silver. In fact for bridal gifts nothing less than solid silver is thought respectable, and in this way, so universal has the custom of bridal gifts become, hardly any comfortable young couple now begin housekeeping without a fair show of genuine table silver, as far at least as spoons, forks, butter, fruit, pie and fish knives, napkin rings and such trifles.

The beauty of the ordinary American table, with its snowy damask and china, sparkling cut glass, and lustrous utensils of silver all disposed in the tasteful symmetry native to the American house wife, is a power, and one that goes too near the springs of moral as well as æsthetic culture to be lightly esteemed by the most serious observer. The development of this crowning symbol of domestic refinement is worthy of our attention. A critical journal has remarked that an American lady's idea of a dinner is a handsome service of silver and china, with two or three vases of choice hot house flowers. I suppose it was a typical American lady, among the "plain people," too, who stated to me the elements of a meal as she understood it, in the following series: First order (including elegance and good attendance); second, intellectual conversation; and lastly, something to eat.

Plated ware originated in England about the middle of the last century, the first application having been made to small articles in 1742, by Thomas Bolsover, a Sheffield mechanic. The new elegance brought within the means and supposed proprieties of the middle class, took the name of "Sheffield Plate," not from the process of plating, but from the silver ware of which it was an imitation. Plate, in this sense, is not our Saxon word cognate with the word flat, but was borrowed from the Spanish plata (silver), and applied to all utensils made of the precious metals in whatever form.

To our elderly readers "Sheffield Plate" will still have a familiar sound, for under this name the beauty of silver was first popularized in America, and to a far greater extent than even in England. Probably the Sheffield and Birmingham manufacturers of plated ware at one period exported more goods to this country than they sold at home.

A further and greater advance was made in 1838 by the invention of electroplating, or rather the practical application of the method which had been known but strangely neglected, for thirty years. At one stroke plating was greatly reduced in cost, its applications indefinitely extended, and its effects incomparably improved. Everybody in America is now familiar with the ordinary wares of our numerous electro-plating companies, and there is hardly a cottage worth two hundred dollars in the country where such wares are not found; although the rich plating of the Elkintons in England and the Gorhams in America is too high in first cost for the strictly popular demand.

Within half a century the business of the American silver smith was mostly confined to making spoons to order for the jewellers, who rarely purchased more than one or two dozen at a time, for particular orders. About 1825 it was noticed that the silversmiths began to venture into the manufacture of light spoons for general sale through a class of cheap jewelry pedlers, who are still well remembered by natives of the New England of that period, The Providence manufacture had begun to be extended and brought into national relations by the enterprize of a young goldsmith named Jabez Gorham, who adapted his work to the general requirements of the trade, and made his way with it in the Boston market by underselling and outpushing the unmercantile mechanics of his craft. The droll account the old gentlemen, who died about five years ago, used to give of his semi-annual marketing in Boston, is more expressive than a general description could be, of the very modest status of the now imposing silver trade of our chief cities:—how the Boston jewelers assembled at his lodgings, pursuant to notice, that they might be all admitted at the same moment, without partiality, to view and divide the little trunkful of new jewelry spread out upon his bed.—*From Scribner's for December.*

A MARRIAGE ON SPECULATION.

The French entered Amsterdam on the 20th of January, 1815. The soldiers stacked their arms on the pavement, and waited anxiously for their billets for quarters.

Despite the severity of the weather, the citizens turned out in large numbers to welcome and admire the veterans in their rags. There was general rejoicing throughout the city, which for the most part was illuminated. At the extreme end of the town there was a single house, whose dark, forbidding aspect was in strong contrast to the brilliant appearance of the neighboring buildings. It was the residence of the rich merchant, Meister Woerden. He was completely absorbed in his commercial operations, and neither knew nor cared to know what was going on in the political world; and, then, he was too familiar with the rules of economy to think of squandering candles on an illumination.

At this moment, when all was joy and enthusiasm throughout Amsterdam, Meister Woerden sat quietly in his arm chair, beside the fire. On the table there was a little brass lamp, a mug of beer, and a big clay pipe. On the other side of the fire sat an old maid servant, whose rotundity betrayed her Flemish origin. She was occupied in shoveling back the coals that had fallen out on the hearth, when there came a loud knock at the street door.

"Who can that be? Go and see," said the old merchant to the maid, who had risen to her feet.

A few moments later a stalwart young man entered the room. He threw off his mantle and approached the fire.

"Good evening, father," said he.

"How? Is it you, William? I did not expect you back so soon."

"I left Broek this morning, but the roads have been made so bad by the army trains that we have been the whole day on the way."

"Well, did you see Van Elburg?"

"Yes," said the young man, seating himself before the fire. "Meister Van Elburg consents to the marriage, but he adheres to his determination to give his daughter a dowry of only four thousand ducats."

"Well, then, he may keep his daughter and his dowry," replied Woerden, with a frown.

"But, father—"

"Not a word, my son. At your age we have no more sense than to sacrifice everything for love, and despise riches.

"But Herr Van Elburg is the richest merchant in Holland, and what he does not give now will be ours at his death."

"Nonsense!" replied Meister Woerden, "Am I too, not sick? Listen, my son. You will soon follow me in my business. Never forget these two rules: never give more than you receive, and never further another man's interest to the detriment of your own. Guided by these principles, one will better his condition in marriage as well as in trade."

"But, father—"

"Not another word, my son—not another word."

William knew his father too well to say anything more, but he could not avoid evincing his displeasure by his manner. To this, however, the old man paid no attention; he calmly filled his pipe, lighted it and began to smoke.

Again there was a loud rap at the street door, while at the same time the dogs began to bark.

"Aha!" said Meister Woerden, "it must be a stranger, or the dogs wouldn't bark so. Go, and see who it is, William."

The young man went to the window.

"It is one of the militia horseman," said William.

"A militia horseman! What can he want?"

At this moment the maid servant entered and handed Woerden a letter. He carefully examined the seal.

"From the Provisional Government," said he.

His hand trembled as he hastily opened the letter and read it, but suddenly the old tradesman's face lighted up with a joyous expression as he cried:

"Good—good! I accept."

The letter contained an order for four hundred thousand herrings for the army to be delivered within a month.

"William," cried the old man, "I have a capital thought. You would marry Van Elburg's daughter and have a handsome dowry with her?"

"Yes, father, I would, but—"

"Well, leave the matter to me," interrupted the old man. "But see that there are two horses ready for us tomorrow morning early.

The next morning, at sunrise, father and son were on the highroad from Amsterdam to Broek, which they reached about midday. They repaired immediately to the residence of Van Elburg, who, when he saw them enter, cried out:

"Ah, good morning, Meister Woerden! Have you fled from the *Parlez-vous?* In any case you are welcome."

"No; I flee from nobody. You know I have nothing to do with politics. I come to propose a good speculation to you."

"Yes? What is it?"

"I have an order from the government for four hundred thousand herrings, to be delivered within a month. Can you furnish me with that number in, say three weeks?"

"At what price?"

"Ten florins a thousand."

"Ten florins! Yes, I will furnish them."

"Very well, and now to dinner; I am half famished. At table we will talk of another matter."

Woerden introduced the subject of the marriage, but Van Elburg could not be persuaded to increase the dowry he had offered to give his daughter to the amount of a single stiver. They nevertheless decided that the wedding should take place that day week.

The following day Woerden and his son returned home. Hardly had they left home when the young man said:

"Then, father you have changed your mind?"

"How so?"

"Have you not decided to accept the dowry offered by Meister Elburg?"

"Let me manage the matter in my own way, my son, and ask no questions."

When the wedding day came, Woerden and his son returned to Broek. Van Elburg received them kindly, but he was so flurried and nervous that William feared he had some bad news for them. His father, however, had no such misgivings; the old fox knew too well the cause of his colleague's disturbed manner.

"What is the matter, Meister Van Elburg?" he asked with a sardonic smile. "You seem to be worried about something."

"Ah, my friend, I am greatly embarrassed. I must speak with you."

"What is it? Have you changed your mind with regard to the marriage? Speak frankly; it is not yet too late."

"No, no; it is another matter entirely."

"Well, then, let us first proceed with the wedding ceremony. Afterward I shall be quite at your service."

The company, therefore, repaired to a neighboring church, and in a few minutes the young people were husband and wife. When they returned to the house, Van Elburg asked Woerden to go with him into his private room.

"My friend," began Van Elburg, when he had carefully closed the door, "in accordance with our agreement I should in two weeks from now deliver to you four thousand herrings. Thus far, however, I have been unable to procure a single one. There are none in the market; they have all been bought up."

"Certainly they have. I bought them up myself," replied Woerden, smiling.

"But—but—how about my contract?" stammered Van Elburg.

"You will fulfill it. Listen, friend Van Elburg; you will some day leave your daughter a handsome fortune; I shall leave my son at least as much; it is therefore unnecessary to discuss their future. This, however, is not true of the present. I shall soon give my entire business to my son, while you give your daughter only four thousand ducats. I would not oppose the wishes of the young people; but when I consented to their union I determined to compel you to do your duty toward them. With this object in view I contracted with you for four hundred thousand herrings at ten florins a thousand, although I then had all the herrings in the market. Now in order to comply with the terms of your agreement you must buy from me, and my price is fifty florins a thousand; you have, therefore, only to pay over to me the sum of sixteen thousand florins and we shall be square."

While Meister Woerden was arriving at this mercantile deduction, Van Elburg regained his wonted equanimity.

"I see, I see," said he; you are a clever tradesman. I am fairly caught and must bide the consequences."

Their conference ended, the two old merchants rejoined the wedding company as though nothing unusual had occurred between them.

A Week later, Van Elburg went to Amsterdam, ostensibly to see his daughter. Now the tables were turned.

"Ah, Meister," cried Woerden on seeing his colleague from Brock, "I am in a terrible dilemma. The time is approaching when I must deliver the four hundred thousand herrings, and not a cask can I find to put them in!"

"That does not surprise me," answered Van Elburg, smiling; you bought up all my herrings and I bought up all your casks!"

ORIGIN OF THE SPICES.—Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth, pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Molucca islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg or kernel is a bright, brown shell, This shell has a soft, scarlet covering, which, when flattened and dried, is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked wit a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger—the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old.

Cloves—native of the Molucca islands, and so called from resemblance to a nail (clavis.) The East Indians call them "changekek,' from the Chinese "techenkia,")fragrant nails.) They grow on a straight, smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded.

Allspice—a berry so called because it combines the odor of several spices—grows abundantly on the beautiful spice or bayberry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from their husk or rind. Red or cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed vessel of a tropical plant that is cultivated in all parts of the world.

A BONE FOR THE BABY.—Almost every one who ever had a bright dog can tell curious stories of dog behavior. A gentleman in Erie, Pa., furnishes this funny anecdote to the *Observer:* Mrs. J. has for some time been the owner of a fine Esquimaux dog. A few months ago Mrs. J. became the mother of a beautiful little girl, of whom the dog at first was very jealous. His better nature, however, soon asserted itself, and he became very fond of the child. A few weeks ago, baby was crying loud and long. Doggie came upstairs in evident distress of spirit, whined in answer to the child's cry; but finally, as if a sudden thought had startled him, trotted quickly down stairs. He presently returned with a bone, well picked, of course, in his mouth, which, standing on his hind legs he gravely presented to the baby.

☞ Do not always endeavor to refute precisely and technically the objection raised by your adversary. Merely lay the truth beside it, and leave it alone; pass on to some other subject, and the truth will work its way when the man is alone and free from the heat of passion

☞ A disgusted Milwaukee fisherman offers a chromo to every fish that will take the bait.

☞ A Western editor quotes money close,—but not close enough to get his hands upon it.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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GOOD AND PLEASANT.

It was a pleasant sight last Sunday evening to see clergymen of five different churches on the platform of the Baptist church. A Methodist read two of the hymns, a Congregationalist read the Scripture lesson, and offered prayer, a Baptist gave the sermon, a Unitarian read a hymn and offered prayer. The audience was made up from all the Protestant churches in town. The sermon of Dr. Young breathed the spirit of Christian unity, and the platform he constructed was broad enough and strong enough to hold us all. He would not have the brethren abate one jot of their religious tenets, but remain distinctive as to their interpretations of duty. Or, as he put it —let the Christian people be like the right arm of government, composed of an army and navy, variously divided and separately encamped. Let them preserve their camp lines intact, and let them recruit their ranks by the addition of those whose choice leads them to the infantry, the cavalry, the artillery or the navy. But in their warfare against sin in every form, let them all wheel into position, and maintain unbroken a common line of battle. We can all see how invincible such a force might become, and all admit the necessity of such a course.

So far as the evangelical church is concerned this has always been the case, but Dr. Young would go farther and include the Unitarian and Universalist, and of those who listened to his glowing words, and who witnessed the practical working of it, there were few, we fancy, who dissented. The tendency of the times is towards less of dogma and more of a living faith. More love, more charity, more fellowship is what is wanted. Men are coming to make creeds of their own, and his is best which is most in accord with the teachings and life of Christ. To draw men together who have been separated by diverse interpretations we hold to be healthy. Let them together examine the object of their common desire, and it may be that like the stereoscope, their united effort may produce a figure which shall more truly represent their great ideal than the flat picture they have always held to be a faithful portraiture.

The spectacle yesterday of our representative Christians uniting in the Unitarian church with the Unitarian pastor in a service of Thanksgiving was a beautiful one, and is another step in the right direction. There is work enough for all to do, and no time for controversy. For, to go back to Dr. Young's figure, religious controversy is as idle as the chaff of a battery man and a marine in a cavalry camp on a rainy day. Living, earnest Christians, awake to any call of duty, prompt to help, liberal to give, tender to comfort, and strong to aid any who going "down from Jerusalem to Jericho fell among thieves," are what the present time demands, and the aspect of the churches in Woburn to-day gives a new meaning to the phrase —"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

ALIEN VOTERS.—An exchange says that Charles Burton, Esq., for several years Superintendent of the Plymouth schools, had his vote challenged on election day on the ground that he is a foreigner, which is really the case, he having been born in England, though brought to this country by his father, when three years of age. Mr. Burton began to vote when he arrived at legal age, and has been to the polls many times since, none before questioning his right. The Selectmen received his vote as usual and it was counted. It was remarked in a conversation in a public place the other day that there were two men in Woburn similarly situated, whose names appear on the voting list, and one of them at least has voted in elections.

MYSTIC.—An order was passed on Monday for the Mystic Water Board to procure bonds for the conveyance to the city of Boston, of such lands as might be designated by the city engineer for the location of a storage reservoir in the Mystic valley, and to report thereon to the City Council. An order was passed for the city engineer to prepare surveys and estimates for the construction of a sewer to furnish drainage for the towns of Woburn, Stoneham Winchester and Medford, and to carry away the impurities now discharging into Mystic Lake.

SNOW.—The snow storm of last Friday was supplemented on Monday by a heavy fall of snow for this season. The storm changed to rain towards noon, and the snow nearly all disappeared under its influence. We noticed one sleigh on the street Monday morning.

EARTHQUAKE. —About supper time, Tuesday evening there was a slight shock of earthquake in Woburn. In some parts of the town, houses were shaken, while in others only the sound, like the rumbling of a heavy team, was heard.

I. O. O. F.—On Thursday evening of last week, Nathaniel Jenkins was installed N G, of Crystal Fount Lodge, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of A. A. Ferrin.

PRESENTATION.—At a social gathering in the vestry of the Baptist church on Thursday evening, Rev. Dr. Young was presented with a sum of money amounting to $50.

POSTPONED.—The Engineers have voted to postpone the parade of the Fire Department.

WHO SHALL BE SENATOR?

The position we took last week in the article under the above caption has been questioned by one whose authority is good on all matters legislative. We have examined the authorities somewhat, and cannot concur with our critical friend. The case is a novel one, there being no precedent for it, hence it is a good one for controversy, but a careful reading of the law strengthens our opinion that a new election would have been ordered, had Britton been ineligible.

The Constitution of Massachusetts says that the Senate shall be the final judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of their own members, and shall determine and declare who are elected by each district. The 14th amendment says that in all elections of civil officers by the people, the person having the highest number of votes shall be deemed and declared elected. Mr. Britton received the highest number of votes and was entitled to be declared elected. If then it had been found that Mr. Britton was ineligible by reason of his being an alien, there would be a vacancy, which the 24th amendment of the Constitution provides for as follows:—Any vacancy in the Senate shall be filled by election by the people of the unrepresented district upon the order of a majority of the Senators elected.

By the official count Mr. Thompson received 2,697, which was not the highest number of votes cast; for although the 3,030 which Mr. Britton received might have been thrown for an alien, they were legally thrown, and if the man they represented could not take his seat, a vacancy would exist, which would be provided for as above. After all, the matter is a question of construction of law, and whoever reads the constitution carefully will see how easily the grounds for an interesting controversy may be taken. Happily no cause remains for action in the matter, but the study of our organic law which this little episode has induced, will result in no harm to those who have engaged in it.

G. A. R.—At the meeting of the committees last Saturday evening to arrange for the Fair, it was voted to have the price of admission 25 cents, and no season tickets. The hall will be arranged with four tables on a side. The front of the platform will be used for the sale of potted plants. In the center of the hall a bower will be established for the sale of cut flowers. The supper and ice cream saloons will be in the upper hall. The northwest ante-rooms will be used as a museum, of which Messrs. T. Marvin Parker and Nathan Wyman will have charge. Already several rare articles, such as a gun said to have been brought over in the Mayflower, a Book of Laws printed in 1726, are in their hands. Any one in town having articles of a historic nature, which will be suitable in the museum, and which they are willing to have used there, are requested to confer with either the above-named gentlemen. The members of Post 33 have organized as an auxiliary company for guard, fatigue and police duty during the Fair. The company is organized on the old army basis, the officers of the Post being the officers of the company, as follows: Captain, George Parker; 1st Lieut., Jacob Kendall; 2nd Lieut., Newell Z. Tabor; Orderly Sergt., Albert S. Leslie; Duty Sergeants, W. C. C. Colegate, A. P. Barrett, T. V. Svllivan, Edward Hoskins; Corporals, C. S. White, E. W. Hadley, George H. Ayer, Thomas Ryan, J. Fred. Leslie, Amos E. Cutler. George Reynolds, James Walker. When any work is to be done, requisition is to be made on Capt. Parker, and he will detail a suitable number of his men for the duty. When the Fair is in progress one of the officers will be Officer of the Day, and a guard will be detailed, and a fatigue party. The cloak room, doors, and all points where vigilance is required, will be in charge of faithful men detailed for the service. By this plan a large amount of labor will be performed without the task of any one being heavy. The canvassers are expected to report their success to the Executive Committee at the Orthodox vestry this Saturday evening at half past seven. The enterprise is going forward in a very gratifying manner, and the Fair will probably be one of the best ever held in Woburn.

HORSE THIEVES.—On the 8th a valuable horse was stolen from J. B. Heald's barn on the West Side, and he has neither seen nor heard anything from it since. On Saturday last two young men named Charles H. Nute and Erastus M. Coombs, the first a teamster, and the other a blacksmith, were arrested in Boston for having been concerned in the robbery. They were examined Tuesday before Judge Converse. It seems that they have acquaintances in West Woburn, and on the 25th ult., hired a buggy, and with one of Nute's horses drove out here to see their friends. The following Sunday they drove out again. The horse was stolen on the 8th. That day Nute drove out to his father's in Milton Lower Falls, in a top buggy and got back home as he says about 9, as the stable man says about 11. Coombs did not go out that day or evening. One witness testified that as he was walking over from Arlington on the night of the robbery, he passed the Everett Place as the town clocks struck eleven, and that when he had come this way as far as Carleton's, he met three men in an open buggy, leading a second horse behind. There was no direct evidence connecting Cooms and Nute with the affair, but the Judge thought there was probable cause to believe that they were guilty, and held them in the sum of $800 for examination by the Grand Jury. They were committed to jail at East Cambridge.

CHART.—Mr. A. A. Newhall, Jr., of Woburn, a student at the Theological Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., sends us a View of the Life of Christ, arranged in tabular form, from his birth to his death, with incidents of his life, where and when taking place, etc. All the leading events in the life of Christ are noticed, and the places designated as to where they are spoken of in the Bible. The chart is invaluable to all who study the Scriptures. It will be mailed to any address on receipt of 35 cents. The charts are for sale at Adkins'.

A GOOD LIFT.—A heavy lifting job was accomplished the other day on the Lowell railroad. The work performed was the erection of a stationary tower for the draws to swing on, the frame of which weighed 50 tons.

DR. YOUNG'S FAREWELL.—On Sunday last Dr. Young, who has been pastor of the First Baptist Church for nearly two years, preached his farewell discourses. He goes to Meadville, Pa., to preside over a church there. The Dr. was liked very much by all who came in contact with him, both in church matters and in the daily walks of life, and the church regret to lose him. His social manner made him many friends, as the crowd which assembled in the evening testified to the esteem in which he was held. The discourse in the morning was on the "Duties and Responsibilities of the Pastor," and his text was from Hebrews 13: 7 and 17 verses—"Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken the word of God," etc. He said the Christian pastor should be called of God, and should feel that he had not missed his calling. He should be a converted man, and not after preaching for years, be obliged to testify that he was never fully converted. There are peculiar needs why he should be well educated and conversant with all the events of the times, lest at any time he should be asked some question by a layman, and be unable to answer. He should also be a leader in all good works carried on in the church.

In the afternoon his sermon was on the "Duties and Responsibilities of the Church," and his text was found in Philipians 1: 27—"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ; that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel." The relations which should exist between a truly Christian church and pastor were given in a clear manner. First, the church should pray for the pastor, that he may be strengthened and work only for the glory of God. A church which is not a praying one could not exist a great while. Second, they should look after his temporal wants, as coming among them a stranger, there are needs which they should see are filled. Third, be social; do not let your conversation be confined to a few, but have a kind word and "God bless you," for all, whether rich or poor. Fourth, the church should sustain the character of the pastor in the community. If they do not like this thing or that thing about him, go to him kindly and tell him so. To tell of it in public places oftentimes does the pastor harm, although the one telling it does not speak with any such intentions. It is better to keep the thoughts in your own heart. Should a member refuse to be satisfied, the duty of the church is to give him a letter and ask him to go. He would rather a man would demand his money or his life, than to go about talking about him, not having the courage to come to his face and say, I do not like you. The much asked question "Has not a man a right to think as he has a mind to?" was answered emphatically No. No man has a right to speak ill of another without just cause. The church should, when a new pastor presents an idea to them, weigh the matter carefully, and not denounce it at once simply because they think it does not suit them No true pastor would present an idea unless he thought it was for their benefit. The words which he had spoken he hoped would be remembered and profited by, and that they would be received kindly, as they most certainly had been given.

In the evening he preached his farewell sermon. As the sermon was to be to the community, the other churches very kindly gave up their services, as many would wish to attend. Long before the services were to commence the church was crowded to its utmost. Rev. Messrs Barnes, Kelsey, Merrill and Thompson occupied the platform, and took part in the exercises. His text was from 2 Cor. 12: 11 —"Finally, brethren, farewell; Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind; live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." In opening his discourse he briefly reviewed some of the main points in his sermons through the day, He urged them to be as near perfect as possible in their Christian life, in their every day affairs, in their sayings and doings, that they might be glorified in the world to come. He thought that although no man could be *perfect*, that as a class more ministers came near that point than any other class of people, and the wonder is that more ministers do not fall. They should comfort one another in their sorrows and trials. To be of one mind as a Christian church, and if differences exist, keep them to themselves, that harmony may prevail. To live at peace with every one, By doing so, life would be more pleasant and profitable both to body and soul. He was glad that the different denominations could mingle together without thinking that their religious differences was a barrier to such assemblies. He compared the different denominations to the army, designating one as the infantry, another cavalry, another navy and so on. When in camp differences might exist as to efficiency of each organization, but when called into action they all worked together. So with the church; although differences exist in doctrinal points, yet when the time comes for action they will all come to the point together, and fight the sins of the world all under one leader, the Lord Jesus Christ. After speaking words of farewell to the church and community the hymn, "In the sweet bye and bye" was sung, and the service closed with the benediction.

☞ Woburn has voted against the introduction of the fire alarm telegraph into that town, for the present. Lynn saved the expense of her telegraph, three times over, when the few moments gained through the alarm was the means of averting the destruction of the planing mill property at West Lynn. "Time will tell," whether fire is on the mountain, or pussy is in the cream pot.—*Lynn Reporter.*

☞ It is said from observations taken for the last seventy years, that when the first snow storm is followed by rain such is the case with every snow storm of the winter.

☞ The meadow nearly opposite Pollard's shop has been flowed by the boys, and Thanksgiving had a day's enjoyment in skating.

☞ Lot of Feather Beds and Pillows for sale cheap at Geo W. Pollock's, opposite Central House, Woburn.

NEW HOSE CARRIAGES.—The three new hose carriages ordered for the Fire Department, arrived in town Thursday afternoon, having been drawn over the road from Boston where they had arrived in the morning. The carriages were taken into the Gilcreast Truck House, where they were prepared for delivery. They are substantially built, all three to the same patterns, and a description of one covers the whole. The reel and top work is painted blue with gilt scroll work. The running part is painted red, with nickel hubs, and spire tips. The reels are over the center, and the wheels cannot cut under. In front of the reel is an iron frame in the centre of which is a signal light, with the number of the carriage in ground and colored glass; on either side are clasps for lanterns. Under this is a box for spanners, etc, bearing on the front in gilt letters "2 Hose 2" The stern box has "North" on the cover and "Woburn" on the back. On each side of the rear of the reel, are cones for the reception of hose pipes. On the forward end of the perch is a 10 inch gong. On the side of the reel is a nickel name plate with "Jacob Webster 2" No. 3 differs from the others by having "West on the stern box cover and "3" on the front box and signal light, and the gong is on the hind axle, and is rung with every revolution of the nigh hind wheel. The name plate is of a different design, and is inscribed "John Cummings 3" No. 4 is just like No. 2, except that the stern box cover is marked "East," and the front box and signal light "4," and the name plate is marked "Charles Porter, 4."

At half past ten Friday morning, Companies 2, 3 and 4, came into town to receive their carriages. They were all in new uniform. "Jacob Webster, 2" Hose Company was commanded by Capt. Sylvester Call and turned out 15 men. They had with them the North Woburn Band, 20 pieces. Their uniform is a black fire hat, red shirt, black necktie, white belt and dark pants. On the belt is the name of the company and "Woburn" on the clasp. "John Cummings, 3" Hose Co., were commanded by Capt. J. W. Ellard (son of Mr. Wm. Ellard), and turned out 17 men with drum and fife. Their uniform is a black fire hat with gilt cones, blue shirt open in front trimmed with black velvet and gold braid, white belt and dark pants. The belt bears the name of the company, and "Woburn" on the clasp. "Charles Porter, 4" Hose Co., were commanded by Capt. T. G. W. Smalley, and comprised 15 men, and drum and fife. Their uniform is a black fire hat, red shirt and black necktie, red belt with name and number in white letters on a blue ground, with "East Woburn" on the clasp. The companies were drawn up in line in the order of their numbers, on Railroad street, and taking their carriages marched up Main street to Salem, countermarched to the Common, where No. 3 broke off and proceeded to West Woburn, No. 2, with their veteran namesake and Engineer Page started for North Woburn, and No. 4 with Engineer Porter turned up Union street on their way to E. Woburn. The companies made a fine display, and will all be heard from when the next fire alarm calls out the department. Hose 2 celebrates its new acquisition by a supper at their hall next Friday evening. Hose 3 gives a supper in their hall this Saturday evening. Hose 4 gives a ball in their hall this Friday evening.

The carriages were made by E. B. Leverich, 21 Hicks street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and appear like serviceable machines. They cost $620 apiece, and we believe they are a good investment.

THANKSGIVING. —Thursday was a beautiful day, clear and crisp, and the many who re-united with friends had excellent weather for their journeys. Those who could afford it furnished themselves with the traditional Thanksgiving feast, and hundreds of poor families were gladdened by the thoughtfulness of their more fortunate neighbors. At eleven in the morning there were union services at the Unitarian church. Rev. Mr. Barnes' discourse was founded on Eccles. 7: 10—"Say not thou that the former days were better than these." He showed that the world had not only made material progress, but moral and spiritual as well. That immorality has great prominence on account of greater facility for publishing it. That no age of the world was so good as this, and the good old times are the present times. There was a full attendance on the service. Rev. Mr. Merrill and Rev. Mr. Kelsey took part in the exercises.

VISITATION.—Woburn Royal Arch Chapter was visited officially on Wednesday evening, by D D G W P, Daniel E Chase of Boston and suite. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

M E H P—A S Wood,
E K,—C E Follansbee,
E S,—A V Haynes,
Tr,—H Collamore,
Sec,—Sparrow Horton.

After the exercises in the hall the companions adjourned to the Central House and partook of a supper.

HAMPTON SINGERS.—Eleven of the Hampton Colored Students sang in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening, and were received in a very hearty manner. Their singing was better than on their previous visits, and the programme embraced several new songs. The audience was not large, but it was above the average of the audiences of this season.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—Friends of this association will remember that the entertainment postponed from last Monday on account of the storm will take place next Monday evening the 30th inst. The admission fee is only ten cents.

ONE SESSION. —Last Monday the steam gong was blown for one session of schools. Those who had forgotten about the meaning of the blasts ran about looking for fire.

☞ Wednesday afternoon a small barn went up street on wheels, drawn by eight horses at a smart walk. The barn now adorns J. R. Carter's place on New Bridge Hill.

☞ Two barrels of good things were sent from Woburn to the Baldwin Place Little Wanderers.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Thomas Emerson, formerly Supt. of Schools, but now with Harper & Brothers in New York, spent Thanksgiving in this vicinity.

At the fire last week our friend and fellow citizen, L. W. Osgood Esq, proved himself "neighbor" to Mr. H. C. Trowan in earnest efforts to save stock from the burning building. Becoming overheated by his exertions, before he was aware of it he had taken a violent cold which completely prostrated him, throwing him into a lung fever with which he is struggling to-day. His physicians speak hopefully, although they consider him very sick, and all will join in the wish that he may have a speedy recovery.

POLICE COURT.—For the week ending Nov. 27, Ruel W. Hanson of Winchester, assault and battery on Henry Wallace, fined $5 and costs; Henry Wallace of Winchester, the party assaulted by Hanson, was fined $3 and costs for a single drunk. William Collamore of Boston for assault on Winthrop Hammond fined $5 and costs. George Nelson and Chas. B. Bougenhorter, were each fined $3 and costs for a single drunk. Angus McCush of Winchester, single drunk, $5 and costs. Frank Callahan and Michael McMurray, fined $3 and costs for single drunk.

BADGES.—The Fire Department has been supplied with badges. Each one is numbered, and the numbers reach to 101. Every member of the department is known by his number which is recorded by the Engineers. The badge is of nickel, and quite pretty.

☞ The police have donned their thick overcoats, which are of blue cloth with brass buttons.

East Woburn.

BETHEL. —Preparations are being made for a fair here in aid of the East Woburn Bethel. Owing to the illness of the Rev. Mr. Pettegrew, no services have been held for the last month, but will be resumed next Sunday.

NEW DEPOT.—A new depot is under way at the junction which will be an improvement on the old one. It will reach from one track to the other, the dimensions being 44 x 22, with ticket office, waiting rooms, baggage rooms, etc, and when completed will compare favorably with any of its size on the road.

SCHOOL HOUSE.—The new Grammar school house is nearly finished, and it is expected that the schools will occupy it some time next week. The building is three stories, the first and second being used as school rooms, two on each floor. It is surmounted by a cupola, in which is a good sized bell and a clock with four dials. The third floor is taken up as a hall, which is 59 feet long and 32 feet wide, capable of seating about 500 persons. The rooms are all handsomely sheathed in ash and varnished. There is a large entry, the rooms being on either side. The building is supplied with furnace, water pipes, sinks, teacher's closets etc, and there is an entrance on either side. Suitable outbuildings are provided. The grounds in front have been graded, and a play ground laid out in the rear of the building. The carpenter work is by J C Whitcher, mason work by C W Dorr, and the plumbing by J Buel & Co. The school house is an ornament to the village, and we think the citizens of East Woburn may well feel proud of it.

North Woburn.

CHAPEL —The new chapel was finished this week, and will be occupied soon.

BUILDING.—John R. Carter has the foundation laid for a new dwelling house near the Kimball estate.

T. F. Reed is putting up a small building to be used as a paint shop near his residence on Minot street.

SIGN.—A new gilt sign has taken the place of the half circle, on the engine house of Jacob Webster Hose Co, No. 2.

MOVED.—Mr. J. P. Tyler has bought the building formerly occupied as an apothecary store, and after making some alterations will move there and continne the tailoring business as heretofore.

S. OF T.—Rumford Lodge, No. 105, Sons of Temperance held a sociable in their hall on Tuesday evening, and about 75 of their members and friends were present and passed the evening very pleasantly. They have just refitted their hall, and have very convenient quarters. The words Faith, Hope and Charity, made of evergreen letters have been placed on the wall, and other appropriate ones are ranged on either side. They number 47 members, and are in a flourishing condition.

Winchester.

GEESE.—Several flocks of wild geese have been seen this week in Medford Pond.

☞ Mr. Nutter will occupy his new currying shop in a few weeks. The last of the machinery is being put in by L. W. Parks of Woburn.

CONCERT.—The Mendelsohn Quintette Club of Boston, gave a concert in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening. The house was filled with an appreciative audience. It was under the auspices of the Young Men's Association.

MEETING.—The Jeffersonian Legislature assembled at Adelphian Hall, on Wednesday evening, and organized by the choice of the following officers:—Speaker, Salem Wilder; Clerk, C. H. Harrington; Sergeant-at-arms, D. N. Skillings, Jr. No other business was transacted except the appointing of several committees.

GAMBLING. —On Sunday evening about 11 o'clock, Officer Taylor broke up a party of gamblers at a boarding house on Oak street. The man of the house promised to have the men at the Selectmen's room for trial on Wednesday morning, but they, failing to appear the trial had to be postponed. They evidently gave wrong names, as the names they give cannot be found in the directory.

G. A. R.—The lecture of Hon. Charles Bradlaugh, the great English orator, on Monday evening, was very fully attended. His subject was, "Republicanism in England," a subject with which he is familiar. He is an easy, rapid speaker, and was listened to with considerable interest. The usual organ concert by T. P. Ryder took place.

☞ The next lecture in the Course will be delivered by Rev. A B Dascomb, of the Cong'l church, Dec 7; subject, "A Chapter of History." This Chapter of History is taken from the time and during the reign of "William the Silent." No more interesting subject could have been selected, and with the well known ability of the speaker, it will prove a very fine lecture. Organ concert by T P Ryder, and singing by Mr Baxter and Mrs Bailey. Admission 25 cents.

WATER.—Last Saturday the residents of the town west of Symmes's Corner, found their water supply suddenly stopped without any notice and themselves in a bad dilemma, especially those who were having their week's washing done. This state of things continued through the day, and in one instance an explosion was barely averted by the discovery of the water being nearly out of the boiler. It was caused by the necessity of putting in a new hydrant at Symmes's Corner, but no proper excuse can be given for this neglect to notify the consumers of the cutting off, and enabling them to prepare themselves to meet the emergency.

GOOD WILL CLUB.—Connected with the Unitarian church, there is a Literary Society, called the "Good Will Club;" Mr F J Baxter, Master of the Grammer School, is President and Miss Parsons Secretary. The object of the Club is to furnish entertainment for the Society, assist in all good works, and for the mutual improvement of its members. All members of the Church and Sabbath School may become members of the club by signing the constitution. Their meetings are holden on the first and third Thursday evenigns of each month The first meeting is a private one for business and literary entertainment by the members, and the second is a public meeting, either literary, dramatic or musical, and usually a paying entertainment, assisted by some first class talent outside of the club. At the entertainment Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, Miss C E Swift of Stoneham gave select readings or recitations for they were given from memory without reference to books at all. As a reader Miss Swift shows marked ability. Her selections comprised the heavy, humorous and pathetic, and each showed careful study, and were equally well rendered. Macauley's "Virginius" and "The Charcoal Man" were particularly noticeable as fine efforts. Her facial expression is good, which is the very thing for a reader. The audience were very appreciative, and expressed their approval by frequent and continued applause.

STILMAN FLETCHER.—The news of the death of Stilman Fletcher will awaken in the minds of all who knew him the kindliest memories of a man of sterling honesty and integrity, of great intelligence and discretion, faithful to duty in whatever direction it might chance to lie, and withal of such a gentle and unobtrusive disposition as to endear him to all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Fletcher was born in Plymouth, Vermont, and went into a printing office at the early age of fourteen years to learn the trade. During the time that he was engaged in type setting, he worked in the same office with Horace Greeley, and some time since he received an autograph letter from Mr. Greeley, referring to those early experiences. Mr. H. O. Houghton, the distinguished publisher, has also worked in the same office with Mr. Fletcher. During the greater part of his experience in the printing office he was engaged as a foreman, in which capacity he served in the office of the *Christian Witness* for many years. About fifteen years since he became one of the editors of the *New England Farmer*, and continued his connection therewith until failing health compelled him to forego all regular labor. In 1874 he was engaged by the proprietors of the *Advertiser* to report the cattle markets at Brighton and its vicinity, which reports he continued until his health failed. In this capacity he immediately "made his mark," and by his great care and untiring industry in the collection of facts, as well as by the novel features which he introduced, his reports were soon regarded as the best, and were extensively copied throughout New England. His method of treatment made pleasant reading, even of a dry subject, for his remarks, always of the most pithy and sensible character, were spiced with a wit and humor which served to fix them in the minds of his readers. In what may be called the "literature" of the cattle market, he was without a rival, and he could boast of having many readers who were much interested in the reports of the market, while they were not at all interested in the market itself. At the cattle yards he was always much respected for his many excellent qualities, and although it has been nearly two years since he has been able to attend market on account of his health, hardly a week has passed without some inquiry being made as to his whereabouts and health. About two years ago he gave up business and went South for his health. While there he wrote a few letters to the papers with which he was formerly connected. Several were published in the *Advertiser*, which were interesting in subject, and characterized by the thoughtfulness and discriminating judgement of which seemed to come natural to him. By the change of climate his troubles were somewhat alleviated, but his disease was too firmly seated to be dislodged. After his return last spring he found himself failing steadily, and the last few months of his life have been spent among relatives at Reading, Vt., near the place of his birth, where about midnight of Monday, the 16th instant, he passed quietly away, at the age of sixty-four. He resided at Winchester, where he was a consistent member of the Congregational church, and leaves a wife and several children.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Wilmington.

Since my last very little worthy of note has awakened the sensibilities of our quiet and peaceful citizens, save the scream of the shrill whistle of the "locomotive" on the new extension of the Boston and Lowell, which is now completed from the trunk road between the fifteenth and sixteenth mile posts (in Wilmington) to the junction of the Boston & Maine and Salem & Lowell roads, which forms the connecting link between Boston and Lawrence, through its legitimate allies, the Salem & Lowell and Lowell & Lawrence Railroads by direct connection.

It is quite probable that this line will be extended from Lawrence to North Andover, Bradford and Haverhill, and eventually tap the Rochster & Nashua road at some feasible objective point in N. H., constituting and forming the shortest and most direct route to Portland and the East, which of necessity will disturb most seriously the conjoint pet interests of the B. & M., and Eastern roads in their strongholds, with all the advantage ground in favor of this new enterprise, thus effectually recuperating from their best resources and feeding points by triple gain; all the less necessarily sustained by the aggressive move on the part of the B. & M' in opening up the Andover and Lowell road with its stealthy object to share the snug business of the spindle city with the great grandfather of all railroad enterprises in New England. This lusty old stager (the B. & L.) with the eminent ability concentrated with its management, cannot be traduced by bagatels or slip shod amateur railroad schemers, as it throws daily into the waste basket more brain substance as useless than its adversaries can man from their most intelligent productive resources of every character from which it can obtain succor, consolation or provoke relief. Therefore General Stark of the old ironbound ranges, merely smiles as the alewives of the Merrimac talk treason to the up river big fish which gave them sustenance in their early childhood, and imparted strength to their growing manhood. These facts cause us to question fish physiology upon analytical ground when we take living subjects under consideration as an illustration of the old adage, that "fish makes brain." If so, it must be of a different kind and quality than those for whom so severe a contest was had in the old Knownothing Legislature, for the purpose of granting them the right of way over the Lawrence dam (by reducing it three feet) for propagating purposes, and for which a writer at the time in the Boston *Herald* asked for an "appropriation to establish near said dam a generous 'Hydraulic Ram' to enforce compliance on the part of the fish, of such enactment in its most compulsory form in driving them up and over said dam into the vitrolized waters above under penalty of confiscation, strangulation, fine and death;" since which time all shad, alewives, pouts, suckers and the lesser fish, with an occasional salt water eel, have never ventured beyond the ingress of the Spicket river without turning their rudders up stream, in order if necessity required it to make a rapid retreat, should the "dumb agent of cruelty to animals" attempt to throw the tender embrace of the old "Hydraulic Buck" around them to force compliance with such paternal Legislative enactment.

In this instance is evidenced more practical fish understanding than by those that subsist upon them, in the abandonment of legal legitimate callings to endeavor to rival trained railroad men and managers by presuming to run railroads by regal instinct borrowed from lax and untrained legal ability, however boisterous in its vociferous weakness.

But however distasteful the indulgences of some railroad managers are to us, yet we are delighted to see these grand, clashing, clustering railroad interests pass through our town, however sparse the accommodations granted the public or modern the qualifications of their officers, and with the new accession of the Boston & Lowell extension, of necessity comes brain, courtesy and gentlemanly bearing, which may shame the vain, vulgar and profane into sufficient self-respect for themselves, at least, to correct or improve their deportment, or retire and give place to common sense, self-respect and decency.

PAUSARIAS.

"WHEN FOUND MAKE A NOTE OF IT."

The long sought sportsman's paradise has not yet been found, but within easy reach of the "Hub," the beautiful little town of Foxcroft, Maine, comes nearer filling the bill than any place we have yet found. Situated on the line of the European and No. American R. R, Foxcroft offers alike to the tourist, sportsman or invalid, almost unequalled attractions. A typical New England village, beautiful in its surroundings, attractive in its quiet homes, the stranger visiting it for the first time is struck with astonishment that the "wilderness" should so abruptly offer so much of comfort, even luxury, as this charming village affords. By boat to Bangor, thence by rail to Foxcroft, or all rail via Eastern and Maine Central, there is enough of change on the route to break the monotony of a fifteen hours' ride. To the lover of the gun and rod however, the attractions of Foxcroft are beyond dispute. Within easy reach on all sides are streams abounding in speckled trout, and Lake Sebec, four miles distant, is stocked with that gamest of all game fish, the rare and beautiful landlocked salmon. An exceedingly pleasant drive of four miles' length, through a country whose natural beauty is unsurpassed, brings one to Moosehead Lake, whose praises have been too often sung to need repetition here. On the borders of forests reaching in almost unbroken extent, a hundred miles or more to the Canadian frontier, abounding in game of all kinds from moose to squirrels, easily penetrated, with the numerous cabins of the lumbermen for shelter, there is little to be desired that the sportsman does not find in and about Foxcroft. After a large experience both in this country and abroad, we found for the first time in mine host Jefferds, of the Foxcroft Exchange, a landlord who really had more concern regarding the comfort and welfare of his guests than his bill. For the visitor here who has never killed a land locked salmon, there is a new sensation, never to be forgotten, always to be remembered with eager longings for a speedy renewal. The trout is but a tame and timid fish in comparison to the "Landlocker," and had the clerical Munchausen of our day ever taken one we had received a more wonderful tale than that of "the pool of the nameless creek." Let then those of the gentle craft who desire good sport and good quarters wend their way to the little village of Foxcroft and place themselves in the hands of the genial, kindly Jefferds.

M. D.

West Medford.

LECTURE.—Hon. Geo. B. Loring gave a lecture last Thursday evening, on American State and society, to a crowded house.

MORE LIGHT.—Instead of kerosene, our streets are to be lighted with gasoline," which gives a light almost equal to gas, and which our citizens will appreciate these dark nights.

NEW HOUSE.—J H Norton has begun another house on Irving street, to be occupied when finished by Rev Mr Cutter, pastor of the Congregational church.

"MAN'S UNSELFISH FRIEND." —There seems some probability that Mr. Charles D. Townsend, the artist, may within a few years become the American Landseer, at least in that department of art dealing with that second noblest of animals, the dog. Several fine examples of his treatment of this noble subject will be in the recollection of many of our readers—notably some of the pictures made for the "Aldine," and at least one bearing the reputation of being finer than even anything of the kind produced by the great English painters. It is the *head* of the dog which Mr. Townsend seems to have the exceptional mission to portray—in that particular assuming the same position, as compared with ordinary painters of the dog, that is held by distinguished portrait painters, in contradistinction to those dealing with the full figure of man. Perhaps the very finest thing he has yet done, is shown in the chromo, "Man's Unselfish Friend," forming the annual premium offered by the "Aldine," and just now being supplied to those entitled to it. The very nobility of doghood is shown in this fine head and bust, those of a Newfoundland, with perhaps a shade of softening cross with the great St. Bernard, affording a subject quite as capable of being loved as of loving. How grand is the whole pose! how more than human are those eyes, full of a fixed and loving attention! how perfect is the silken gloss of that muzzle, with the clear nostrils, the tip of the soft red tongue, and the mere hint of the strong teeth that could tear as well as defend, beneath it! How gracefully fall those fine velvet ears! how thoughtfully corrogates that noble brow that might be thinking out a problem instead of merely waiting the welcome commands of a master. How tastefully and yet how naturally is the neck encircled by that creamy, curled fleece, from which the head rises as proudly, yet unconsciously as the daintiest lady's from her ruff. How perfect, in short, are all the details of this admirable picture, the mere possession of which in any house, will be quite equal in effect to a long sermon by the most renowned professor, against cruelty to animals, and much more lasting than one of the expostulations of Mr. Bergh. "The Aldine" does well, both for its own prosperity and the good of its patrons, in executing and offering so exceptionally excellent a chromo to the patrons of its series for 1875; and as we have already remarked, Mr. Townsend, the artist, in it makes rapid strides towards the head of living artists in that class of delineation. It is understood that the original of this fine picture will be one of the many fine paintings held for distribution, through the new Art Union to all subscribers for the "Aldine." The subscription price is $6.00, which includes "The Aldine," one year, this Chromo, and one share in the Art Union distribution.

GARROTED.—About 10 o'clock last Saturday night; as Mr. Nathan Robbins, of Arlington, president of the Faneuil Hall Bank, and a poultry and game dealer in Quincy Market, was going along Causeway street on his way to the Lowell depot, he was attacked by three young men, one of the party taking him by the throat and choking him, while the other two rifled his pockets, after which they ran away down Merrimac street. Fortunately the highwaymen obtained only $9. From a description Mr. Robbins was able to give of his assailants, the police have hopes of arresting the culprits.

☞ Oh, my back! How often do we hear these words. That pain in your back nine times out of ten arises from kidney disease. *Hunt's Remedy* used as directed, will cure all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs. Try it.

RAILROAD MEN.—The Boston *Globe* had an article the other day on railroad men and gave some notice of the conductors on the Boston end of the B & L R R. It contained some inaccuracies, though in the main it was correct. For instance, Conductor Young could save himself if whistling was the test. Only one of all the conductors was born in New Hampshire. As all our readers did not see the article in question, we reproduce it and let them judge for themselves.

The conductors on the "Boston End" so called, of the Boston, Lowell and Nashua railroad, are a dreadfully matter of fact set of men, and persistent inquiry failed to discover a single romantic incident connected with the lives of any of the present train hands. It would seem that the young men of New Hampshire looked forward to a position as conductor on this road, as the height of their ambition, as seven-eighths of the employees come from the Granite State, and all consider the position of conductor as a certainty, provided they outlive the conductors on duty at the time of their entering into the service of the corporation. Promotion for merit is the rule, and few of those entering the service of this road as train hands are discharged or have good reason for complaint of non-appreciation of their sevvices. The trains run on the "Boston End" are managed, so far as the conductors' duty goes, by sixteen men, who have three others as an additional force to aid in "punching" and collecting on the trains running short trips. This force has as a base of supplies, forty-six brakemen and baggage-masters, and no one is hired for either of these latter positions who does not have the "stuff" in him to fit him for holding the more responsible position of conductor. The men running on the Lowell, Concord and Greenfield routes average about 120 miles a day, but those running on the branches to Woburn, Lexington and Stoneham have only from sixty to eighty miles travel a day, the shorter routes being considered much more wearing upon a man than where the trips are longer and less in number. The pay of the conductors is from $70 to $85 per month, and the brakemen and baggage-masters receive $50 a month. One who knows the whole force, says he never came across such a steady-going set of men as the conductors on this road; all but two are married men, and they follow their daily duties as a matter of course, seldom departing from the regular but still fascinating routine of their lives. The conductor's room is rarely the scene of any more lively occurrence than a game of "high, low, jack" or backgammon, and the same authority quoted above, says he doubts if any one of the sixteen could whistle Yankee Doodle to save themselves. The staff of conductors includes some veterans, although the rapid growth of the road of late years has necessitated the appointment of many young men from the ranks of the brakemen and baggage masters. Of the veterans, John Barrett deserves especial mention, as he ran the first train over the road June 26, 1835, and held the position of conductor until 1860, when he was appointed depot master, a position he filled for several years, and he has since maintained his connection with the road, although he has seen seventy-four summers. Josiah E. Short is another of the veterans, and after running a train on the road for nearly forty years, he now holds the position of ticket agent at Lowell. Albert Carter was for many years considered as a part of the Woburn Branch, and when he changed off on the Lowell route, the suburbans on his former trains used to doubt if they were on the right road. His successor has made himself a general favorite, but no one will ever fill the place of "Old Carter," as he was called by the school boys of twenty years ago, who used to risk their necks by stealing a ride between certain stations near the thriving town of Winchester. He has been conductor for a quarter of a century and looks good for another quarter, now. Another veteran is E P Thayer, still on duty after over twenty one years of service, and promising well for another equally long term. Of the present force only one resides in Boston, the others living in Woburn, Concord, Nashua and other places along the line of the road.

New Publications.

THE ALDINE for December comes to us in good time, and as usual, freighted with all the good things of art and literature. This being the holiday, or Christmas number of the year, it need scarcely be said that pictorially it fills the very sense of satisfaction. Four pictures of the seasons, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn" and "Winter," each with a verse of illustration, present at once some of the most pregnant designing and the finest engraving and printing, to be found even in this high class publication. The "Old man in the Jura Mountains," after C E Duboise, a young American artist of great promise, has a world of rugged strength and design, blended with careful and elaborate detail. Two charming pictures appropriate for the season, "Winter Pastimes" and "The First Lesson" tell pretty and interesting stories in a graceful manner; and the same may be said of "Caught!" which develops one of the dangers of the protrusive petticoat, and "The Rivals, which shows that there may be other jealousies than those beating under broadcloth or flounced silks. John S Davis seems to have given us one of the most careful of his embodiments of a sad idea, in "Mary of the Wild Moor," the pictorial story of a well known tragic ballad; "Here's your Christmas Dinner!" is full of the softened lights and delicate shades of the old Flemish artists who so loved to depict market scenes; "The Zackenfall, Bohemia," opens to travellers a cascade of great beauty, little known in books, though deserving place among the most popular resorts; "What Keeps Him?" leads to a painful doubt whether there can be any lover at once recreant enough and silly enough to keep the owner of that face and form waiting long enough even to ask the question; and the pictorial list is completed by a general and two interior views of St. Asaph Cathedral, North Wales," keeping up the *Aldine's* specialty of portraying the great religious houses of England in rapid succession.

RUNNING TO WASTE. By G. M. Baker. Boston Lee & Shepard.

This is the well written story of a young girl left as many are, entirely to herself, and in some instances they "come up like Topsy," without any refining or social influences, or particular instruction from home circle or school teaching. This work consists of fourteen chapters, and from the "Stolen Sweets," so vividly described in chapter 1, through all fallen fortunes, and Mrs. Thompson's crop to an exhibition of Becky Sleeper's charity. This full description of a good deed will arouse a quiet smile at Becky's novel charity, and her in school and out of school experiences some of them will read very like our own school day's experiences. In chapter IV, The last frolic of Becky, reveals the future elements of a true woman. Our sympathies and interests in our heroine here become fully interested for her future, and ceases not until with Capt. Thompson we can say in due course of time, all wild oats are sown and in the educated, self poised, high principled woman, scarcely any one would recognize the "Tom boy" of Captain Thompson. As a book of the reformatory order it deserves our good wishes; it is a good story with a good moral.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST. By Emerson Bennett. Pa., Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinged.

In this last novel the author well sustains his reputation as a first class story teller. He is in this wild wood novel perfectly at home; and, as in his other novels of like character without a peer. This species of literature seems to be all his own; since the days of the admirable tales of the border, and wild woods so inimitably told by Cooper, we have read no works that have come anywhere near the truthful and glowing enactments of Indian history as in Bennett's well told tales. Intimately acquainted with all the stirring legends and startling historical incidents of early times border life, he tells the story as no one else can. Never going out of the sphere of the probable, always the possible. His Phantom of the Forest is an exceedingly interesting work founded on an incident of border life, and from chapter I to XXXIII will hold the reader spellbound, with the strange and startling incidents of the same.

THE FLOWER PEOPLE. James R. Osgood & Co.

This House are to place before their holiday patrons in a new and beautiful reprint with new varied additions that exceedingly popular work published in 1862. We need only say we knew it well then; and that by Mrs. Horace Mann. The illustrations are by Mrs. S. P. Lathrop. If only one half as beautiful as the original, it will meet with a very good sale; we know of no more acceptable present for lady florists, or all who love these original refined conceits. We shall notice at another time.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for December closes the fifth volume of that most useful magazine, and is an excellent number as may be seen from the following table of contents: Diseases of Childhood; Transmission of Moral Tendencies; Hearty suppers—their effects; Infant Mortality; A Plea for Hygiene; What shall we Drink? Ventilation; Health and Disease—illustrated; Popular Physiology, with illustrations; Hygiene in the Pulpit and in the Press; The Skin and the Blood; Edible Nuts; Regulating Vice; Faith as a Remedial Agent; Taking Cold; Little Folks; and a variety of rich health paragraphs; only 20 cents, or $2.00 a year. Now is the time to subscribe; three months free to those who subscribe at once for 1875. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

DEXTER SMITH.—This musical paper is out for December. The reading matter is always excellent. Eight pages of piano music and two songs make up the musical department, and a fine portrait of Adeline Patti is given with the number. Send $2, to Dexter Smith, 102 Washington street, Boston.

ORATION.—George William Curtis has accepted the invitation to deliver the oration at the centennial celebration at Concord next spring, and it is understood that Mr. Emerson will also make an address on that occasion. As Mr. Curtis passed several years of his early life in Concord, the selection of him as the orator of the day is particularly appropriate.

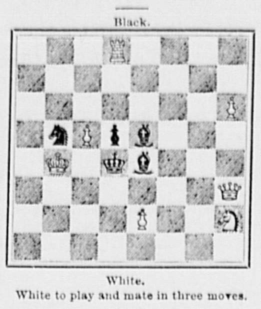
A PSALM.—The Boston *Advertiser* sang the following psalm, after the rain on Monday:—Snow! and rain! All hail! Welcome! Give thanks for them Before, Thanksgiving day. What a blessing is water! It swells the streams, and the ponds respond. It puts out fires and is a great thing for navigation. It fills the cisterns, and the wells rise up in welcome to it. It causes the heart of the village washerwoman to rejoice and be glad; For now can the clothes be washed and made clean in real water, once a week.

G. A. R.—At the Grand Army camp fire at North Adams, Wednesday night, Gen Kimball, commander of the department of Massachusetts, said the posts of the State have a charity fund of $65 000 and have expended $35,000 during the past year.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 30.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution No. 29.

White	Black
Q to QKt sqr	R x P
Q to Kt 5 mate	
Q to QKt sqr	P to QKt 3
Q to QKt 5 mate	
Q to QKt sqr	K to QKt 3
Q to QKt 7 mate	
Q to QKt sqr	Kt x B
Q to K4 mate.	

Married.

In Woburn, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. Green Paige, of Kensington, N. H., and Ruth A. Neal, of Lynn.

In St Stephens, N. B., by Rev. John Prince, George H. Reed, Esq., of Burlington, Mass." to Miss Sarah G. Beck, daughter of Francis Beck, Esq., New Brunswick.

In Montreal, Nov. 7th, by Rev. Henry Wilkes, D. D., Mr. William A. Corse, of Boston, to Genevieve H. Alexander, oldest daughter of Mrs. S. H. Brewer, Winchester.

In Arlington, Nov. 24th, by Rev. W. H. Ryder, Mr. Chas. L Jones to Miss Estelle M. Phillips, both of Arlington.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Medford, Nov. 25th, Rev. James T. McCollom, aged 60 years, 2 months.

In Reading, Vermont, Nov. 16th, Stilman Fletcher, of Winchester, Mass., aged 64 years.

In Winchester, Nov. 20, Freddie H., only son of George A., and Mary Hall, aged 4 years, 5 months.

In Lexington, Nov. 23, Mrs. Anna M. Simonds, wife of Edwin Simonds of Burlington, Mass, aged 25 years, 8 months.

In Hopkinton, N. H., Elizabeth Learned, aged 50 years, daughter of Dr. Learned, of Hopkinton, formerly teacher of music in Roxbury, Mass.

THE PRICE TELLS
AND
EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE
WHOLESALE STOCK OF
MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT RETAIL
MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.
$12 to $24.
Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.
ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.
12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION
And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*
Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the
LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.
It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.
Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.
—ALSO—
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.
They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.
CONSUMPTIVES
should use all three of the above medicines.
Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.
DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

FOR
Christmas Presents
GO TO
A. A. WALKER'S,
127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
A great Variety of Beautiful things and very Reasonable.
Don't fail to see them.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Woburn!

To William A. Wilson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all persons claiming any interest in the following describe real estate:—

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed given by said William A. Wilson to Asa Fletcher, dated June 21, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds, Book 1260, Page 584, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction on or near the premises, on Monday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1874 at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said mortgaged premises being a lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, and being lot numbered Fifty-three on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds: Book of Plans, Five,—Plan Twenty-third, and bounded Northerly by lots 54, 59, and 60, 611 feet; easterly by Tremont street, 126 feet; southerly by lot 52, 598 feet; and westerly by Woburn street, 125 feet, and containing 75,926 square feet more or less.

Nov. 25, 1874. ASA FLETCHER, Mortgagee. 200

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 203

Chas. K. Conn & Co
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.
CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN, CHAS. H. POLLARD

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 17th day of November, A. D. 1874, on the Petition of the Selectmen of Winchester, for widening Church street, in said Winchester, between Main street and Cambridge street, it was adjudged that said widening is of common convenience and necessity. Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's Room, in Winchester, on the 21st day of December, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of the Commissioners.

LEONARD HUNTRESS, Chairman.

Tewksbury, Nov. 1874. 190

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Samuel F. Thompson, trustee under an Indenture dated July 31, 1850, and recorded with So. Dist. Deeds, Book 598, page 24 245.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Czarina P. Danforth, of Cambridge, in said County, interested in said trust estate, has presented to said Court her petition for your removal from said trust for reasons therein stated. You are hereby cited to appear, at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World"
Harper's Magazine,
ILLUSTRATED.
Notices of the Press.
The ever-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it as one of the educators as well as entertainers of the public mind, for its vast popularity has been won by no appeal to stupid prejudices or depraved tastes.—*Boston Globe.*
The character which this *Magazine* possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth, and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*
TERMS.
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year, . $4.00
$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.
Subscriptions to Harper's Magazine, Weekly and Bazar, to one address for one year, $10.00; or, two of Harper's periodicals to one address for one year, $7.00; postage free.
An extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every club of Five Subscribers at $4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20.00, without extra copy; postage free.
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A Complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, now comprising 49 Volumes, in neat cloth binding will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. *Single volumes*, by mail, *postpaid*, $3 00. Cloth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.
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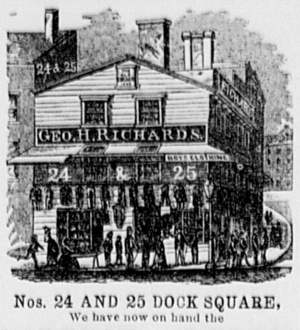
GRAND OPENING
—OF—
HOLIDAY GOODS
—AT—
LOWER PRICES
THAN EVER.
10,000 ARTICLES,
$1.00 EACH,
(Formerly sold at from $2 to $3)
Besides everything from a 10 cent whistle to a $5.00 doll.
MECHANICAL TOYS
$1,00 and $1.50 Each,
WHICH ARE SELLING ELSEWHERE FOR TWICE THE AMOUNT
THE PUBLIC ARE ADVISED TO CALL IMMEDIATELY AND SELECT PRESENTS BEFORE THE
GREAT RUSH.
ST. JOACHIM BAZAAR,
167 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. 199

STANDISH'S PILLS
CURE
DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, PILES,
or any disarrangement of the stomach. Always make you better and never worse.
WEEKS & POTTER, Agents, Boston.

At the "Old Corner."



Nos. 24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE,
We have now on hand the
LARGEST STOCK
We have ever yet placed in store.
OUR GOODS
Must be Sold!
The continued warm weather
THIS FALL
Compels us to dispose of it at
A SACRIFICE
And our prices for Clothing
FOR MEN'S,
FOR BOY'S,
FOR YOUTH,
Of which we have on hand
An Immense Supply,
ARE MARKED DOWN
To Wholesale Cost,
For the Next six Weeks.
WE CANNOT
CARRY THIS STOCK OVER.
NOW
Is the opportunity for
BARGAINS!
Remember ONE THIRD to ONE HALF DISCOUNT on all staple goods, suits or garments.
TRY US! AT
24 AND 25 DOCK SQUARE 24 AND 25
BOSTON. 175
G. H. RICHARDS.

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75
J. B. McDONALD,
93 Main St., Woburn.

"Don't you forget it!"
Large Lot
Latest Styles
HOUSE PAPER
SELLING LOW AT
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main Street,
WOBURN.

WANTED.
Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well to call at MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and on short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
3,780,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

Fo Sale or To Let.
A store in North Woburn, suitable for an Apothecary. Apply at North Woburn Post Office.

Insurance.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.

A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

GEO. H. CONN.

Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers of
Men's, Boys'
—AND—

Children's
Clothing.
A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.
No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.
OVERCOATS and
Winter Clothing
At BOTTOM PRICES.
We solicit an inspection of our Stock.
One Price to all.
GEO. H. LANE & CO.,
31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

ARNOLD, McLEARN & Co.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
ODELL & HUDSON'S
Elliptic Spring-Bed,
Patented Feb. 11, 1873. 55
Manufactory at Whitney's Mill,
WINCHESTER, MASS.
A. E. ARNOLD, R. F. McLEARN, C. C. HANLY
Orders by Mail Solicited. 43

W. H. FOSTER,
Has removed to his new place of business on
Salem, opposite Bow St.,
where he continues to
Make, Repair & Uphoster Furniture
IN ALL STYLES.
New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices.
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 243 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Oct. 19th, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica and Wilmington, 7, 10 A. M., 230, 6 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 5.45, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 6.15, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 5.45, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.30* A. M., 12.15,* 2.15, 5.30,* 6.15, 9.30*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.15, 9.50 A. M., 2.30, 6.30 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.20, 10.00 A. M., 2.40, 6.45 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.35 A. M., 2.53, 6.55 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.49, 7.27, 8.49, 10.15, A. M., 1.00, 4.49, 6.17 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.25, 8.20‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.55, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.30, 7.00, 8.25‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.15, 7.50, 8.05, 9.15, 10.40 A. M., 1.30, 3.07, 4.15, 5.15, 6.45, 7.05, 8.35‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and fifty minutes later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders. 23

ICE CREAM
—AND—
Fresh Oysters
Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

AGENCY
—FOR—
BARRETT & BROTHER'S
DYE HOUSE,
BOSTON,
At "Horton's Bookstore."
Clothing, &c.
Cleansed
or Dyed
in the best manner. Now is the time to
ECONOMIZE
AND MAKE
Old Clothes NEW!
BRING THEM ALONG TO
195 Main Street, - Woburn.
20

Removal.

Mrs. L. A. Gilman has taken rooms in the house of Mr. J. D Gilman, on Railroad street, opposite Broad street, where she will continue dressmaking, and solicite a share of the public patronage.

Two Tenements for Rent.
A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Wate in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

JUST PUBLISHED:
PIANO at HOME
A large collection of the best
FOUR-HAND PIECES.
FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.
No book is better fitted for "Home" Musical entertainment than this. Beginners can play the easier duets. Advanced players and teachers need not to be told that practice with four hands is the best to acquire "time" and "certainty." Practice in the "Piano at Home" is nothing but a continual pleasure.
250 pages, full sheet music size. In boards, $2.50; cloth, $3.00; full gilt, $4.00.
For Choirs: THE LEADER. Price $1.38.
For Singing Schools: THE SONG MONARCH, 75 cts.
The Emerson Method
For REED ORGANS
By L. O. EMERSON and W. S. B. MATTHEWS.
Easy and progressive lessons, scales, studies, voluntaries, interludes, quartets, songs, and other pieces in profusion. All well arranged by skilful hands. Price $2.50.
For Choirs: PERKINS' ANTHEM BOOK. $1.50.
For Quartet Choirs: THOMAS' QUARTETS. $2.50.
Specimen copies sent post-paid for retail price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y. 178

Safe for Sale,
A Morris & Ireland,
3 feet 3 inches high, 2 feet 5 inches wide.
Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at 113 Street, Woburn.

Piano-forte Instruct
PIANO-FORTE instruction in the lat methods, as taught by J. B. Lang tention paid to beginners. Address
MISS A. P.
Corner Pleasant and Ben
189 W

OVERCOATS
At less price than has been seen before since the late war.
Popular Prices:
$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.
All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.
Every garment marked in plain figures.
ONE PRICE.
WILMOT'S.
121 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON.
19

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 40
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.

Miss Alice E. Bancroft,

would invite the Ladies to call at

No. 138 Main St., Woburn,

where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Switches made from Combings.

The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School,
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.
LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and exact Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information apply to
43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!
We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do the fall work, to the
Best Machine
ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the
Wilcox & Gibbs
Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give any of them as reference:—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs. Dr. [illegible], Mrs. E. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. I. Marvin Parker, Mrs. H. Parker, Mrs. [illegible], Mrs. E. Stevens, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. H. S. Kelsey says:
I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory, and the ease and quietness of running it.
Woburn, June 12, 1874. MRS. H. S. KELSEY. 45
G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,
213 Main Street, Woburn.

JUL. COHEN'S
NEW STORE!
199 MAIN STREET,
Three doors above Post Office,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.
At Very Low Prices!
Woburn Centre, Mass.

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!
MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.30. Leave Woburn Centre after church. 180

BOARDING.
Good rooms and board at the corner of Pleasant and Bennett streets. Table boarders accommodated. 182

For Sale.

A Slack Husband Punished.

"Mr. Moneton," said my grandmother, "I have no wood to burn to-day. What shall I do?"

"Oh, send Louisa to pick up some," said the good man, making a stride toward the door.

"But she has picked up all she can find."

"Then let her break up some old stuff."

"But she has broken up everything all ready."

"Oh! well then, do the next best thing—I must be off," said the farmer, and off he was, whistling as he went, and no doubt wondering in his heart what the next best thing would turn out to be.

Noon came, and with it came my grandfather and four hungry laborers. My grandmother stood in the kitchen spinning on her great wheel and singing a pleasant little ditty; Louisa was scouring in the back room, and the cat was purring on the hearth before a black and fireless chimney, while the table sat in the middle of the room, spread for dinner with empty dishes.

"Well my wife, here we are," said my grandfather cheeringly.

"So I see," replied she placidly; "have you had a good morning in the cornfield?"

"Why yes, so-so. But where is the dinner?"

"In the pot on the door step. Won't you see if it is done?"

And on the door step, to be sure, sat the great iron pot nicely covered, but not looking particularly steamy. My grandfather raised the cover, and there lay the ingredients of a nice boiled dinner—everything prepared in the nicest manner, and the pot filled with the clearest of water, and all the vegetables as raw as they ever had been. My grandfather stared and my grandmother joined another roll to the yarn upon the distaff, and began another verse of her song.

"Why, woman, what does this mean?" began my grandfather, indignantly. "This dinner isn't cooked at all!"

"Dear me, is it not? Why, it has sat in the sun these four hours."

"Sat in the sun!"

"Yes, you told me to try the next best thing to having a fire, and I thought setting my dinner in the sun was about that."

My grandfather stood doubtful for a moment, but finally his sense of humor overcame his sense of injury, and he laughed aloud. Then picking up his hat he said:

"Come, boys, we may as well start for the woods. We shall have no dinner till we have earned it, I perceive."

"Won't you have some bread and cheese before you go?" asked my grandmother, generous in her victory, as women almost always are. And so she won the day.

The cellar stairs in the old farm house had become broken and so unsafe that my grandmother besieged her husband, early and late, to repair them, lest some accident should happen. He always promised to do so, and always forgot to fulfill his promises. At last, one day, my grandmother fell in going down, and spilled the milk she was carrying.

"Are you hurt?" asked my grandfather, smoking his pipe beside the fire.

"No matter whether I am or not," returned the angry housewife, reappearing with her empty pan. "That is the last time I carry milk down those stairs until they are mended."

"Please yourself and try the next best way to get it down," said the husband, a little vexed at her tone.

"I will," said my grandmother, and she was as good as her word. The next evening my grandfather went down to the cellar to draw some cider.

"What in thunder!" exclaimed he—nothing worse, I assure you, for he was not a profane man—"what in thunder is the matter down here? Why, woman, your milk is all over the cellar bottom."

"Is it," replied my grandmother tranquilly. "Well, I think that is likely enough, falling so far."

"Falling so far! What do you mean?"

"Why, you know I said I shouldn't carry the milk over those broken stairs again; and you told me to try the next best way of getting it down, and so I took up a board in the kitchen floor, and threw down the pans, and then strained the milk down into them."

The c[illegible] ...nded

TRANSMISSION OF MORAL TENDENCIES.—It has been observed by teachers of youth that the children of classical scholars exhibit an unusual aptitude for learning the classics. Children of mathematicians possess unusual readiness in mathematical studies. Poetical talent is hereditary. In the family of Æschylus were eight poets. Parents of marked mental ability usually have children of ability, while people of simple minds impart to their offspring a like quality of intelligence. The facts are so numerous and the evidence so conclusive as to prove the inheritance of mental aptitudes and capacities, and to entitle it to be admitted as a well established law of nature.

The hereditary transmission of moral powers, and immoral or vicious, has not been so generally admitted as an established truth. It is often considered that the moral capabilities of individuals were equal: that the tendencies to virtue or vice are alike in the dispositions of all; that every one and all may attain to equal excellence of moral character. No difference is recognized by many in the original moral constitution of the virtuous and vicious; they might mutually have exactly changed places with each other; the vicious might have become equally as virtuous as the most moral, equally as vicious as the most degraded.

It may be admitted that all may become virtuous. Yet it is not true that the most viciously inclined can reach the same degree of moral development as those morally inclined by nature. There is a difference in the natural moral endowments of individuals—differences that are just as marked as are the differences in intelligence. It is just as impossible for the person born with weak moral sensibilities to attain to the highest position of moral excellence, as it is for the simple minded man to become developed by education into one of the most illustrious intellectual men of the age. Genius in morals is inborn as well as is genius in intellect. There is an inherited difference in the moral capacities of men while all are possessed of sufficient moral capacity to enable them, under favoring circumstances, to become virtuous citizens; yet some of these, if exposed to vicious surroundings, imbibe vice through every pore as a sponge takes in water. Vice is their natural element, and if anything different is made of them they must be transplanted to a purer atmosphere.—*Science of Health.*

A LONE HAND.—Daniel Drew was seated in his office one day after his disastrous tilt with the Northwest, by which the boys of Wall street tilted the old fellow out of two millions. There was a curious expression on his face, sometime between crying and laughing; and he appeared to be contemplating the vanity of all things here below, or how quickly millions take to themselves wings and slip. While seated thus a stranger entered, and accosted his confidential clerk.

"You paid me for some stock yesterday; do you remember the transaction?"

"Oh, yes; perfectly," replied the clerk.

"Well, then, you made a slight mistake, sir."

"Guess not; I am not in the habit of doing so," said he, somewhat piqued to think that such a charge should be brought before him in Mr. Drew's presence.

"But I am sure you did; just glance over your books, and if I am mistaken why—I'll treat."

Reluctantly the clerk complied, and found that he had made an error in figuring and paid stranger one hundred dollars too much.

Drew got up and approached the desk.

"I knew it," said the stranger, throwing down a hundred dollar greenback. "I make it a point to be honest," he added, buttoning up his coat.

"Honest, eh?" whined Daniel, turning to him. "Honest! Do you live in New York?"

"I do, sir."

"You do, eh? And you are being honest? Well you are playing a lone hand, young man; a lone hand. If you have much to do in Wall street, you will get awful lonesome—that's all I have got to say."

☞ A minister asked a tipsy fellow, leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go to when [he] died. "If I can't get along any [be]tter than I do now," said he, "I [won']t go anywhere. I'll stay where [...]

[...] In times of good fortune it [...] to appear great,—nay, even [...]eatly; but in misfortune, [...]icult.

☞ We have lately heard a great deal of the alleged conflict between science and religion. There is undoubtedly a conflict between certain scientific men and religion, but it is a mistake to assume either that Tyndall and Huxley are the whole of science incarnate or that they accurately represent the great body of scientific men. It can hardly have escaped the notice of unprejudiced observers that for a scientific man to propound some novel theory which is at war with revealed religion is the shortest road by which he can reach notoriety. If we compare the achievements in science of Professor Proctor or Professor Agassiz with those of Professor Tyndall or Huxley the two former ought to rank much higher than the latter. The invention of theories which as yet lack sufficient confirmation, but which are avowedly aimed at Christianity, constitutes the chief claim of both Tyndall and Huxley to scientific eminence. These theories have attracted more attention than have the valuable discoveries of men like Agassiz and Proctor, and hence the unthinking public has jumped to the conclusion that since two eminent scientific men are the opponents of Christianity all other scientific men share in this hostility. Indeed there is in many minds a half-defined impression that a belief in revealed religion is inconsistent with any wide scientific knowledge, and that the scientific infidel is *ipso facto* a greater man than the scientific believer. The truth is that scores of earnest scientific men, whose achievements are at least of as much importance as such theories as that animals are automata and that matter possesses creative powers, believe thoroughly and devoutly in Christianity, and, though they have never won notoriety by attacking religion, they cannot be ignored when we undertake to speak of the attitude of science towards religion.

☞ A French comic journal represents the wife of a candidate for election as deputy, rising from the perusal of the morning newspapers to demand an immediate separation. "What! after a union of twenty years?" exclaims her husband. "Yes, to be sure. Since you have come forward I find all the public journals agree in giving the worst possible accounts of your character and career!"

☞ In a hospital in Montpelier, France, is a patient who has just swallowed a thermometer left on his table, while suffering from temporary delirium. They have a great deal of trouble with him now. When he drinks hot coffee that thermometer flies up against the roof of his mouth hard enough to lift his hat off, and when he eats ice cream it gets down in his boots and worries his corns.

☞ A lady took her little four year old down town on the horse cars, and the man who loves children took the little one on his knee. On the return trip the seats were all taken. No gentleman moved. "Moder," said bright eyes, "ain't somebody wid nossing in their laps going to take me up?" There was a scramble for that precious one.

☞ It has been calculated that a man talks on an average three hours a day, at the rate of about twenty-nine octavo pages an hour. This would make about 52 volumes of over 600 pages, a year. The calculator is a Frenchman. He has not had time to estimate on the quantity of talking done a by woman.

☞ A Washington bridegroom was so anxious to have his door fastened securely the first night after he was married, that he broke the key off in the lock, and had to call on the hotel keeper to break in and let he and his wife out in the morning.

☞ A Michigan farmer complains that he is not receiving half the campaign speeches this year necessary to light his fires, and he had to make a shaving contract with a cooper shop.

☞ A young lady and gentleman, aged twelve and thirteen years, were married at Gouldtown, Mich., last week. When last seen they were quarrelling over some candies, and throwing out vague intimations about divorce.

☞ John L. Clem, the drummer boy of Chickamauga, has been promoted from a Second to a First Lieutenancy in the Regular Army.

—Why are ladies like churches? Because there is no living without them.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.—A very strange story was told to me the other day, says a London correspondent of the *Graphic*. In a town not far from London there lived a young lady who was handsome, tolerably wealthy, and more than usually well educated. Her father was an invalid; her mother was an insipid, cold, and heartless woman. Two years ago a physician of London was called to attend the father; in this way the young lady saw him. He paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago this doctor, after paying a visit to his patient, was somewhat surprised by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing-room and led him to the further end of the apartment. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you." He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed. "You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued. "But I wish you to hear it. It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he, "I am not married."

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it, but I must make to you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I loved you from the first moment I saw you. I said to myself, I will wait for two years—if he then speaks to me I will know what to say. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very old man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke; but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the indelicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and she left the room.

The doctor had heard people say before this that they should die, and he left the house without attaching much importance to the prophecy, although wondering greatly at the other portion of this interview.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in her bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor. It recalled to his mind a promise he had made her. She had gone to see him, and had asked him to make out for her a paper transferring the whole of her property to a person whose name she would not then give him. He was to prepare the necessary paper and send it to her to fill up the blanks and to sign. She had done this, and she now enclosed the paper, filled up and signed. Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, to ask no questions, and to take no receipt. The other letter was to the doctor. "I told you I should die," she said, "and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have taken no food nor no drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make to you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead, look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post-mortem examination made of the young lady's body. On her breast, over her heart, deeply imprinted in the flesh were the initials of the doctor's name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

☞ Thanksgiving in Georgia last week.

THE OLD
WALNUT ST. PAINT SHOP.
James Partridge, Proprietor.
Painting, Graining, Guilding,
—AND—
PAPER HANGING.
Also—Whitening and Tinting.
Sign of the Eagle, Walnut Street, Woburn, Mass.
NEAR POST OFFICE. 59
☞ Sign Writing and Lettering a specialty.

Established in 1861.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
The best and largest Stock of
Pianos & Organs
Ever exhibited in Woburn, is now offered for sale at greatly
Reduced Prices for Cash
OR INSTALLMENTS.
Look at the following list of manufacturers I represent:

Hardmann,	New York
McCammon,	"
Guild, Church & Co.,	Boston
W. [..] Emerson,	"
Vose & Sons,	"
New England Organ Co.,	"
&c.,	&c.

STOOLS & COVERS, al Varieties, Second-Hand Pianos & Organs,
FOR SALE CHEAP.
O. GREEN, 6 Railroad St.,
16 WOBURN, MASS.

IMPORTANT!
The question is often asked, Where can I get a good-fitting suit of clothes without going to Boston? The reply is, 63
Go to "Grant."
He is a thorough Artist in that line, and understands his Bis', and he employs
THE BEST WORKMEN,
who understand the Art and Mysteries of the trade; who alone are competent to make garments
As they should be made.
So if you want to get suited in any department of a
First-Class Tailoring Establishment,
Call on
A. GRANT,
169 MAIN STREET,
WOBURN, MASS.

REMOVAL.
L. W. OSGOOD
Has removed his LAW OFFICE into one of the offices occupied by H. Collamore, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, in Wade's Block, 67
No. 172 MAIN STREET, Woburn.

W. P. B. Brooks & Co.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FURNITURE!
Carpetings,
STOVES, FEATHERS,
Mattresses, &c.
Goods Sold on Liberal Terms.
We would especially invite the people of Woburn to examine our stock, before purchasing elsewhere Our assortment is full and complete.
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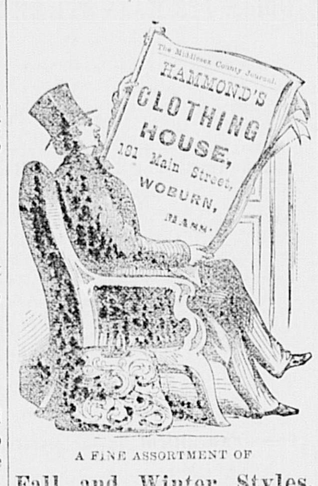

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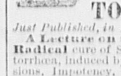

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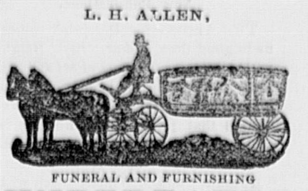

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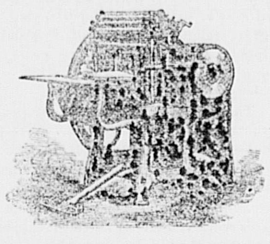

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WOBURN 17

Poetry.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
  And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped as the babe she tossed'
  And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,
  "I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
  And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said, as they closer drew'
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night. through—
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
  And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
  And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
  Said he to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
  And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
  And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
  Was Man, and Woman, and Child, all three,
And he said, "It is God's own harmony,
  This wind that sings in the chimney,"

Selected.

Granny Carrigan's Cap-box.

My wife's cousin was a slender, old fashioned looking girl, with quiet, retiring manners, and a habit of gliding about with almost noiseless movements. I used to call her the little gray ghost.

It seemed to me, when my wife first broached the subject, a Quixotic notion to take the girl home with us; but Nellie's heart is so large, and so loving!

"Just think of the poor child alone in that wilderness!" she said, with pitying eyes, "and we have plenty and to spare."

"So has Aunt Cheney."

"Yes, but she lives in the backwoods, as solitary a place as can be found The poor child has found no mother for years, her father has been an invalid ever since she was ten years old, and now he is gone, it does seem hard she should be condemed to solitude and old Aunt Cheney. At least let us invite her to come for a season. Let us give her a few months of pleasure, poor child! She will be so delighted, so astonished with this bewildering New York."

I consented, of course, as good husbands are in duty bound to do, and on a certain October afternoon, drove to the station for my wife's cousin. I knew her the moment she made her appearance, though I had never seen her before. The little creature appealed to my sympathy at once by her indiscribably forlorn appearance. So small, so white, so timid! her lustrous gray eyes, her only beauty, roving around startled to unwonted lustre.

"Is this Susy Myriam?" I asked.

"Yes; I was beginning to feel a little frightened at the confusion," she said; "you are Cousin Nellie's husband."

I led her away from the crowd, and she was silent and strange the whole way, home, utterly pre occupied with the sights to be seen at all hours in our great metropolis.

From that time Susie was one of us—I mean to all that pertains to the manners and customs of the household, and yet I never could feel any nearer degree of friendship than that with which I welcomed her the first day to our pleasant home.

"She is so handy," said my wife. "You don't know how many little things she does, and yet I can't prevail upon her to take a single present from me."

"She don't care for little vanities," I said.

"Don't she! she's as fond of nice things as anybody, I've found that out; but she has an absurd notion that unless she earns costly jewels, she won't wear them; won't be dependent even on me for the most trifling ornaments. She admired the little old fashioned pearl brooch that you always liked so well, and I offered it to her. No, insist as I might, I could not prevail on her to accept it. I have tried again and again to tempt her, for really, I have so many useless things that I don't wear at all, but it's no manner of use. She's the most obstinate little creature I ever saw."

Time passed, and I became accustomed to the slight grey figure sitting beside my wife or flitting about like a contented ghost. Wife had found a companion for her solitary hours, and I was glad. Together they haunted the picture galleries, the art saloons; together they shopped, drove in the park or lunched.

"Whom do you think we met to-day?" wife asked me one evening, when we were alone to-gether. "Of all men in the world, Harry Lonsdale, whom I haven't seen since he returned from Europe, and he has a picture at Lezier's that everybody is going wild over. It is a beautiful thing—you know I never could talk art-jargon, but it satisfied me as pictures seldom do. When I saw him, he seemed quite as much absorbed in studying Susie as she was in studying his picture. You don't know how pretty she looked. You needn't smile, John, for her eyes would redeem any face. Suddenly Harry saw me, and came up straight to where we stood. I told him how glad I was to know he was getting famous, but he only nodded, and said eagerly:

'That young lady seems to be rather interested—I am flattered.'

"Yes, that is my Cousin Susie," I replied.

"Your cousin! pray introduce me," "and—John, as sure as you live, that will be a match."

"Nonsense," was my rejoiner. I knew Harry Lonsdale, and Susie was not by any means his ideal. Harry liked dashing, handsome girls, vivacious, magnetic; girls of the Tresylian style, with oval vaces, languishing eyes and haughty lips. He had sketched such to me by the hour, and I knew some of the young ladies with whom he was on friendly terms. The idea of his fancying this cold, grey little creature, with no figure to boast of, and a manner so quiet that she was seldom noticed at all, was preposterous.

"It flattered him to see her absorbed by his picture," I said; "only praise him and I'm not sure that Beelzebub himself might not hold him in the chains of eternal friendship. Harry Lonsdale is the vainest man I ever saw for a man who really is a great genius."

"Well, we'll see," said my wife with that confident little nod of hers. "It will be sufficient punishment for your unbelief if I only have the chance to say sometime, I told you so."

To my great astonishment Harry called at the house three evenings out of the week, after that, and under the influence of his presence that little grey cousin grew positively beautiful. I noticed a change in her deportment. She seemed at times more preoccupied; at others, elated, mirthful, almost wildly happy; particularly on those days when it seemed probable Harry would come. I began to share in my wife's anticipations, and began to watch Harry. He did seem exactly like an impassioned lover.

About this time my wife said to me one day that Susie was receiving letters from some far-off friend.

"I noticed when they come; sometimes I hand them to her, but she never mentions them again. Shouldn't you think she would speak of them?" asked my wife.

Susie's movements were now of importance in my eyes. How had that plain little girl contrived to captivate handsome, popular Harry Lonsdale, the most exacting fellow in his relations with women I ever knew? The thing certainly was done.

Susie now came out in a new character. Her grey dresses were brightened with exquisite bits of color. She spoke to my wife of needing new dresses, and to Nellie's astonishment bought herself several. Then came ornaments, few, but choice and costly.

"Where do you suppose she gets the money?" asked Nelly.

"How do we know but she may be rich and eccentric?" was my response. "You pitied her, but her father may have possessed property to a large amount for all we can tell."

Nellie shook her wise head.

"I don't believe he left a cent—indeed, what am I saying? it is a matter of certainty that he did not, for Susie told me so herself. Besides, she would have got the fine things fast enough, scores of times. I've seen the look in her eyes when I've been shopping at Stewart's, suggestive of emptiness of pocket and anguish of spirit—for you see now what lovely taste she has. But I wish she wasn't such a secret thing, that's what torments me; I do like to be confided in."

What followed made that conversation memorable. Some months previous I had received the sum of three thousand dollars for a small piece of land. This money, or a part of it, I had occasion to use. I went up to the closet in my room, one side of which served as a safe. To my utter astonishment, the money was not there. I searched the closet through, and then called my wife for a consultation.

Together we looked in every available place—cleared the shelves of the library; searched through all the closets, bureaus, boxes, trunks and nooks that the house afforded; but in vain, the money was gone; no sign of bank bills anywhere.

"Where could you have put them?" asked my wife, tired and discouraged.

"I put them in that closet; my key has been in that little box on the end of the mantle-piece; I have never been to the closet since I left the money there, but some one else has, it seems."

"None of the servants but old Hester ever comes into this room," murmured Nellie, "and I would stake my life on her honesty."

"Of course, and so would I."

"Three thousand dollars; why, John, that's a large sum to lose."

"Large or small, it's gone."

"But where?" my wife queried, perplexed and anxious. "Who could have known it was there? People will do such miserably strange things sometimes."

"Yes, I have spoken of having that amount by me, two or three times, but no one was present but you and Susie. It was an abominable careless thing to do, leaving it lying loose instead of putting it in the bank, as I should." Day after day we looked for the money, speaking of our suspicions to no one, until finally we gave it up for lot. A week after this, Nellie came to my room with a pale face.

"It's so strange," she murmured, "and I do hate to have such thoughts; but John, where could Susie have got that splendid solitaire?" she half whispered.

"What solitaire?" I asked.

"You have not seen it. She wore it to-day for the first time."

"I suppose she's engaged—Harry give it to her. I asked her and she said no."

"The deuce!" was all I could say.

"And, John, it really looks alarming, the number of costly things she has been buying of late. Thirty dollars for a parasol, only think! and mine didn't cost twenty; a box of the daintiest gloves, everything by the dozen.'

We looked at each other in silence.

"About the richest black silk you ever saw—better than mine. The material must have cost a hundred dollars; what will the dress come to when it is made up?"

"What can it all mean?" I queried.

"Don't ask me—I'm heart-sick at the thought of it. It's a miserable business—can it be possible?—but no, I won't say it. Certain it is that she has some business relations with some one in the city. Half the letters she gets are not Harry's."

"I wonder if the fellow loves her?"

"Loves her, be worships her."

"And he will make her his wife?"

"Of course he will."

"What is our duty in the case, do you think, Nellie?"

"For heaven's sake, say nothing about it, John. Remember she is my cousin, and it isn't as if we were poor. I'd rather lose five thousand dollars than to have any trouble of that kind."

"It's terribly unpleasant," said I.

"Of course it is—horrible. And she so happy, so thoroughly happy, that it would be a pleasure to look at her if one didn't think, didn't dread—oh John! John!" and poor Nellie hid her face in her hands.

And still the purchases continued. Nellie and I said nothing—never asked a question now, but we were all the time watching, miserable and unhappy.

Susie must have noticed the change in us, but she was so pre-occupied with her love that she probably attributed it to some other cause.

Harry was now a constant visitor. He came to my office one day, and with an almost radiant face told me of his love for my wife's cousin. "I hope you do not object," he asked when I had heard him through.

"Why should I?" I asked; "She's only Nellie's cousin."

"Hang it, man, you're cool enough about it, anyway," he said. "Can't you get up a little enthusiasm when a fellow is half beside himself with happiness? You don't want her to go, eh?"

"I am quite willing," I answered, "but I confess there is no accounting for tastes. She is very far from the person I fancied would be the choice of my fastidious friend, Harry Lonsdale."

"Ah, you are thinking of our old discussions—but let me tell you, she is perfectly beautiful in my sight, and little short of a divinity. Her eyes are certainly glorious, and then, her charming little winning ways and her perfect taste. Jove! what exquisite taste."

"That's true," said I.

"Well, come, old fellow, I'm glad to hear you own up to something. I'll be blest if I shouldn't think, were you a single man, you were in love with her yourself."

My answer quite satisfied him; "If I were single, and she the only woman in the world, I wouldn't marry her."

"Whew! well that's what I call a trifle decided," he said, and went off out of temper.

Several weeks passed. Susie had notified my wife of her engagement. She could not but be aware of the constraint in our manner. Nellie and I frequently had little talks together over the matter, in which we commented upon the strange good luck that had seemingly overtaken Miss Susie. The disappearance of my three thousand dollars, and her accession of costly dresses and jewelry, did look, to say the least, suspicious.

One day on my return home, my wife informed me that Susie was intending to leave us.

"She came to me this morning," continued Nellie, "and told me that Aunt Cheney had written, saying that she wished her to return; and as she had a great deal to do, she thought it better to have the wedding outfit made there. I said to her, "we thought you would be married here, Susie." She looked strange for a moment, for she must have seen how little heart there was in my words. Then she said Aunt Cheney expected the ceremony to take place there; had, in fact, been making great preparations. Besides, she quite wanted to see Aunty's withered old face—and there she choked. So she is going to morrow night, and is packing now."

I would have given the world to be able to say I was sorry, but the truth is, her presence had become hateful to me; I wanted her to be gone.

We were very polite to the last. I saw Susie off in company with my wife. Harry went with her, the happiest man I ever saw.

It was a relief to behold her vacant chair, her place at the table, to miss her gliding movements, and feel that we could talk and do as we pleased, with no spy or eavesdropper in the way.

Nellie missed her for a time, and often talked and wondered about her. She answered her first letter, and declined to attend her wedding, but the second letter remained unanswered.

Not a great while after that, Harry took a house in the city for his bride, and I saw him occasionally. Towards his wife I entertained a feeling of strong aversion. It was she who had broken up the dear old intimacy, for Harry and I had been famous friends, and now he never called at the office.

We often heard of Mrs. Lonsdale's receptions, her dinners, her perfect taste, her fascinating manners, but we never called.

It was late in the following season before we prepared to take our annual flitting into the country. I had seen most of the household goods, which always accompanied us, and gathered enough together for the final load. Nellie came up to inspect them.

"Where in the world did you find that old cap box?" she asked, laughing, "and why have you installed it on the top of other packages?"

"Don't you know the box, Nellie?" I replied; "it was grandmother Carrigan's, the very one in which she used to put her old black cap. Why, I can see her face in it this moment, and—what upon earth!" I exclaimed, cutting snort my speech.

My wife had pulled off the deep cover of the box with some exertion, and there, snugly packed together, staring us in the face, were the missing bank notes.

Nellie and I stood dumb with dismay, looking first at the box and then at each other.

"Oh, John, poor dear innocent Susie!" was her first exclamation.

"What witchery is this!" I responded; "how under the sun did that money get there?"

"John, dear, how unjust you have been!"

"Don't make me think any more meanly of myself," said I. "I could sell John Carrigan, money and all, for sixpence."

"John, what could she have thought of us?"

"Suppose you go and ask her, dear."

"I will: I'll go right there, John; I wouldn't have this weight on my conscience an hour longer for more than twice that miserable money."

Let us give the conclusion in Nellie's words:

"I went to the house—you've no idea what a beautiful little palace of a place it is, John, and I asked the maid for Mrs. Lonsdale. The girl showed me into such a perfect drawing room!—blue furniture, dear; I'll have blue the next year—and I sat there trembling like the culprit I felt myself. When I heard footsteps my strength deserted me, but I clinched my hands and sat up straight. Presently Susie came in.

"My dear cousin," she exclaimed, in her soft, musical voice—"then you found the money."

Imagine my consternation. Not a word could I say, I was so shocked to think she knew.

"Don't look so distressed," she said gently; "don't feel troubled about it. It was quite natural—perhaps. Mistakes will happen in the best regulated families," she added, smiling.

"And you really knew all about it?"

"Yes, I overheard you once, without meaning to, but I was too proud to notice it in the least. I only began planning how I should get away and keep the knowledge from Harry."

"What! you never told him?"

"Never; why should I? I only led him to think that you were not agreeable to me—forgive me, but how could I help it, smarting under such an indignity. But you have not said whether you found the money."

"Yes, we have, and cousin Susie, you are an angel," I said.

"Very far from that," said Susie, smiling. "I have often tried to excuse you to myself, for circumstances were certainly against me, particularly when I spent so lavishly. I could not explain the reason then; I can now. My half-brother forged papa's name for a few thousand dollars, years ago. My father, for my sake and the honor of the family, let him go clear with his ill-gained booty.

"Some months ago, he, learning that papa was dead, refunded me the money by installments, pledging me to secrecy, as he did not wish it known even that he was in existence. So I kept the secret, because I promised him I would. One week ago I received news of his death."

"And so," concluded my wife, "I asked her forgiveness for our unjust suspicions, and—I—I—tell you, John, she is an angel."

I had no doubt of it. But how did that money get into my old granny's cap-box? From that day to this I have never learned and it will probably always remain a mystery.

Be Systematic.—We are often told, if we desire to be successful in acquiring wealth, knowledge, or any other useful thing, we must be industrious and economical; but we are seldom admonished to be systematic. System, however, is equally as important as industry or economy to him who wishes to accomplish any thing great or useful.

He who works systematically accomplishes in the same length of time double the amount of work, in a better manner, and with far greater ease to himself, than he does who works without system. A person who reads systematically, devoting certain specified hours to reading, and reading in succession books upon the same subject, or upon subjects nearly related to each other, acquires in a given length of time far more information, and has it more conveniently arranged for use, than he does who reads more books, and devotes daily more of his time to reading, but who reads indiscriminately and without system, reading in succession books upon subjects not connected with each other.

He who reads a book upon law, and immediately afterwards reads a book upon medicine, then one upon theology, and after that one upon astronomy, may, in the course of a few years, acquire a large stock of information upon all these subjects, but the information so gained will not be of half the use that it would be if he were to acquire it by reading consecutively all books that he intends to read on one subject, and then taking up another subject, and reading in succession all the books that he intended to read thereon.

He who reads indiscriminately and without system will always have his scraps of information stowed away in such a confused manner that when he desires to make use of them they will be unavailable.

Laughter—Nothing acts so directly on the organs within, both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the general health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course, I know you can't laugh at your own will, so you must play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the centre table, and go at it. Play with the dog, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience.

☞ Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is always off.

The Safe Robbery.—Our readers have seen frequent allusion in the daily papers to the great safe robbery case in Washington, and doubtless many of them have wondered what it meant. An exchange gives the following as the origin of the case:—

A memorial was presented to the last Congress by Messrs W W Corcoran, W W Alexander and other respectable taxpayers, of Washington setting forth their belief that the officers of the District Government were guilty of corruption in the discharge of their trusts. An investigations was ordered, the report on which recommended the destruction of the system of governing the District, and the establishment of a new scheme. So bad was the state of affairs, in the judgment of the committee, that the destruction of the ring was imminent. In order therefore, to secure themselves, the corrupt officials undertook to cast odium upon those persistent in the investigation. In the spring, the office of the Assistant District Attorney, who made himself so conspicuous in the defence of Governor Shepherd, was mysteriously robbed of a bundle of papers. The robber was arrested soon after the offence was committed, leaving the house of Mr Alexander, and thus a link was forged in the chain of evidence against the investigators. The committee, after an examination, decided that no suspicion rested on Mr. Alexander, and came to the conclusion that Harrington, the attorney referred to, was himself, with the complicity of a lawyer named Williams, Whitley, the Chief of the Secret Service, and Nettleship, Colonel Whitley's first assistant, the guilty party. The Treasury Department dismissed Whitley and Nettleship, deeming them guilty of complicity in the case, and re-organized the Secret Service. The case now in the hands of the jury is the result of an indictment framed by the Grand Jury against Harrington, Williams, Whitley and Nettleship.

Mothers, Speak Kindly.—Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. But when an impatient mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye, is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of sight. Oh, mother! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that excellent thing in woman, "a low, sweet voice." If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Remember what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens in any way; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own sake, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the green sward. So, too, will they remember a harsh or angry tone. Which legacy will you leave your children?

Stick to it.—Therefore, if any young man has embarked his life in the pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitation in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train. But let him ever follow her as an angel that guards him, and as the genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world, comprehensive in acquirement, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.—*Sydney Smith.*

Beard vs. Bronchitis.—Full beards have long been regarded as a defence against bronchitis and sore throat, and it is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has also been recommended to persons liable to take cold easily. It is stated that Walter Savage Landor was a sufferer from sore throat for many years, and that he lost the morbid disposition by allowing his beard to grow, according the advice of the surgeon to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

☞ Here are two entries that are said to exist in the same album, in the possession of an autograph hunter in Europe:

A really great man is known by three signs: Generosity in the design, humanity in the execution, moderation in success. BISMARCK.

The friendship of a great man is a gift from heaven. VON ARNIM.

☞ An instant decides the life of man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense who seizes on the right thing to be done; it is even dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.—*Goethe.*

☞ A medical man asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

☞ There is no rain heavy enough to damage the ardor of the local politican, and no man has seen him when he was not dry.

THE BABIES.

It is Sunday, and what shall the babies do? Railroad trains of chairs, and Prince Butler, the dog, cannot be allowed on Sunday, that is certain. Star Eyes can be left to herself, for of herself is she never boisterous; but Little Breeches esteemeth not one day above another He is fond of pictures, however, and will listen to reading with an almost startling intentness, gazing into the face of the reader with a wide eyed eagerness, as it he drew

"With one long look, your whole soul through,
Your lips, as sunshine drinketh dew."

A picture of Joseph sold by his brethren serves as a text for a long sermon on—well, it must be confessed—on camels as much as on Joseph. Then I say, "Now if you will get me a Bible, I will read you the story of Moses."

"The Bible is lost," says he, solemnly.

"Oh! no, I think you can find a Bible in the bookcase."

"Yes," he says with renewed and increasing emphasis, "there has been a Bible lost out of this house. It says:

'Saw young Anna Faber come walking into church.'"

Blessed and beloved apostle! Sweetest saint in all the calendar. Worthy successor of that disciple whom Jesus loved, gentlest and tenderest of all the sons of Thunder, I should not have dared to follow my heart's promptings, and class you with those holy men of old; but when out of the mouth of babes and sucklings your praise is perfected, it is not for me to stand by and say to them nay.

So Little Breeches is presently convinced that it is a volume of Whittier and not the Bible that is lost out of the house, and he starts off on a tour of explanation. Bibles are not so scarce that he need take a Sabbath day's journey; but his views are vague, his mind is discursive, and his search prolonged. Presently after a long silence a hollow voice resounds from some remote fastness. "Cusnabe, I don't care to hear about Moses," and the culprit heaves in sight with a big kaleidoscope which was put on an upper shelf in the dark closet for the express purpose of keeping it out of his way. So that is the reason why "Moses" was so soon nipped in the bud; but what possessed him to go Bible hunting in a clothes closet?

And what feeling is it, what divine discontent with the established order of things, that makes him comes in and throw himself in a chair with his back to the front and his heels as high up the back as the supply will permit? Is it a physical or mental, a nervous or a social solace that this attitude ministers to his perturbed spirit! And what becomes of his clothes? Oh, his jackets! Oh, his knees! Oh, the seat of his trousers. "Little Breeches has gone out without his jacket, and will certainly get his death o' cold," says Ann, holding up the mite of a garment she has found.

"No, Ann, do you not see that is his best jacket, and he has on his old one?"

His best; but what a scarred old veteran it looks. And if this is the jacket, how then shall the trousers appear! those eight pairs which it was fondly hoped would bear him triumphantly down the Summer months and through the Indian Summer till the nipping frosts appeared. and alas! before the ides of August the daylight shone through them.

As for his hats, there is no question what becomes of them. They are hung on the pump handle to be gently soaked over night with the gentle rain; they float in the bath tub; they are brought home tenderly by any kind friend or faithful servant who may have recognized them in the city park or the village green. They are reconstructed into foot-balls, and butterfly traps, and buckets for bailing mud puddles. They crown the heads of hobgoblins made out of broomsticks and other poles. It is easy enough to see what becomes of the hats.

At noon Little Breeches is dressed afresh; clean linen suit, new trousers, shining face, smooth hair, striped stockings well gartered up, new slippers, pansy in his button hole, a little stiff with the consciousness of being well dressed, but a most appetizing morsel. It rains, but he has a new pair of rubber boots which he is o'er anxious to try, and his infatuated mother gives him leave to walk to the barn. To walk to the barn by a roundabout ramble through the garden seems to him but a small stretch of privilege, but by the time he enters the barn his clothes are so thoroughly damp that when he emerges from the flour barrel into which he entered, as his first exploit, he is a mass of paste, and the brave, bright clothes have to be ignominiously and immediately set to soak in the wash tub.

What can you do? His trouble seems to come naturally, not wickedly. Even when for some real and heinous crime he is sent prematurely to bed, he lies and moans, "Oh! now my heart is broken." He evidently contemplates the situation not as punishment, but affliction. His busy little brain is all at sixes and sevens about cause and effect, right and wrong, sin and suffering. "Ann," says he, in strolling two hours after the dinner from which he was missing, "Ann, have I had my dinner?"

But Ann is non committal, and says, "How should I know whether you have had your dinner or not?"

"Was I at the table, Ann?"

"No, I did not see you at the table."

"Then of course I have not had any dinner."

Would you vex this acute little reasoner by forbidding him the dinner he forgot to come home to, and cannot even now tell whether he has eaten except by external testimony and abstract argument? We take no note of time but from its loss, and he never loses any. Play is his driving and thriving business School he stoops to, the sturdy old fashioned school of books and study and recess, but the city kindergarten is an abomination in his eyes. "Can't I tell Miss Kindergarten"—this he always calls his teacher, whining most piteously. "Can't I tell Miss Kindegarten you want her to let me to come home when I feel feeble?" and evidently he has at this moment an overmastering attack of feebleness.

The mature male heart is easily imposed upon. "Baby in breeches is a frail bud," says papa. "It is too cold and wild for him to go to school to-day," and Little Breeches rejoices greatly, but in one half hour the frail bud has vanished from sight, nor appears upon the scene again for three, four, five hours, and then blows in, ruddy, disheveled, shouting, strong, and altogether happy, except for being blown in.

The well beloved Prof. Prophet blesses the house with his presence, and Baby in Breeches is warned beforehand that he must not talk at the table. It seems hard to put an interdict on those sweet lips; but, mine own, dear little boy, there is no way but this. Baby promises faithfully, and puts on a 40 horse power pressure of silence. In five minutes—five hours to his waiting and seething soul—he whispers:

"Mamma, can't I speak now?"

"No; sh sh!" says mamma.

"Can't I whisper, mamma?"

"No; sh!"

"Mamma"—in an ever crescendo and startlingly audible whisper, "Can't I just tell you there was a skunk at the school house, to day? Oh! there was, mamma, and he smelt awfully. It is a grievous and sore affliction that baby cannot go to church, and when the tidings burst upon him that he is to remain at home, now does he make the powers that be feel that they are fighting against God, by roaring at the top of his voice, amidst strong crying and tears:

"Oh! I wanted to hear Professor Prophet's sermon!"

But because his elders wished to hear it in peace, and because he would hear it with multitudinous wrigglings and twistings and whisperings, with constant and uncertain downsittings and uprisings, his soul is refused that spiritual food, and he remains ignorably at home. Yet, was a better sermon ever preached than his who called a little child unto him and said, "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven?"—*Gail Hamilton in Christian Union.*

The Capitol.—The dome of the capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is one hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument in Baltimore, sixty eight feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, and twenty three feet higher than the Trinity Church Tower in New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It has a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8 000 000 pounds. How much is that? About 4000 tons, or a weight of about 70 000 full grown persons, or about equal to a thousand loaded coal cars, which, holding four tons each, would reach two miles and a half.

Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14 985 lbs. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars, is 12 447 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter possesses nearly 20 000 pounds more to the square foot, and St Genevieve, at Paris, 66 000 pounds more. It would require, to crush the supporters of our dome, a pressure of 557 270 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1 000 000. The new wings cost $6 500 000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the capitol and enlarging the park, which will cost about $3 200 000.

☞ A youth in Iowa, who has a turn for practical joking, recently tried to impose upon an honest lager beer vender by leading a mule into his saloon, and taking him up to the bar as if for a drink. Mynherr looked steadily at the pair for a few minutes, as if collecting his stray wits, and then broke out as follows: "See here, Vance, I know vat dis is here—your own brudder—but he be one you call a minor. He ish too much young to drink his glass lager; it is not for the law in no place, nor not mit my saloon. He look like you; you may be one family, as you call it; but if you ever bring dat young brudder here again, I will shuse tell your old fadder jackass of you both. Now you must go mit yourself."

A Happy Home.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity every day; while over all, a protecting canopy of glory, and nothing will suffice except the blessings of God.

☞ "It is a standing rule in my church," said one clergyman to another, "for the sexton to wake up any man that he may see asleep." "I think," returned the other, "that it would be much better for the sexton, whenever a man goes to sleep under your preaching, to wake you up."

☞ A gaping Yankee wandering thro' the streets of Paris, came upon the sign, "Bains chaud et froid," which is the French for "Baths — hot and cold." "Wal, I declare, how these mounseers do live—here's *beans chawed and fried*."

☞ A man went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in at the window with considerable difficulty, he found on the table a note from his wife—"I have gone out; you will find the door key on one side the door step."

☞ An auctioneer once advertised a lot of chairs, which, he said, had been "used by school children without backs."

☞ The time for patience is when your hat blows off in the street, and your eyes are too full of dirt to see which way it goes.

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☞ The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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NEW ROUTE TO LAWRENCE.

We have before had occasion to refer to the connecting link between the down east railroads and the B. & L. R. R. at Wilmington. On Monday the first train was run through on the new line. We condense from the *Herald* account. It consisted of two cars, which left the Lowell depot at half past twelve o'clock. The motive power was the splendid engine Eagle, driven by Mr. E. F. Sumner, and the train was in charge of Conductor John P. Royer. The excursion party consisted of about seventy-five gentlemen, including several prominent railroad officials. Among the officers of the Lowell road who were present were President F. B. Crowninshield, General Manager George Stark, Superintendent Wm M. Parker, General Freight Agent J. S. Lincoln, Attorney John H. George, P W Jones, superintendent of parcel department, and Judge Abbott, Dr Edward Spaulding, D S Richardson, Ho um Hosford and W W Bailey of the Board of Directors. The invited guests were President Keyes of the Massachusetts Central road, Theodore Wood of the Nashua and Lowell, John A Goodwin, Esq., Ex Superintendent, John B Winslow, Hon. John K. Tarbox, George S. Merrill Esq., representatives of the press and others. The new road was inspected and admired as the train prssed over it, and the trip was unmarked by any incident except a slight scare when a short distance from Lawrence, A construction train was here met face to face on the single track, the curved nature of the road not allowing the engineer of the excursion train to see the danger till within a dozen cars length of the obstruction. The use of the vacuum air brake was then tested with happy results and danger was averted. A delinquent flagman who had been sent ahead by the construction train, but who had failed to do his duty, was the cause of the irregularity. On the return trip, the train left Lawrence at half past 3 o'clock, and East Cambridge was reached in forty minutes' time. The entire trip would easily have been accomplished in the time set—forty-five minutes—had the train not been delayed by a freight which was behind time. On reaching this city an excellent dinner was served in the lunch room in the new station.

Trains commenced running regularly over the new line on Tuesday. They will leave Boston at 7:45 and 11 A. M, and 1:15 and 5:45 P M, while from Lawrence the hours will be 7:45 and 11 A M, and 2:14 and 5 P M. Most of these trains will run on express time, though one or two will be for the accommodation of the intermediate stations. The fast trains will stop only at Tewksbury Junction and East Cambridge.

R. R. TICKETS.—The B & L R R has made another ticket change which is not relished any more than the season ticket innovation. No more package tickets can be bought. In place of them the road sells a ticket good for ten rides which are punched as the rides are taken. Persons who do not want to buy a two dollar ticket must pay 25 cents for their ride. Heretofore the sale of tickets for 22 cents at the stores have been a great convenience and saving and brought trade to the stores. We do not see how any injury could be wrought the road by this practice, as under it the travel has considerably increased. But a few days notice of the change being given, our traders had very little chance to lay in a stock. Huntington Porter, however, bought $300 worth.

PLUCK —We have received from J. F Ryder, 239 Superior street, Chicago, four lucious fruit chromos that really look good enough to eat. Mr Ryder is well known as the publisher of the companion chromos Pluck and Luck, which every one admires, and which every one ought to possess. We have the pair in our house, and no one examines them without a smile, and a desire to own a set. Let those who really want them step into Horton's and order a pair, or write to Mr Ryder who will forward them safely by mail.

BIG JOB.—William Winn Esq, whose ability to sell wood lots at auction is unexcelled, had a sale last Friday at which he sold 100 lots in 100 minutes for about $1500. Would any one do better? We don't be*leave* they *wood*.

CONCERT — Next Monday evening there will be a concert by home talent in aid of an organ for the Trinity Episcopal Church. The array of talent is good, the programme popular, and we hope to see a full house.

HEAVY STORM.—Last Sunday there was a very heavy storm of wind and rain. In the towns below us, considerable damage was done to trees, chimneys and other exposed objects.

SUMNER.—Hon B T Batcheller has our hearty thanks for an elegant volume containing the Memorial of Charles Sumner, which was printed by order of the Legislature.

W. M. P.—This Friday evening the Phalanx give a complimentary ball to the fine members of the company. A good time is expected.

☞ If correspondents do not choose to sign their names, they need not expect to hear again from their letters.

"FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS."

LEWIS WILLIAM OSGOOD.

Lewis William Osgood, who died last Saturday, was born in Gilmanton, N. H., July 31, 1835. He prepared for college in what is now the town of Tilton, and entered the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1856. After his graduation he read law in Concord, N. H., but the war claiming his attention he threw down his books and took up the sword, raised a company, and became a captain in the 15th N. H. Vols. He served with them and made an honorable name in the Department of the Gulf. Returning from the war, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of law, at Boston. In the fall of 1864, he married at Pittsfield, N. H., Miss A. M. Norris, who with one daughter survives him. Mr. Osgood came to Woburn in 1868, and has resided here ever since. He had just commenced housekeeping, and the arrangements for furnishing his home was the last thing to engage his attention before taking his bed for the last time. Some of his friends were arranging for a celebration of his tenth anniversary, which occurred on the 23d ult., but his sickness destroyed their plans. Mr. Osgood took a lively interest in the Grand Army of the Republic. While in Boston he was elected Commander of Post 7, and after coming to Woburn he was chosen to the command of Post 33. He had several times delivered addresses on Decoration Day, and was always in demand whenever the Boys in Blue were assembled. He was at one time on the staff of the Grand Commander of the State, and last year was mustering officer of this District. He was held in the highest esteem by his comrades, and their grief for his loss is sincere. He was also a member of Mount Horeb Lodge of Freemasons, and his associations with the brethren of the mystic tie, were of the most fraternal nature. As a member of the Alumni of Wesleyan University, he was chosen repeatedly as toastmaster to their annual gatherings, where his genial nature, ready wit and abounding humor made his the most welcome presence at the feast. In his profession he was noted for being a hard working member. It was his ambition to stand well, to make his mark, and so earnest was his endeavor, and so single his purpose, that naught but Death could have caused him to fail. He entered into his cases with all the abandon of a novice, and inspired his clients to that degree, that failure was accepted as inevitable if he did not succeed in gaining their cause. A brilliant career was before him, and to be so stricken was bitterness indeed. He remarked a few minutes before he died, "I am tired waiting. I have suffered ages every second, so intense have been my expectations and so great my disappointment."

His funeral was attended on Wednesday, at the First Congregational church, which was filled with a large concourse of friends. Burbank Post of Woburn, J. P. Gould Post of Stoneham, and Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons, were present in citizen's dress. The Wesleyan University Club were also present, and four clergymen from that body assisted in the services. Rev. H. S. Kelsey, pastor of the church, read selections of Scripture, and Revs. A. Gould, C. S. Rogers, and S. B. Sweetser eulogized the deceased whose classmate and college friend they were. Rev. H. C. Townley, chaplain of Mt. Horeb Lodge also spoke in fitting terms of the departed. Rev. F. J. Wagner offered the prayer. The singing was by Miss Wyman, Mrs. Wheelock, Mr. Robie and Dr. Lang under the direction of Mr. Buck the organist. The casket which was of black cloth with silver mountings, was covered with four large wreaths and a boquet, the tributes from friends. The remains were taken to the Cemetery, and buried in a lot on Mt. Vernon Avenue. The members of the G. A. R. followed the carriages to the grave. Our town has lost an honored citizen, the legal profession a promising light, the Grand Army a sympathetic comrade, the Masonic fraternity a worthy brother, his Alma Mater a cherished son, his friends a true and noble heart, society a genial man, and all unite in tendering their sympathies to his stricken family whose loss is greatest of all.

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT.

We were shocked last Friday to learn that our friend and schoolmate John R. Dennett was no more. We last met him at Worcester in the fall of '73, when we spent the day together noting the proceedings of the Republican State Convention. For the last ten years he has been connected with the New York *Nation*, and journalism loses in him one of its brightest lights. He came to Woburn at an early age from the British Provinces, but growing up and attending school and spending his early years here we claim him as a Woburn boy. He early developed rare literary ability, and devoured with a remarkable greed every book he could get into his possession. In college he distinguished himself as a writer of themes, and it is said nearly paid his expenses by the assistance he gave to less able and less industrious fellows. He graduated in 1862, and went south, and for a time managed a sea island cotton plantation. At the close of the war he was sent through the South by the *Nation* on a tour of observation, and his letters written at the time, were the best of the kind ever published. He received a permanent engagement on the paper, and in the literary department filled an enviable position. It was a fancy of his never to allow his name to be used in connection with his writing, and he declined some very flattering pecuniary offers, the use of his name being one of the conditions. From 1870 to 1872, in addition to his journalistic duties, he filled the position of Assistant Professor of Rhetoric to Professor Child of Harvard, which he resigned in consequence of ill health. For some years past he had suffered from consumption, and his death at Westboro, last Thursday, terminated a life whose labors were the more creditable from having been performed under the pressure of prolonged ill health. He was a man of large information, and his discussion of political and social subjects showed the breadth and vigor of his mind. But it was in literary criticism that his distinction was most apparent, his excellent judgment and acute power of analysis enabling him to do superior work in this department. Mr. Dennett was a man of such careful and thorough intellectual training that his treatment of any subject was guarantee of his mastery of it, and he furnished an example rare in this country of assiduous devotion to the highest culture. His loss to sound literature is great, for there are few men capable of guiding opinion with such a firm yet delicate hand on the topics that are of such interest and importance to cultivated Americans.

GEORGE M. FOWLE.

This gentleman, whose sons John A and George W, founded the Woburn *Journal*, died at the residence of his son Samuel A. Fowle, in Arlington, last Thursday. He went out to gather autumn leaves early in the week, caught cold and did not recover. In the early days of this paper, when we were being inducted into the mysteries of type setting, Mr. Fowle became the editor of this paper as successor to his son John A. He also contributed a series of papers supposed to emanate from an "Old Hermit," whose views of life were all the more valuable because of their author's seclusion from the busy scenes of every day. Latterly we have lost sight of our venerable friend until last year he visited our office and left as a memento, the original subscription list of the paper We were not aware of his presence in this vicinity until we saw the announcement of his death. Our acquaintance with him was limited, but we remember him as a genial old gentleman, fond of his memories of the past, unobtrusive, generous and kind. His death makes the number six of the editors of this paper who have died during the 23 years of its existence.

DANIEL CHAMBERLAIN

who died last Saturday, went to Alabama prior to the war, for his health, he being afflicted with phthisic. After that State seceded he was conscripted into the rebel army, but succeeded in deserting, and after innumerable hardships, gained the Union lines and returned to Woburn where his family resided. He subsequently recovered from his illness. A week ago he was taken with chills and died as above. He is the fifth member of the family who has died within two years.

SILVER WEDDING. — There was a large gathering at the house of George W. Kimball, last Monday evening to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. Kimball and wife. The presents were both numerous and costly. A poem suitable to the occasion was read by a young lady from Lowell, and Hon. J. G. Pollard read a poetical letter from a brother of Mr. Kimball, now living in Washington. Rev. Mr. Kelsey in the name of the doners, presented the gifts to the happy pair. The wedding closed at a late hour with songs by the company. We append the Washington letter:—

I received to-day through Uncle Sam's Mail,
A card which seems to tell its own tale,
But lest I mistook its import at first sight,
I will quote every word of the card as I write.
The card is quite brief, but for this all the better
As I am compelled to respond by a letter.
The card thus begins, as one might suppose,
"Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kimball propose,"
Well what of that? he proposed once before,
And she answered "Yes," after thinking it o'er,
"To celebrate" (in a silvery way?)
"The twenty-fifth anniversary" (day?)
"Of their marriage" (State?) since which all their life,
They have jogged on together as man and wife,
"On Monday evening," (they are wise without doubt
To commence the week's work as they mean to hold out),
"November thirty, eighteen seventy-four,"
They ought to be thankful its not any more.
If they husband their strength they are not yet too old,
To celebrate twenty-five years hence in gold,
"You are invited" (to come? to come and be present?)
I wish I could do so, I know t'would be pleasant,
To see the gay couple, and dance with Mariah.
The thought of such pleasure my old limbs inspire,
For if there's a time as Solomon said,
To dance, its the day on which one was wed.
One wed did I say? two wedded in one,
In such bonds of love as are never undone,
So that each anniversary from "Tin" to "Gold,"
Is a type of true love which never grows old.
But brightens and strengthens, day by day,
As age creeps on, and life wears away.
"At their residence," these are words which alone
Assure me they have a "sweet home" of their own.
Well to do in worldly matters or not,
I perceive they command a "corner" lot,
With a fine new house, well furnished and neat,
High up where "Fowle and East street" meet,
And "Woburn" the Town, "Massachusetts" the State,
Where the marriage took place they now celebrate.
A nice old Town, and a pretty good State,
But I learn it has gone Democratic of late,
And voted, at least for two years to come,
To drop Gen. Butler, and try free rum.
It is thus, my dear friends, I have passed in review,
The anniversary card received from you,
And trust that the comments I've seen fit to make,
In the kindliest spirit you'll not fail to take.
I knew very well that on such a glad day
A little fine Silver is not out of the way,
But acknowledging the truth as did Peter of old,
Of silver I've none, much less have I gold,
For indeed Uncle Sam whose Servant I be,
Keeps it all locked tight, giving Spinner the key.
Had I wings like a Dove, or the young Eagle's flight,
I would use them, and be with you next Monday night,
But distance and time, above all Uncle Sam,
Say no, and force me to stay where I am,
The only remaining thing I could well do,
Was hastily to write a short letter to you,
And ask all the agents in charge of the mail,
To see it delivered Monday night without fail,
And now before closing, as the Parson would say,
Let me add a few words in a familiar way,
Not by way of improvement, for who could do better
Than you both have done? but to close up my letter,
I congratulate you, on the life you have spent,
On your conjugal bliss, and your home of content,
On the children you've reared, with great pains and care,
Your joys to swell, and your troubles to share,
On the friends you have made, since your bridal day,
On the sunshine, that's beamed on your path all the way,
Still in harmony live, try and make no mistakes,
You are now on down grade, keep your feet on the brakes,
For such is the wish of your brother and friend,
Much joy Monday night, and sunshine to the end.

G. A. R.—Burbank Post was inspected by the District officers last Thursday evening. Resolutions of respect to Comrade Osgood were passed, and they will be found elsewhere. The comrades who are to serve in the Fair company are expected by Capt. Parker to assemble at headquarters this Saturday evening.

VERNON PLACE.—A gang of men are at work on the water pipe trenches on this street, and before long those living there will have the Horn Pond water in their houses. Work on the extension of the street to Green street is also going forward rapidly.

ASSEMBLIES.—Mine host of the Central House will give a course of assemblies at his hall, commencing next Tuesday. The tickets are put at 75 cents, and Mr. Hammond will see to it that everything is conducted in a satisfactory manner.

SIDEWALK. — Pedestrians who are obliged to travel over Prospect street from Railroad to Green street, would rejoice if a sidewalk was provided, so that they would not be obliged to walk in the mud that distance.

☞ A stranger came to the police station on Thursday evening for lodgings, having sprained his ankle severely in walking. He was cared for and in the morning furnished with a ticket for Boston. He gave the name of John Coburn.

AT LARGE.—Mrs. Cutter's house has been going at large this week, and finally settled down on Mt. Pleasant street, on land of John Soley, the skillful conductor of travelling houses.

RONCO.—A visit to Ronco's will show that he is now more fixed up than ever, having papered and painted and thoroughly re-fitted his shop in a tasty manner.

POLICE COURT.—For the week ending Dec 5, Michael McHugh single drunk, fined $5 and costs; Andrew McHugh, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor, fined $10 and costs, sentenced to House of Correction for 20 days, and 20 more if the fine is not paid, and recognized in the sum of $100, from all of which he appealed. Mary J Gibbens and Ann O'Brien for mutually assaulting each other, were each other, were each fined $1 and costs. Henry Ferrin single drunk, fined $3 and costs, appealed. William Kenney, single drunk, fined $3 and costs.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY. — The anniversary of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal church commenced in Boston, Friday evening and will continue Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The anniversary proper will be in the evening of Monday at 7 o'clock, at Tremont Temple. Addresses to be delivered by Bishop Harris, Rev Drs. Reid and Dashiell, and distinguished Laymen.

CHANGE. — Be sure and read the change in to-day's time table. The third morning train goes one minute earlier, the evening trains at 6 30, and 8 25, and on Wednesdays at 10.25. We are informed by Mr. Wood that hereafter he will leave the northern door to the train room open, so that passengers to the Wednesday night train will not have to stand out of doors in the cold.

THE FAIR.—Work is going steadily forward on the approaching Fair of the Grand Army. The committees meet on Saturday evenings to perfect the plans. A full set of U. S. copper coins has been donated to the Fair, and our numismatic friends will be interested to secure so valuable a prize. A pair of spectacles worn at Bunker Hill have been loaned to the Museum.

FOOT RACE.—On Monday there was a three-mile race at Mystic Park for $50 a side, betweeen John Powers of Brighton and James Horner of Woburn, the latter to have fifty yards start. Before they had reached the half-mile pole on the first mile, Powers had recovered his fifty yards, and he won the race easily by 150 yards in 18 minutes, 20 seconds.

ELECTION.—At the annual meeting of Mount Horeb Lodge of Masons on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected:—

W. M.—A. V. Haynes,
S. W.—Charles H. Buss,
J. W.—C. A. Jones,
Treas.—F. B. Dodge,
Sec.—Sparrow Horton.

SELECTMEN.— Regular meeting on Thursday evening all present but Cummings. Hart in the chair. Charles Porter was appointed police officer for East Woburn, in place of George K Foster, resigned. No other business was transacted except the approval of the monthly bills.

FALL.—While alighting from the horse car near Bedford street, last Wednesday Mrs. John S. Wheeler was seized with dizziness, and fell, spraining her ancle and otherwise bruising her.

HAT STORE —G. W. Merrill Jr., has opened a new hat store in Soles's building No. 140 Main street. He has a good assortment of hats, caps and furs. Look in on him before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ There is an unusual amount of sickness in town, mostly resulting from colds and exposure. People cannot be too cautious in a season like the present.

North Woburn.

SUPPER —The hose company here will have a supper this Friday evening at their hall. The North Woburn Band will furnish music.

☞ Under the superintendence of "Len" Harris, the old elms in front of the Thompson Place on Elm street are being cut down.

CHANGE.—With an eye to the reduction of expenses, some of the trips of the horse cars have been discontinued. The 7:10, 10 A M, and the 4:30 and 8:45 P M, cars have been taken off and the 6:15 P M car changed to 6:30. The change took place Dec 1.

CHAPEL.—We mentioned last week that the chapel of the Liberal Christian Association was finished, and this week we will give a description of the building. It is 30 x 50, and cost between three and four thousand dollars. A gallery runs across the south end and the seating capacity of both audience room and gallery is about 300. Immediately behind the pulpit is the choir gallery. The walls and ceiling are white, and will probably remain so until some future time when it is intended to fresco them. In the basement is a good sized dining room, and connected with it is a kitchen which is furnished with all the necessary articles which would be used in case of a fair There are good accommodations as to closets, coal and wood rooms etc, and Horn Pond water will be introduced soon. The Sunday School, numbering about 70 scholars, is held now in the basement, the room above not having been carpeted and the furniture not all in yet. The school is under the superintendence of Mr. A R Linscott, master of the Centre Grammar School. The committee hope to have the dedicatory services held before the first of January, and after that they will have occasional preaching by ministers from other places The carpenter work was superintended by Mr Hiram Fiske. The Association are to be congratulated on their new quarters, the building having the conveniences of many which are far more costly.

A YOUNG RASCAL.—Last Wednesday a young man named Daniel Downey, 16 years old, living with his parents in a small house near the Chemical works, followed a girl of fifteen through the woods from North Woburn and committed an indecent assault upon her. The girl fought the young brute bravely, and finally succeeded in getting away from him, and alarming her father, who at once procured a warrant and sent officers in search of the boy. He succeeded in eluding them, but Thursday morning about four o'clock, Chief Mann and Officer Doyle went to Downey's house, and entering found his father and mother in bed on the first floor. They professed to know nothing of the boy, and at their request Officer Doyle read the warrant. Doyle then took a lamp, and started to go up stairs when Mrs. Downey sprang upon him, but was prevented from doing harm by the Chief. Doyle went up the stairs, when he saw at the top of the flight young Downey with a gun clubbed, with which he struck at the officer, breaking the lamp, and before he could retreat, struck him twice more. The broken lamp set fire to the officer's clothes, and while extinguishing the flames, they heard the boy pour a charge of shot into the gun, which warned them there was no time to lose. They accordingly rushed up stairs again, seized him and the gun, and after a short struggle, ironed him, and took him down town to the lockup. The gun is an old fashioned smooth bore musket, and has three fingers of powder in the barrel. Had he got the shot in, he would have murdered the first man who had attempted to pass the stairs. He will be brought before Judge Converse for examination this Friday afternoon, when he will probably be held on the charges of indecent and murderous assaults.

West Woburn.

☞ The old "Washington 3" sign has been removed from the hose house and replaced by a new gilt one bearing the name of the present company, "John Cummings 3."

PERSONAL.—We are pleased to learn that Foreman Ellard of the hose company is recovering, having had a narrow escape from typhoid fever. He was at last accounts getting along finely.

SUPPER.—The hose company in this part of the town is like all the rest, bound to celebrate the changing of the jumper for the new hose carriage, in good shape, and on Saturday evening last a supper was gotten up by the ladies, to which were invited a great number of their friends. About one hundred were present, and a general good time enjoyed by all. Assistant Foreman Wm. H. Cummings presided in place of Foreman J. W. Ellard, who was detained at home by sickness. Speech-making was in order after disposing of the edibles, and was indulged in by several. Their namesake, John Cummings Esq, was expected to be present, but was unable to come.

SOCIAL.—The people in this part of the town are determined to see if they cannot have something going on this winter, and in consequence have appointed a committee of ladies and gentlemen to take charge of and provide for suitable entertainments, which are to take place once a fortnight, the hall of the engine house being used on such occasions They opened the series on Monday evening with a lecture by Rev W S Barnes, whose subject was "Put yourself in his place." The hall was well filled, and the lecture listened to with great interest. The proceeds were for the charity fund of the G A R, and amounted to about $12. Other lectures from some of our townsmen are expected to take place during the winter.

East Woburn.

SIGN.—A new gilt sign inscribed—"Charles Porter Hose Co, No. 4," takes the place of the old "Niagara 4" on the hose house.

SCHOOLS.—The school house is receiving the finishing touches this week, and we are informed that next week it will be occupied by the schools.

DANCE.—The members of Charles Porter Hose Co, celebrated the arrival of their new hose carriage by a dance at their hall on Friday evening of last week A good number were present, Bond's Band of Boston, furnished the music and everybody had a good time.

☞ This part of the town has been exceedingly fortunate about fires for the past year. Should one occur now, the new hose company will be on hand in good time, and under the direction of Engineer Porter, who is a thorough fireman, will be taken care of in good shape.

New Publications.

RUNNING TO WASTE. The story of a Tomboy. By George M. Baker. Illustrated. Boston; Lee & Shepard. pp. 245. Price $1.50.

The author of this story is well known to all amateur dramatic clubs as the author of parlor plays, and light burlesques, also as a poet of some excellence. He now ventures into a new field, and if we may judge by his first essay will be equally at home as in his former productions. The heroine is Becky Sleeper, one of those girls whose abundance of animal spirits lead her to attempt the tricks and relish the sports generally left to their brothers, and whom their more prudish sisters have given the name of Tomboy. Becky climbs trees, robs orchards, jumps from windows, swims, rides and plays ball. But she is kindhearted and tender, and developes at last with the help of Aunt Hulda into a useful woman, and marries Harry Thompson, the friend of her tomboyhood, and all is well. The story is well told, perhaps a little more dramatic than such stories usually are, but the reading of it will give pleasure, and we join with others in the wish that Mr. Baker will try it again, and not let his story telling talent run to waste.

For the Woburn Journal.

WANT OF COURTESY.

MR. EDITOR.—I know of no better way of communicating my ideas than through the columns of your valuable paper, so with your permission I will proceed. Being in your town on Thanksgiving day, and learning there was to be a Union service of the several churches, I wended my way to the place of worship, intending to listen to the discourse about to be given for the edification of the good people of Woburn. I found the place without difficulty, and entered with the crowd, and having reached the landing at the top of the stairs, took a position and waited an invitation to enter from the ushers—as I saw there were such, self-constituted or otherwise—but I waited in vain. Those who came in with me were at once politely invited to seats. I concluded they were people of the town and mutually acquainted. Others came, and accepting invitations proffered, passed into the temple. I still waited patiently, thinking "bye and bye" my turn will come. The ushers, or at least those acting the part of ushers, passed and repassed me, and even descended the stairs to extend their invitations to those in waiting below. I reached the place some minutes before eleven o'clock, the hour at which I had been informed the services would commence, and remained till six minutes past the hour, and until very nearly all had passed in, when, being left almost alone, I concluded I would take my leave. I accordingly did so, and went from whence I came.

Now I have not the least doubt this was all unintentional on their part, and I may have acted hastily. I might have passed in and taken a seat, as it was the Lord's house, and a place of public worship; but this I chose not to do. Now I do not wish to be understood as claiming any other than the same courtesies which should be freely accorded to the most humble individual; but I do claim that a stranger going to a place of public worship, should receive ordinary courtesy, nothing more, nothing less. A stranger will naturally judge of the character of the citizens of any locality by the exhibition or otherwise of courtesy on the part of those who come together in a public gathering. If this is the rule in Woburn, it is, perhaps, none of my business, as I was nothing but a stranger, and possibly I ought not to say one word in the spirit of criticism; but thinking *some* at least of the good people of Woburn may think something as does your humble correspondent, I am induced to place this in your hands for acceptance and publication, or rejection and the waste basket. If published, and it shall have the effect of awakening one thought upon the subject, and of bringing about in the least any reform in this matter, not only in Woburn, but in almost every town, I shall feel I am amply repaid for the labor of these few minutes I have devoted to the writing of this article.

STRANGER.

[For the Woburn Journal.]

THE BULL-DOG GRIP.

Life is a constant struggle. The innocent pleasures of childhood are clouded by vexations and disappointments, and as the mind and body mature, more important cares accumulate and perplex us. In this constant battle no characteristic is more useful than the bulldog grip.

"Ef Bull once takes a holt, heaven and yarth can't make him let go," says Bud, in the "Hoosier Schoolmaster." This holding like grim death to every apparent advantage is the secret of conquest, the element of success. It conquered secession, a steady purpose always holding and growing with the years into a stern, invulnerable determination. Avarice uses it for an unworthy purpose, for gaining wealth should be a means not an end in life. It gave us our railroads and telegraphs, and nearly all great enterprises need it to survive the years of failure through which they rise. This may be stoical philosophy, but it is the philosophy of success, and the knowledge that we have the power gives courage for trial, and the resolve to use it as not abusing it will injure no one. It enables affection to be guided by reason rather than impulse; it builds the thousands of poor mens' homes in our land, for though time seems to give small gain yet the one purpose never given up finally results in success.

The Queen of the Drama, Charlotte Cushman, has declared as the secret of her success in public life, earnestness in the work she had undertaken. But all earnestness will not result in success, yet all success must have earnest efforts to accomplish the desired end. There are many men with brave, strong souls that battle with adverse circumstances month after month and year after year and make no advance toward the fulfilment of their purpose. We term them unlucky, yet the honestness and earnestness of their efforts is undoubted. Something more is needed to bring to a triumphal consummation, either great natural fitness for the work in hand, or a clear and comprehensive insight into the motives of human action, and ability to profit by all sudden or favorable chances. Comparatively few possess these attributes in any considerable degree, and few reach a high standard of excellence in the public judgment. We want, then, as the elements of success, earnestness united with that determination which never turns away for side issues, that holds like the grip of the bulldog, that "heaven and yarth" cannot break, through storm and disaster, never distracted by other struggles, or weaned from its purpose by golden promises of future victory made lovely and attractive by the distance which lends enchantment. N.

RE-UNION OF THE 39th.

The annual re-union of the old Thirty-ninth Regiment Association, which was held at Medford Thursday, was the most successful gathering of the members which has taken place since the regiment was mustered out of service. There were present at the re-union Lieut. Col. John Hutchins, Major W. W. Graham, Lieut.-Col. Giles H. Rich of the 3d U. S. Colored Troops, Captains E. H. Brigham, C. N. Hunt, E J Trull, Edward Speare, Joseph J. Cooper, Lieuts. Julius N. Swaine, Charles K. Conn, Melvin Parkhurst, W. H. Brown, Isaac F. R. Hosea, G. P. Ricker, L. R. Tidd, Edwin R. Mills, Henry Seavens, and G. L. Hill. Among the Captains were six who went out, served three years, were mustered out and came home with the regiment.

The annual meeting was held at 12 o'clock in Tuft's Hall, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Capt. John Hutchins, Co. C.; Vice President, Lieut. Charles K. Conn, Co. K; Secretary, Lieut. Chas. H Porter, Co. A; Treasurer, Quartermaster Sergt. H. P. Laighton; Executive Committee, Capt W. W. Graham, Co. B, A. P. Barrett, Co. K., Sergt. James H. Morrison, Co. H; Orator, James A. Hervey. The Association voted to send to the widows of Col. Davis and Lieut. Col. Tremlett a bouquet in remembrance of their late Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel; and also to hold their next re-union at Woburn. At half past 1, at the call of the bugle, the members fell into line, and headed by the Medford Brass Band, marched to the Town Hall, and sat down to an elegant banquet. The hall was tastefully trimmed with bunting. On the stage was arranged a miniature camp, and over the clock hung the army badge of the 5th Corps. After ample justice had been done to the bountiful supply of edibles, the President in a few remarks introduced Lieut. Edward Mills, as orator of the day. Lieut. Mills gave an interesting account of the regiment from the time it left Boston until its return, and his allusions to many of the incidents of camp life provoked no little merriment. Short speeches were made by Lieut. F. R. Hosea, Capts. Edward A. Speare and E. J. Trull, Col. W. W. Graham, Lieut. Col. Rich and others.

The next re-union will be in Woburn, when Co. K. will endeavor to excel the hospitality so generously extended by Co. C.

Winchester.

G. A. R—A. D. Weld Post was inspected last Wednesday evening by the District officers.

RE-BUILT.—The "White house" near Moseley's tannery, which was nearly destroyed by fire some time ago, is being rebuilt.

☞ A new ammunition wagon has just been received to go with the Chemical. It is attached to the machine in the same way that a jumper is to a hand engine.

LECTURE.—Matthew Hale Smith delivered his lecture on "Humorous Sayings" before a good audience in Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening. The next in the course will be by Rev. A. B. Dascomb.

FIXED UP.—Lyceum Hall is in the hands of the carpenter and frescoer, and when the new floor is laid, and the walls newly frescoed, will be very much improved in appearance.

THOSE GAMBLERS.—The police have failed in bringing the men caught gambling on Sunday evening to trial as yet. Judge Converse went down the first of the week to hold court, but the men did not make their appearance.

ANNIVERSARY. — The Sunday School connected with the Unitarian church will observe their anniversary to-morrow (Sunday) evening at 6 1-2 o'clock. R. C. Metcalf of Medford is expected to speak, and the other exercises will be of an interesting character.

HIGHWAYS.—Bacon street which has been under repair and alteration for the past six months is not yet completed although open to public travel. It is not in a safe condition, and the town may become liable for heavy damages for accidents which are likely to occur. There has been an unnecessary delay in completing the street, which might have been done before cold weather.

ACCIDENTS. — On Tuesday Mr. Joel Hanson, the florest, living on the west side of the town, fell from his market wagon and broke his arm.

Same day as above, Mr. John S. Richardson, while coming from Reading, was thrown from his team by his horse starting suddenly, and he was severely bruised. Considering his weight it was a very narrow escape from more serious injury.

H. & L.—The new Hook and Ladder truck recently added to the department, has been named "J. W. Huse," and the meeting room of the company has been furnished by that gentleman with furniture that corresponds with the rooms of the other companies in the building. They are well organized, and no doubt when necessity requires they will be on hand promptly. They are officered as follows: Foreman, A. W. Bullock; Assistant, James Tuttle; Clerk, F. A. Patterson; Driver and Steward, Charles Webster. In Capt. Bullock the company have a man who has seen considerable fire service, having served fourteen years in the Boston Fire Department, under Chief Barnicoat. The company have just received new badges, which are oblong, having crossed ladders on them and a fire hat on the top.

THANKSGIVING.—Thanksgiving was a quiet day here, nothing transpiring to mar the pleasures of the day. In the morning the hydrants in the center were tested by the Chief Engineer, and found to be in good condition. In the evening, Waldmyer Hose company held a dance in the Hall, and about 90 couples were present. Everybody had a good time, of course, as Humphrey prompted for the Metropolitan Band. Delegations were present from all the adjoining towns. The Chemical engine was also out for practice in the morning.

Rev. H. F. Barnes of the Baptist church preached the Thanksgiving discourse before the Orthodox, Baptist, and Methodist Societies in his church. The sermon was adapted to the occasion and was an able and eloquent production. There was quite a large attendance.

Rev. Mr. Metcalf of the Unitarian church preached a Thanksgiving discourse last Sunday morning.

Wilmington.

MR. EDITOR:—Thanksgiving in the country under the old regime is the grand harvest feast for children of all ages, with its fowl and tropical spiced and flavored auxiliaries, attendant upon family gatherings, social festivities, balls, etc., all of which have just past, and naught but the lingering antitype of thought and turkey bones are left, like the pillar of salt, to bespeak the earnest of the occasion or the condition of the brain for at least a fortnight to come, which is now as dry as a squeezed lemon; therefore dull, stupid, uninteresting. Yet this old institution we take to kindly, as it has been handed down to us as an heirloom of paternal social comfort and enjoyment, with its annual festive gatherings around the old hearthstones of all the living kindred generations of the age, made such since Noah let the electoral turkey cock and mate out of the ark.

Many an old, beloved family mansion within our town, resounded with the cheery voices of children, grand children, and even great grand children, to make parents, and grand parents, and by direct lineal entailment, great grand parents glad as they viewed the multiplicity of young scions who were to them the most wonderful emblems of human nature, "patriarchs at ten, matrons at twelve" in the superlative sense that ever partook of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner at the "old homestead."

However singular it may appear, "we marry and are given in marriage," and to verify this fact have the pleasure to announce that a brilliant wedding came off Thanksgiving day morning at 10 o'clock, at the residence of one of our most worthy citizens, Richard Carter, Esq., which could not well be otherwise, being under the immediate supervision of his only daughter, aunt of the bride, which occasion carried the somewhat aged guests to early conquests and childhood in love's chariot to ramble with enlivened imaginations through the picturesque visions of the past, as the renewal or opening up anew of life to them, as they first discovered in their young fancyings, the dawn of brilliant hope, the beauties of the anticipated future, which in after years they have combatted its experience, and can now judge of its fickle reality.

The contracting parties were Mr. Geo. Mulliken, a young man held in high respect with a bright future before him, and Miss M. Emma Carter, one of old Wilmington's proudest daughters, who in her elegant attire, was the very queen of loveliness, the gem of beauty. The happy couple left in the evening train for the White Mountains to spend a portion of the honeymoon, with many kind wishes attending them for a pleasant trip, and a happy sojourn through life.

PAUSARIAS.

BOWDOINHAM.—A correspondent of the Lewiston Me. *Journal* has been to see Fred Adams, a well known horse man who formerly trotted around Billerica, and whose cheery voice was not infrequently heard in the streets of Woburn. From the letter we make a brief extract:—

Last February F. A. F. Adams, Dan Mace's old partner, sold his stock farm in Massachusetts and purchased the Robert Purinton farm, about a mile from Bowdoinham village. Adams is as thorough a horse man as ever walked on two legs. He eats, sleeps and talks horse; and what he doesn't know about the noble animal, probably you nor I couldn't tell him. All horse fanciers know Adams for a good hearty citizen, who smokes generously, but drinks no rum. Every horse owner is glad to trust to Adams the care of his choicest stock, for he knows there won't be any blunders committed while this veteran disciple has his hands at the reins. Consequently it was with a good deal of satisfaction that many owners of fine horses in Maine and Massachusetts learned that Adams had purchased one of the best hay farms in Sagadahoc county, with a fine mansion, and a dining room large enough to set, now and then, an extra table! That Fred Adams is a true friend of the turf you will notice if you attempt to buy that old sulky in yonder carriage house. "Fred, what'll yer take for that old affair?" says a gentleman. "There isn't money enough in the State to buy that sulky," says Fred, and he explains that 'tis the old sulky in which Ethan Allen won his laurels. "There is heaps o' sentiment around you, ain't there, Fred?" says a jockey. Adam was the first man, but Adams is the seconds man. Mr. Adams has put the place in thorough repair, enlarged the barns, and made some of the best and most convenient, and well ventilated box stalls that we have ever seen. We are shown over the stable where celebrated horses and mares are kept, over the fields in which are pasturing mares and fillies from all parts of the country. Mr Adams does a large business in keeping for other parties, mares with foal by the King of the Horses on this Farm, Dreadnaught. Mr. Adams is just building a good half-mile race course for the exercise of his horses, and proposes hereafter to have an annual farm festival thereupon in connection with the good farmers of Bowdoinham. There are now sixty horses and mares upon the place. The stock consumes about one hundred tons of hay per year.

AGIN REDEMPTION.—The new currency party just organized at Indianapolis proposes to go it on the general idea of an old Georgian of whom General Robert Toombs told the President last spring. During the hard times of 1837, when money was scarce and the State Bank was at its wit's end, this astute financier of the rural districts, came to Millidgeville, and sought his representative in the legislature. "Mr. Toombs," says he, "we must have more money." "Well," says Toombs, in his brusque way, "how are you going to get it?" "Out of the State Bank," says the financier. "But," says Toombs, struck by the earnestness of his constituent, "how is the State Bank going to get it?" "Stamp it," says the financier. "Stamp it!" roared Toombs, "and how is it going to redeem the money it stamps?" A glow suffused the face of the financier. "Why, Mr. Toombs," says he, "that's just what I'm a-comin' to. You see, Mr. Toombs, I'm agin redemption!"

☞ The citizens of Nashua N H, are much excited over the disclosures of the state of affairs at Mt Pleasant school house, and the report made by the board of health after a thorough examination, shows that the complaints have been well founded. It appears that so much sickness has prevailed at this building that the attendance has been reduced one-half, though the health of the students atteuding at the high school building has been exceptionrlly good. All of the pupils and teachers at the Mt Pleasant school house have suffered in health more or less, and several of the pupils have died, the unusual prevalence of disease being in the opinion of the board of health, directly traceable to the neglected condition of the earth closets. The janitor is a member of the school board, which has exempted him from criticism from that body, and it seems that the suggestions made him by the principal were received in anything but a kindly spirit. The mayor of the city has taken charge of the investigation, and a thorough reform is promised.

HARD MONEY.— The Congressional Delilahs, who would fain wheedle the White House Samson into yielding himself into the hands of the financial Philistines have again failed. The President proposes to fight it out on the line of hard money, and leave the results to be settled by Congress. Grant does emphatically "stick" to an idea well, and it is fortunate for the country and creditable to himself that in this case the idea is a good one.—*Globe.*

☞ At the late fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association 42 gold medals, 209 silver medals, 231 bronze medals, and 450 diplomas were awarded. The expenses of the exhibition were about $50,000 and the receipts about $70,000.

☞ The New Orleans *Times*, speaking of a man who has lately died, says he has "passed to his sempiternal heritage." This is a very good phrase, but after all, it leaves a torturing doubt as to the man's destination.

☞ The *Herald* cautions the people to see that the men they vote for on election day are sound on the water question. That's what the Alliance did in November, but the Legislature is not sound on that fluid.

☞ The Springfield *Republican* says the Boston *Journal* has many excellent qualities as a newspaper, although for wrapping up a large bundle like a pair of overshoes, it still prefers the *Advertiser*.

☞ The crusade is bearing fruit in Ohio. A society of well meaning old fellows, agree "not to drink whiskey immoderately."

WATER.—Boston is troubled over the water question. When plenty of rain falls, Lakes Cochituate and Mystic are supposed to be adequate for all demands, but in seasons of drought there is likely to be a deficiency. A proposal has been made to tap the Charles River, but objected to for the reason that it is made the sewer for about all the filth it can carry to the sea from forty or fifty small cities and villages. We feel rather sorry for Boston. They have a prohibitory law there, we believe, and any law-abiding citizen must drink water or nothing at all. If we could only send them a few square miles of Lake Michigan we would do it. We had "just as leave" they they would have it as not; but if people will build cities in such outlandish places as Boston, they must take the consequences.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

☞ The wife of an American dentist sports the most gorgeous diamonds in Paris. Little did we think, (says the Milwaukee *Sentinel*) while squirming around in that dentist's chair, and sucking in laughing gas and howling, that it was to enable this woman to dazzle European society.

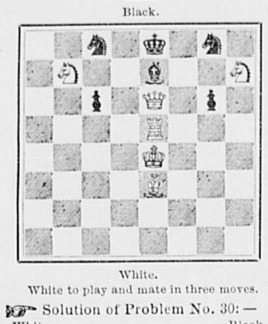
☞ The poems on "autumn" are all in. Now for a shy at winter.

☞ Your life can be saved by using *Hunt's Remedy*. It cures dropsy and all diseases of the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs. Hundreds that have been given up by their physicians to die have been saved by this great Remedy and are now with us as living witnesses of the value of this medicine.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 31.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

☞ Solution of Problem No. 30:—

White	Black
Kt to Kts4	B to B6
Q x B	B to Kts5
Q to Q3 (mate)	
Kt to Kts4	B to B5
Q to QKt3	B to K6
Q x B (mate)	
Kt to Kts4	B to Kt7
Q to QKt3	B to K5
Q to QB4 (mate)	

Yours truly,
H. F. SMITH

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, for the election of Directors and the transaction of any business which may legally come before it, will be holden at their Banking House, on Tuesday the 12th of January, 1875, at 7 P. M.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

A CARD.

The undersigned is not unmindful of the services rendered him on the night of Nov. 19, and would express his thanks to the firemen and citizens who worked so untiringly in his behalf.

H. C. TROWAN.

Woburn, Dec. 3, 1874. 216

Married.

In Pelham, N. H., Nov. 21st, by Rev. Aug. Berry, Col. Enoch Marsh and Mrs. Mary Wilson, both of Winchester.

In Cambridge, Nov. 25, by Rev. Alex McKenzie, Geo. H. Lawrence of Arlington, and Ella M. Whipple of Cambridge.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Lexington, Nov. 27, Warren E. Russell, aged 60 years.

In Woburn, Nov. 28th, Lewis W. Osgood, Esq., aged 39 years, 3 months, 27 days.

In Woburn, Nov. 28, Daniel Chamberlain, aged 48 years, 29 days.

In New York, Nov. 29, Frank H. Collins, formerly of Winchester, aged 18 years.

In Arlington, Nov. 26th, George M. Fowle, aged 79 years.

In Westborough, on Thursday, Nov. 26th, at the house of his friend (Rev. H. W. Fay), Professor John Richard Dennett, late of Harvard College.

HEADQUARTERS BURBANK ENC., POST 33, G.A.R., Woburn, December 3d, 1874.

At a regular Encampment of this Post, convened this evening, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father, in the mysterious dispensation of His Divine Providence has seen best to take from our midst, our beloved comrade, LEWIS W. OSGOOD,

Resolved, That in his death we sincerely mourn the loss of an upright citizen, a true friend and judicious counsellor, whose memory, as time rolls on, will be more and more precious to us, and whose example in his fidelity to honor, truth and a rigid discharge of life's duties, is one worthy of emulation by us all.

Resolved, That it is as a comrade and brother, whose heart ever beat with generous impulses, and whose voice and hand were ever ready to further the cause to which he was so unselfishly devoted, his loss is the most severely deplored by his old comrades to whom he was so closely and fraternally bound by mutual ties of love and affection.

Resolved, That we, his former comrades, extend to his bereaved wife and sorrowing friends, our heartfelt sympathy, such as soldiers alone can feel in this hour of their deep affection.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the Woburn papers.

THE PRICE TELLS
AND
EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE
WHOLESALE STOCK OF
MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT RETAIL
MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.
$12 to $24.
Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.
ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.
12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
of ever description and all widths can be found at FOWLE'S SHOE STORE, opposite the Common. Fine hand made Boots and Shoes a specialty. All kinds of Fancy Slippers for the holidays. No trouble to show goods. Come in and look if you don't buy. Repairing done at short notice.
FOWLE'S SHOE STORE.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION
And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.*
Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the
LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.
It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.
—ALSO—
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.
They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.
CONSUMPTIVES
should use all three of the above medicines.
Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.
DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Grand Concert!
LYCEUM HALL, WOBURN,
Monday Ev'g, Dec. 7,
AT WHICH WILL APPEAR
Miss Mary D. Wyman,
Mr. D. M. Babcock, Basso, of Harvard College,
Miss Millie F. Pollard,
Mr. H. T. Remick,
Miss Mary F. Meade,
Miss Annie E. Thompson,
Mrs. E. N. Cummings,
assisted by a SELECT CHORUS and other Home Talent, under the direction of
PROF. HERMANN STRACHAUER,
the accomplished Conductor and Accompanist.
Tickets 25 cents. No reserved seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7½.
Tickets for sale at Sparrow Horton's and at the door.
The proceeds of this Concert are to be contributed towards the purchase of a suitable first-class Organ for Trinity Church, Woburn. 207

Musical Gift Books!
A very acceptable and permanently useful present to a musical friend will be one of the following valuable Works for sale at all Music Stores, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, for retail price.
Just Published.
PIANO AT HOME.
250 large pages, filled with the best Piano Duets, [4-hand pieces], furnishing an unfailing fund of home entertainment.
ORGAN AT HOME. For Reed Organs. 200 very popular easy pieces.
Gems of German S'g. Vocal. Gems of Scottish S'g. Vocal. Gems of Sacred Song. Vocal. Gems of Strauss, Instrumental.
These books are truly caskets of "Gems" of the kind indicated. The "Gems of Strauss" constitute the most brilliant music ever published in one volume.
Wreath of Gems. Vocal. Operatic Pearls. Vocal. Silver Chord. Vocal. Shower of Pearls. Voc. Duets.
Admirable collection of Songs and Duets.
Musical Treasure. Vocal and Instrumental.
Pianist's Album. Instrumental.
Pianoforte Gems. "
All the above splendid collections are uniform in style and binding, hav 200 to 250 large pages each are filled with the popular music, and cost in Boards, each $2.50. In Cloth, $3.00. Full Gilt, $4.00.
Elegantly bound and most interesting books are also the Lives of Handel, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Price from $1.75 to $2.00 per volume.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

1875.
Almanacs!
Diaries!
Now is the time to get
Best Selection
—AT—
"Horton's Bookstore."
Subscribe *now* for a good
Magazine or
Newspaper
FOR A. D. 1875.
SPARROW HORTON,
195 Main Street, - - Woburn.

NEW STORE
In Woburn.
The Proprietor of the BOSTON HAT STORE would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he has just opened,
In Soles' Building,
140 Main Street,
a large and well selected stock of
HATS, CAPS
Ladies' and Children's
FURS,
—AND—
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Which he offers at LOW FIGURES.
He has secured the services of Mr. GEORGE W. MERRILL as manager, who will be pleased to see any and all. Please give us a call at the new store before purchasing elsewhere.
E. L. THAYER,
212 Proprietor Boston Hat Store.

Tenement To Let.
A tenement with 6 rooms to let. Apply to C. P. Jayne, 2 Wade Block. 215

Central House Assemblies.
The Proprietor of the Central House, Woburn, proposes to give a course of Dancing Assemblies at his Hotel, commencing
Tuesday Ev'g, Dec. 8, '74,
and continuing on every other Tuesday evening during the season.
Music, Joyce's Band.
No pains will be spared to make this course of parties first class.
Tickets for each party, 75 cents.
LEE HAMMOND,
214 Proprietor Central House.

The Aldine Art Union.
PROSPECTUS—1874-5.
Consistent with the leading idea of the enterprise—the cultivation and wide diffusion of a correct art taste in America, the conductors of THE ALDINE have long contemplated the establishment of an auxiliary "ART UNION," similar in character to the great English prototype.
The Art Union of London has been probably the most powerful influence for popularizing art which the world has ever seen, and its unvarying record of success in all the years since its foundation, taken with the equally successful career of THE ALDINE in this country, is a convincing proof that any sincere effort in the cause of art will meet with every encouragement from a constituency large enough to warrant the most liberal investment.
Pictures and rare Statuary, valued as high as $5,000 for a single piece, have been distributed to the subscribers to the English association. The good accomplished by such an agency is two-fold—the artist secures a customer for his best and most costly works, and one that will outbid any rival for the possession of a desirable specimen, while the subscribers, each getting a full value for a subscription, in the regular publications of the Union, share in the distribution of masterpieces, that few of their number would ever indulge a hope of possessing by ordinary purchase.
The continued accumulation of original paintings and sketches, incident to the business of an Art Journal such as THE ALDINE, furnishes an already valuable collection peculiarly fitted for a distribution among its friends. Those who have admired the inimitable reproductions in the pages of THE ALDINE, will regard it as no small prize to possess the originals of pictures that have acquired a world-wide fame. The autographs, so to speak, of the artists themselves, are all the more valued because of the great reputation gained for them by copies as nearly perfect as it is possible for copies to be.
In addition, THE ALDINE ART UNION will aim to secure at all times, specimens from the best American and Foreign artists, both in painting and sculpture, but the idea will be to increase the number rather than to dazzle with a few premiums and a great disparity of value.
THE PLAN.—*Subscriptions to THE ALDINE ART UNION are* $6.00 *per annum, payable in advance.* Each subscriber will receive—1st. A certificate, entitling the holder to THE ALDINE: THE ART JOURNAL OF AMERICA, for one year. 2d.—A copy, mounted and ready framing, of the new chromo "*Man's Unselfish Friend.*" 3d.—A coupon entitling the holder to one share in the distribution of $2,500 of Art premiums to the "series" (each series being 5,000 subscribers.)
So soon as all the certificates of a series (5,000) are disposed of, the distribution of art prizes for such series will be made and awards announced in the next following issue of THE ALDINE.
The postage on THE ALDINE will, after January 1st, 1875, be paid by the publishers, and is included in the regular subscription of six dollars.
For specimen copys and chromos, and list of prize paintings in series "A," call on F. W. Ellis, Agent corner Bedford and Willow street, or Sparrow Horton, 195 Main Street.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County:—

The Selectmen of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board that you straighten Forest street from Thomas Farland's to the junction of Washington street.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON,
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November A. D. 1874. On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in Cambridge, on the 5th day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and order thereon, Attest,
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
A true copy. Attest,
E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County;—

The Selectmen of the Town of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board to straighten Cambridge street, from a point near the Farm House of William Everett to the Arlington line.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON.
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

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JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and Order thereon, Attest,
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
A true copy. Attest,
239 E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

FARMING STOCK
AND
Household Furniture
At Auction in Woburn.
On Wednesday, 9th inst., at 12 o'clock, M., will be sold at auction at the residence of the late Jacob Pierce, in the westerly part of Woburn on Cambridge street, a great variety of Personal Property, viz:—One good Horse, Ox Carts, Horse and Ox Sleds, Market Wagon, Lot of Harnesses, Lot of English and Meadow Hay, Lot of Carpenter's Tools, a great variety of Old Lumber, Ploughs, Harrows, Shovels, Hoes, Manure and Hay Forks, Chains, Iron Bars, Lot of Casks, 160 bushels of potatoes, and a variety of other articles not enumerated. Also Household Furniture, viz:—Bureaus, Tables, Chairs, Mirrors, Carpets, Beds and Bedding, Bedsteads, one of those old 8-day Clocks, Crockery and Glass Ware, &c.
By order of
EBENEZER L. PIERCE, Administrator.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
WOBURN, Dec. 2, 1874.

Wood & Timber.
AT AUCTION
IN BURLINGTON,
On Monday, Dec. 7th, at 12 o'clock, M., will be sold at auction in lots, the wood and timber standing on 11 acres of land, situated in the easterly part of Burlington, called the Daniels pasture, bordering on the Peach Orchard Road, about 10 rods from the residence of the late Wm. Lawrence. Said wood consists of a large and thick growth of Oak, Birch, Pitch and White Pine, of excellent quality for the market or home use. This is the best lot of old growth of Pitch Pine that there is in the town of Burlington, and there is a large number of white pine timber trees, suitable for sawing purposes of the best quality, also red Cedar, suitable for posts. Said lot is well situated bordering 8 rods on said road, and is accessible at all seasons of the year. Terms at sale.
If stormy on said day, the sale will be on the next fair day at the same hour.
WILLIAM WINN, Auctioneer.

FOR
Christmas Presents
GO TO
A. A. WALKER'S,
127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
☞ A great Variety of Beautiful things and very Reasonable.
Don't fail to see them.

Two Tenements for Rent.
A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

JOSEPH B. McDONALD,
DEALER IN
Hard & Soft Coal,
WOOD, LIME AND CEMENT.
ALSO
A Large Assortment
OF ALL KINDS OF
STEAM COAL
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Wood Sawing
By Steam.
The subscriber has a Circular Saw in operation
At his Wood and Coal Yard,
No. 93 Main Street.
With which he is prepared to
SAW WOOD,
For his customers, and deliver it to them ready to the stove, at a slight advance upon the price of the wood. Customers are invited to call and examine the new improvement. 75
J. B. McDONALD.
93 Main St., Woburn.

"Don't you forget it!"
Large Lot
Latest Styles
HOUSE PAPER
SELLING LOW AT
Horton's Bookstore,
195 Main Street,
WOBURN.

WANTED.
Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well to call at MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the lowest CASH PRICES.
CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN. CHAS. H. POLLARD.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
Ministers, Students, and expert salesmen who can earn $2,000 PER YEAR for the "BIRTH OF CHRIST." The finest engraving ever issued. Agents [illegible] Nothing like it. [illegible]
Also a few intelligent Ladies to take orders [illegible] *immense* [illegible] apply at once to
B. P. BAC[illegible]US, 129 Tremont Street,
211 Boston, Mass.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,790,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

Insurance.
The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.
A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.
GEO. H. CONN.
Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.
Manufacturers and Dealers of
Men's, Boys'
—AND—

Children's
Clothing.
A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.
No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.
OVERCOATS and
Winter Clothing
At BOTTOM PRICES.
We solicit an inspection of our Stock.
☞ One Price to all.
GEO. H. LANE & CO.,
31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

WHEREAS, at a meeting of the County Commissioners for said County, at Lowell, on the first Tuesday of September, and by adjournment at Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 17th day of November, A. D. 1874, on the Petition of the Selectmen of Winchester, for widening Church street, in said Winchester, between Main street and Cambridge street, it was adjudged that said widening is of common convenience and necessity. Said Commissioners therefore give notice that they will meet at the Selectmen's Room, in Winchester, on the 21st day of December, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, to locate accordingly.

By order of the Commissioners.
LEONARD HUNTRESS,
Chairman.

Tewksbury, Nov. 1874. 190

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
PROBATE COURT.

To Samuel F. Thompson, trustee under an Indenture dated July 31, 1850, and recorded with So. Dist. Deeds, Book 598, page 24 245.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, Czarina P. Danforth, of Cambridge, in said County, interested in said trust estate, has presented to said Court her petition for your removal from said trust for reasons therein stated. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of December next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-four.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec 2nd, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 7.20, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 8.00, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30a, 9.33* A. M., 12.19,* 2.15, 5.33,* 9.35*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.17, 9.55 A. M., 2.35, 5.54 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.29, 10.04 A. M., 2.45, 6.00 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.40 A. M., 2.57, 6 10 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.15, A. M., 1.05, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.55, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.39, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.57, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.35, 8.30‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.12, 7.50, 8.04, 9.12, 10.37 A. M., 1.27, 3.07, 4.12, 5.12, 6.43, 8.37‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays two hours later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

STANDISH'S PILLS
CURE
DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, PILES,
or any disarrangement of the stomach. Always make you better and never worse.
WEEKS & POTTER, Agents, Boston.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders. 23

ICE CREAM
—AND—
Fresh Oysters
Constantly on hand at 189 Main Street. Board by the day or week. Parties catered for at short notice. 42

Safe for Sale,
A Morris & Ireland,
3 feet 3 inches high, 2 feet 5 inches wide.
Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at 113 Main Street, Woburn. 181

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 203

ST. JOACHIM.
GRAND OPENING
—OF—
HOLIDAY
GOODS
—AT—
LOWER PRICES
THAN EVER.
10,000 ARTICLES,
$1.00 EACH,
(Formerly sold at from $2 to $3)
Besides everything from a 10 cent whistle to a $5.00 doll.
MECHANICAL TOYS
$1.00 and $1.50 Each,
WHICH ARE SELLING ELSEWHERE FOR TWICE THE AMOUNT
THE PUBLIC ARE ADVISED TO CALL IMMEDIATELY AND SELECT PRESENTS BEFORE THE
GREAT RUSH.
ST. JOACHIM BAZAAR,
167 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. 199

THE STATE FAIR
—FOR—
OUR
DUMB
ANIMALS,
HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,
Feb. 22d to March 2d, 1875.

The following articles are solicited:—
Fancy and Useful Goods.
Apples, Vegetables, Poultry, &c.
Domestic Animals, Birds, & Pets.
Home-made Pickles & Preserves.
Books, Flowers & Toys.
Manufactured Goods.
Ferns and Mosses.
Home-made Cake.
Works of Art, &c.

These may be sent at any time to any Member of the Fair Committee of 2,000 Ladies having charge of the Fair, representing each city and town in the State; or forwarded direct. *Advise by mail.* Freight or Express will be paid upon arrival.

FRANK B. FAY, Sec'y.
40 Washington St. Boston.

OVERCOATS
At less price than has been seen before since the late war.
Popular Prices:
$10, $12, $13, $15,
$16, $18, $20, $22,
$23, $25, $28, $30.
All of our own manufacture, made by Journeymen Tailors, and will fit as well as a garment made to measure, that would cost double the price charged for our Coats.
Every garment marked in plain figures.
ONE PRICE.
WILMOT'S.
121 WASHINGTON ST.
BOSTON. 19

JAMES BUEL & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
And Dealers in 40
Gas Fixtures, Burners, Globes, &c., &c.
PLUMBING MATERIALS of all kinds
Constantly on hand. Also RUBBER HOSE, and a good assortment of DRAIN PIPE.
130 Main St. Woburn.

Removal.
Miss Alice E. Bancroft,
would invite the Ladies to call at
No. 138 Main St., Woburn,
where she will continue to do all kinds of Ladies Hair Work in the neatest possible manner. Particular attention paid to coloring hair. Please call and examine the new stock of Hair and Imitation Goods. Swiches made from Combings.
The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.
LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address
43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

A Stitch in Time!
We would call the attention of parties who a in want of Sewing Machines with which to do the fall work, to the
Best Machine
ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the
Wilcox & Gibbs
Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:
I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.
Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45
G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,
213 Main Street, Woburn.

JUL. COHEN'S
NEW STORE!
199 MAIN STREET,
Three doors above Post Office,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,
VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.
At Very Low Prices!
Woburn Centre, Mass.

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!
MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,
Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Woburn!

To William A. Wilson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all persons claiming any interest in the following described real estate:

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed given by said William A. Wilson to Asa Fletcher, dated June 21, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds, Book 1260, Page 584, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction on or near the premises, on Monday, the 14th day of December, A. D., 1874 at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said mortgaged premises being a lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, and being lot numbered Fifty-three on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds; Book of Plans, Five,—Plan Twenty-three; and bounded Northerly by lots 54, 59, and 60, 611 feet; easterly by Tremont street, 126 feet; southerly by lot 52, 598 feet; and westerly by Woburn street, 125 feet, and containing 75,926 square feet more or less.

Nov. 25, 1874. ASA FLETCHER, Mortgagee.
200

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Why animal magnetism, which embraces a large class of phenomena wholly dependent on mental influence, should be so called instead of spiritual magnetism, is one of the mysteries of language. It may be because the word spiritual in its application to such phenomena has been monopolized by the spirit-rappers and table-tippers, and thus, by its association with arrant humbuggery, fallen into such bad odor that those who are seeking a scientific explanation of these mysteries will not consent to use it. Mesmerism was a better name than animal magnetism, and only a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who, by a series of persistent and remarkable experiments, sought to utilize a force he did not fully understand. But much that was mesmerism died out with Mesmer, and it has been left to quacks and imposters, with a very slight intermingling of honest scientists, to carry out the investigations he began in such earnest as to astonish the world.

That there is such a thing as magnetic force nobody who has given the matter the least thought will deny. There is hardly a day passes but we see evidences of its working, especially in our family relations where there is full sympathy between ourselves and those with whom we come in contact. How often this happens: a party are sitting round the table in perfect silence, when suddenly two members speak out simultaneously upon some subject not likely to have been suggested by anything about them. How often we attract a person's attention in church or elsewhere by looking steadily at them and thinking earnestly and only of them. How often when some person is approaching us and we are ignorant of the fact, we are led by some unexplainable impulse to speak of them, so that it has passed into a proverb: "Speak of the evil one and he'll appear to you;" or this, for whom we love: "Speak of an angel and you'll hear the rustle of its wings." How frequently people, and especially old people, will say, I feel as if such a thing would happen, or such a person come to-day, and in nine cases out of ten they are right in their impressions. These are all only slight indications of magnetic power; but they are indications the same in kind and differing only in degree from those with which Mesmer astonished the world.

It would be an easy undertaking to go on and mention scores of cases wherein mental influence is directly traceable in the ordinary affairs of life, but it is the purpose of this article to call attention to a series of interesting experiments which have been carried on in Paris, and to which the writer has been a witness—in which he has indeed been a participator. To test the absolute force of will-power among persons who do not profess to be mesmerists or "magnetizers," was the purpose of a little group gathered at a well-known pension in the Rue Balsac. To begin with, there was not a single believer in the doctrines of spiritualism in the party, not one "medium," not one person who had developed any special will-power in himself.—There were ladies and gentlemen, artists and literary men, a mixture from the American colony with the French residents of the house. A young lady was sent out of the room, and during her absence it was agreed by the party that on her entrance they should all will her to take a certain book from a table, carry it to another part of the room, and put it down in a designated place and position. The subject was led in blindfolded that she might not see the expression on the faces of the group, and was simply guarded by two of the ladies, who walked beside her to prevent her running into the chairs and tables. Without a moment's or only a moment's hesitation, she did exactly the thing that had been designated. The same experiment was tried with different members of the party, both ladies and gentlemen, varying the requirement each time, and was successful in nine cases out of ten.

The second experiment was still more satisfactory than the first. While one of the party was out of the room, a certain number was agreed upon, and to this number all the company were to turn their thoughts when the subject returned. On his return—blindfolded always—one of the party held up his fingers, a different number each time, and each time calling out, "Is it that?" In every instance but one, out of a great number of repetitions of this experiment, the subject called out "Yes" at the right number.

The third experiment, made by another group quite as miscellaneous as the first, was quite as remarkable as anything the professed mediums do. Ten names were written on paper, each enclosed in an envelope and sealed up. A subject was then chosen by lot out of the party, who went out of the room, while one of the names was fixed upon by the remaining members of the party. To this name, on the subject's return, they fixedly bent their thoughts. He went to the the table where the envelopes lay in a pile, instantaneously took up one of them, broke the seal, and there written on the slip of paper was the name "Agatha" the name fixed on by the party. Four times out of five this experiment was successful, a proportion quite large enough to remove the result from the range of mere coincidence. Now these are all very simple experiments—experiments which may be tried by any one. They are quite important, too, as furnishing a clue to the mysteries of the so-called "spiritualists." They point clearly enough to the existence of a natural force quite independent of any interference of the dead. To carry these investgations still further, and to make special application of the results to each of the usual "spiritual" manifestations of the mediums, a little association of earnest inquirers after truth has been formed, who will begin their investigations early in the winter, continue them regularly and systematically, keeping a careful and impartirl record, and honestly giving the results to the world at the conclusion of their sittings.—*Hearth and Home.*

PEOPLE WITH DOUBLE-BARRELED FACES.—I was once sitting in a cool underground saloon at Leipsic while without people were ready to die from the heat, when a new guest entered and took a seat opposite me. The sweat rolled in great drops down his face, and he was kept busy with his handkerchief, till at length he found relief in the exclamation, "Fearfully hot!" I watched him attentively as he called for a cool drink, for I expected every moment that he would fall from his chair in a fit of apoplexy. The man must have noticed that I was observing him, for he turned toward me suddenly, saying, "I am a curious sort of a person, am I not?" "Why," I asked. "Because I perspire only on the right side." And so it was; the right cheek and the right half of his forehead were as hot as fire, while the left side of his face bore not a trace of perspiration.

I had never seen the like, and in my astonishment was about to enter into conversation with him regarding this physiological curiosity, when his neighbor on the left broke in with the remark, "Then we are the opposites and counterparts of each other, for I perspire only on the left side." This, too, was the fact. So the pair took seats opposite to each other, and shook hands like two men who had just found each other with his other half. "Well! this makes an end of natural history," exclaimed another guest, who had hitherto quietly gazed on this strange performance as though it were a play; and every one that had overheard what was said came to this novel wonder.

"This makes an end of natural history!" This expression excited me to laughter, and involuntarily I exclaimed, "No, sir, this is just the beginning of natural history; for nature has many strange caprices even as regards her symmetry." I then mentioned the case of a man I had known in my boyhood, who, Janus like, had two totally different faces—on one side laughing, on the other crying. Naturally I dreaded this strange double face, with its one side smooth, plump and comely, like a girl's cheek, while the other side was all scarred by small pox. This side of the face denoted churlishness; and while the other side wore a smile, this boded mischief. In this instance disease had been unsymmetrical. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

☞ A writer deserves the respectful sympathy of all gentlemen who give out their washing. He says: "It is awful annoying to have some others fellow's clothes left in one's room by the washerwoman. Saturday we put on another fellow's shirt, but couldn't wear it. Although it was ruffled around the bottom, the sleeves were too short to button cuffs on, and there was no place for a collar."

☞ Where to go when short of money—go to work.

FEMININE HATS.—"You meet a remarkably modest and timid-appearing young lady to-day, and you notice that her hat has a meek and shrinking indentation in the crown. It looks as if it wanted to shun the wicked world and hang itself up in a nunnery. To-morrow you meet the same lady, and what a change! She appears as daring a Joan of Arc and as independent as the President of a Woman's Congress. And her whole appearance is thus altered by pinning up the front of that hat. Next day she appears like a brigand. The brim is flattened out and her eyes gleam furiously from underneath as if watching an opportunity to order you to stand and deliver. You see her again, and the rim is turned up behind, while it is very flat in front, giving her an appearance of a female Solon Shingle trying to find a customer for that 'bar'l of apple sass.' Again, and it is pitched on the extreme back of the head, reminding you of Toodles in his cups, when he is assuring the 'sailor man' that when his father heard of the sailor man's death 'he went broken-hearted to his grave, and died there.' With all these advantages it is no wonder that the reigning hat is popular. It is comfortable to the head—so they say—and it is an ornament or a disguise as required. It is demure, jaunty, meek, saucy, bold, sly, obstinate, conciliating, tender—whatever you please—everything by turns and nothing long. It is the hat of the period, cunning and deceitful, but above all things desperately wicked."

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.—The Ballarat, Australia, *Star* says: "A nugget of gold weighing fourteen ounces four penny weights, was picked up in Macarther street a few days ago, the fortunate finder being, as is usually the case, a poor man. The discovery was rather singular. It appears that he was wearing almost soleless boots, and, while walking along the street, felt a hard substance pressing against the bottom of his foot. Looking down to ascertain if the cause was a sharp pointed stone, he saw the point of the nugget sticking out of the ground, and soon unearthed it."

☞ A gardener in the service of an English gentleman at Kingston was ordered to dig up some plants, but on beginning work found the coachman anxious to have him begin at some other spot. He was obstinate, dug where he had intended and unearthed a quantity of silver ware. It was afterward discovered that the coachman had received it from a servant in another family, who had relieved his employer of about $2500 worth, including 109 spoons and 84 forks. There is no intimation that the thief held the office of butler,

☞ "I will bet you a bottle of wine that you will get up from that chair before I ask you twice," said one gentleman to another.

"Done," said the other, who seemed determined not to obey the summons so obediently.

"Get up."

"I will not," was the reply.

"Then stop till I ask you a second time."

The gentleman, having no desire to retain his position until then, got up, and his opponent won the wager.

☞ Two Irishmen on a certain occasion, occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other:—

"Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?"

"No, Pat; did it really thunder?"

"Yes, it thunder as if hiven and earth would come together."

"Why in the divil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't slape when it thunders."

☞ A man Fitchburg, in Mass., developed fine strategetic talent the other day. He was paying a hack fare, when he dropped three bank bills, and the wind whisked them swiftly away. After unavailing search for an hour, a bright idea struck him. He folded a piece of paper and dropped it where the bills fell, followed its flight, and where it rested there he found also his money.

☞ "My dear boy," said an old lady to a precocious youth of eighteen, "does your father design you should tread the intricate and thorny path of a profession, the straight and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No, marm, dad says he's gwine to sot me to work in the tater patch."

☞ A school boy having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expounded as follows: The throat—a throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n and then ties it up.

☞ One of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after beginning to learn the printing business, went to court a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended the meeting he was taken down at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

☞ Widow Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of his most accute bodily pain, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him: "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so and wear all the sheets out, if you are a-dying."

☞ Six young men at Williamsville, Ia., recently set out to serenade a young lady, and sat down upon the edge of a freshly made tar walk to discourse their sweet strains. Passersby, the next morning, saw six trousers'-seats adhering to the sidewalk.

☞ A down east editor, in describing a country dance, says: "The gorgeous string of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

☞ An editor, in describing the doings of a mad dog, says: "He bit the cow in the tail, which has since died. This was very unfortunate for the tail: but we naturally feel some interest to know what became of the cow.

☞ A Spanish gentleman, studying English, being at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue, in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment and then said: "I will thank you, Miss, to pass me that language."

☞ "Ed," said a customer, who had just purchased a bottle of Bourbon from a jocose apothecary, "can you tell me why whiskey always tastes smoky?" It is because it always comes in pipes," replied the compounder of pills.

☞ A writer on etiquette observes, that "when you are seated next a lady, you should only be polite during the first course; you may be gallant in the second; but you must not be tender till the desert."

☞ Different sounds travel with different degrees of velocity. A call to dinner will run over a ten-acre field in a minute and a half, while a summons to work will take from five to ten minutes.

☞ One of the fair sex comes with a plea for whistlers. She acknowledges that she whistles as she sews, and declares that if alone in a deserted street, she never has any fear of a passing whistler.

☞ A carpenter was employed by a farmer, and rendered the following curious bill: "To hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours, one dollar and a half."

☞ "I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"

"No, sir."

"What makes him stop, then?"

"Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say whoa, and he shan't hear it."

☞ "Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

☞ The Houston (Texas) *Chronicle* gayly exclaims: "Glory to God! Two dollars received at this office yesterday. Bring in your wash bill."

☞ Daniel Webster has accepted a position on the New York police, and it is therefore inferred that his dictionary has not proved a success.

☞ Never wait for anything to turn up, but go and turn it up yourself."

☞ A friend that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mucilage.

☞ What is better than a promising young man? A paying one.

☞ A man cannot expect half a loaf when he loafs half the time.

☞ Speaking of the nation's Wards, Artemus was one of them.

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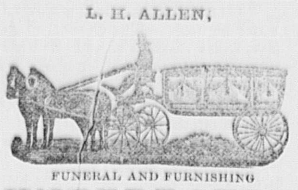
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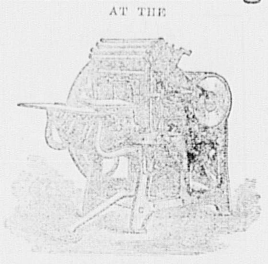
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The subscriber having bought out the business of Carter & Dearborn, would announce to the citizens of Woburn that he will continue at the old stand,
No. 9 Railroad Street,
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Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,
The carts will run as usual, and in addition on and after Sept. 13, he will run a Sunday wagon with
Hot Brown Bread.
Store closed at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings.
Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.
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Will attend to
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at her residence, 39
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VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874. NO. 13.

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WOBURN

Poetry.

GONE!

When the morning, fair and sweet
Glimmers through the dusky pane,
For the tread of pattering feet,
Ah! I list in vain;
Not an echo haunts the hall
Of each gladsome, light footfall,
Not an echo wakes the stair—
Silence, silence everywhere;
They are gone!

When I leave my sleepless bed,
Passing from the chambered gloom,
No red cheek and flower-like head
Lift to me their bloom;
Only darkness in the hall
Lingers like a clouded pall,
Round the threshold, o'er the stair—
Darkness, darkness every where—
They are gone!

When from out the toilsome mart,
Hopeless, weary, I return,
Oh, these wasting fires at heart—
How they burn—they burn!
Passionate grief *seemed* sunk in dearth,
But beside my ruined hearth
All the anguish, all the pain,
Bursts in flaming woe again—
They are gone!

When the twilight hour comes down,
Of all hours the calmest, best,
Hovering like an angel's crown
O'er the day's unrest,
Whence this alien, brooding air;
Whence this whisper of despair?
'Tis but Heartbreak's hollow tone
Muttering "Canst thou live alone!—
They are gone!"

Gone! In silences of night
Hapless hands I stretch to find
Vacant spaces, left and right,
Vacant as the wind.
While a mother's moan is heard,
Low, as if some wounded bird,
Sore of wing and sore of breast,
Wailed above her shattered nest—
All are gone!

Selected.

MRS. DENNING'S HOUSE KEEPER.

"Mother," said Lizzie West, as she entered the pleasant little sitting room where her mother and sisters were at work, "can you spare me for a few days? Mrs. Lane is not able to sit up yet, and that impudent Bridget has gone off and left her, with everything in the house at sixes and sevens. I thought if you were willing I would go there and stay a few days."

"How did that happen? I thought when I went there the other day that Bridget seemed to be contented, and did her work as though she liked it. Is Mrs. Lane worse?"

"She seems feverish; but who would not? I don't really believe she has had anything fit to eat, and poor little Nellie was crying for her breakfast. I found bread on the kitchen table that should have been baked yesterday. Spoiled, of course, Bridget had just finished kneading it when she asked for an increase of wages, Mrs. Lane thought she was paying her all she was worth, and told her so; and that she could not afford to pay her higher wages at present. Bridget retorted that folks 'shouldn't keep servants who couldn't afford to pay decent wages.' She went to the city on the twelve o'clock train. This morning Mr. Lane has been all over the village trying to find some one to come and stay with them until Mrs. Lane is better, but he cannot find any one. The girls all seem so afraid of going out to work even for a few days. May I go?"

"If you wish, Lizzie; I do not want any of my daughters to go out as a servant, but could not let a good neighbor like Mrs. Lane suffer if I had to go myself. I will give you a loaf of bread to take with you as you will need some to last until you can bake. I am glad I do not have to keep help; they waste more than their wages come to in the course of a year."

"But Lizzie, when will you get your dress done, if you go over there?" asked Alice.

"Oh the dress will answer a while longer as it is. I am so glad I did not commence to rip it before I ran over to Mrs. Lane's."

As she spoke she took from the chair a pretty brown walking dress, and carried it with her as she left the room. She went to her room to get a few things she needed, and just as she was ready Mr. Lane stopped at the door.

"I have been making one more trial," he said, "but have failed again. I shall have to go to the city this afternoon and get another girl from the office. Mrs. West, will you let one of your daughters stay with my wife while I am gone?"

"Lizzie was just going over there. I am sorry you have so much trouble in getting help."

Mr. Lane's face brightened.

"Yes, sir," said Lizzie, "and I will stay as long as Mrs. Lane needs me."

"Jump in, then," he said, taking her little travelling bag and tucking it under the seat.

When they had started, he turned to her and said—

"I don't know how to thank you enough for this, Lizzie. I dreaded above all things getting a new girl. Agnes has been almost worried to death with them now. She might have been well by this time if she had only had good help."

The invalid smiled brightly as her husband laughingly introduced the new help. Then she began to cry from sheer weariness and exhaustion. Lizzie knew that the best thing for her patient would be a good nap. She made the bed, and cleared up the room, and after drawing the curtains to shut out the sunlight, left her to sleep, taking little Nellie down to the kitchen to keep her quiet. She slept so long that Lizzie had ample time to get Mr. Lane's dinner, and put the parlor and sitting room in order, discovering as she did so, that the shade of the large lamp was broken, and also three pieces of Mrs. Lane's china tea set. On counting the silver, three spoons and as many forks were missing.

"Well, Agnes, how do you feel?" Mr. Lane asked that evening. "This begins to look a little more like home, doesn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, George; I feel perfectly easy now, and will try to get well as soon as possible. You don't know what a relief it is."

"I guess we know something about it, don't we, Puss?" he said, picking Nellie off the stool by her mother's sofa, and throwing her up in the air. "By the way, Agnes, did you know the large lamp was broken?"

"Bridget told me the cat jumped on the table when she was cleaning it and knocked the shade off."

"No, s'e didn't," said Nellie, from her father's shoulder. "Nellie seed Binyit b'ake 'em her own se'l."

"What did she do, Puss?"

"S'e put dem in a bid pan o' hot water."

"The careless thing! Anything else, George?"

"Yes; two of the china cups, and the cream jug are broken, and three of the spoons and forks are missing."

"Only three! Well, she wasn't very sharp, or she would have taken more than that, she had chance enough. But I won't fret over that now. If I can only keep Lizzie West until I am strong enough to do my own work again, I will never have another Irish girl in the house."

At the end of the week Mrs. Lane said—

"Lizzie, I never thought to ask what you are going to charge for the privilege of making us all so comfortable, so I'll ask now."

"I had not thought of that, sir: I came because Mrs. Lane was sick, and I thought I could make her comfortable. I never once thought of wages."

"That may be; but I cannot let you work for us for nothing. We want you to stay a month or two if you will. We paid Bridget twelve dollars a month. I would willingly give you more if you will stay; your work is worth more than hers, to say nothing of the waste she made. What do you say to fifteen dollars?"

"I cannot tell, sir; I must speak to mother before I decide."

"Well, let me know as soon as you have made up your mind."

"I hope she isn't going to disappoint me now," he thought to himself; "I thought her above the silly prejudices against work."

Lizzie lay awake a long time that night thinking over Mr. Lane's proposition. The next evening she went home for a short time, and as soon as the inquiries after Mrs. Lane's health were answered, she said:

"Mother, I think I shall stay some time longer. Mrs Lane wants me, and Mr. Lane has offered me fifteen dollars a month. I shall stay and be earning something for myself, instead of making one more for father to support."

She thought she understood the dislike her mother and sisters felt towards such a proceeding, but she was not prepared for the reproaches that assailed her on all sides.

She tried for a time to answer them quietly and patiently, but at last, turning to her father she asked him if he would not help her.

"There is no real need of your doing this, Lizzie," he answered; "I should like it if you could find something your mother would like better. For my own part, I can see no disgrace in what you propose doing; my mother and sister both occupied such positions, and I never knew that they were respected the less for it. You must take your own choice, my daughter; but consider it well before you decide. It may subject you to some very unpleasant slights."

Mr. West was called out to speak to a neighbor, and as soon as the door was closed behind him, the girls began again. But Lizzie bravely stood her ground.

"There is no use talking, girls; if father does not object, I shall go. You say I have no pride. I have pride enough to earn my own living if I possibly can. I can state the whole case in a very few words. You all know that father has mortgaged his farm to help Uncle Charles in his trouble; you know, too, that this year it will be nearly impossible for him to pay the interest. I try to get along with as little as possible, for everything counts. Now here is a good chance offered me, and it would be very foolish not to take it. I don't see any more disgrace in sweeping floors and washing dishes for Mrs. Lane, than doing it at home. You know that she is not the woman to treat me as though I had no rights of my own."

"If you are bound to work, Liz, why don't you try to teach?"

"I have neither the taste nor the inclination to teach. Besides there are a dozen applicants for every vacant situation. I should stand no chance at all with those who have spent time and money in preparation for the work. You know that my throat and lungs are not very strong, and would last but a short time if I tried teaching. I am sorry you feel so badly Julia, but I cannot see that I am doing anything wrong."

"You are just as obstinate in this as in everything else. You know we shall be cut by all our friends."

"No, I don't know any such thing. People whose friendship is worth having will respect me none the less for trying to maintain myself honestly, and others I do not care for. It is useless to talk any more as it only makes matters worse. I promised to go back to night, and will go and get ready."

When she came down stairs again her mother and sisters were still in tears. Neither of them returned her kiss or scarcely spoke when she bade them "Good night." As she passed through the hall, her father stopped her and said—

"Lizzie, you will need a stout heart to bear you through; if you find it too hard work, come home again. My children are all welcome as long as I can keep a home for them. It is better for you all to learn to support yourselves, for perhaps you will have to do it sometime. Good night, my daughter."

He gave her a kiss and helped her into the wagon (for Mr. Lane had called for her on his return from the store). She told Mrs Lane that evening that she had decided to stay as long as they wished to keep her.

"I shall not let you go very soon, then. you are as good as nurse and housekeeper both."

It was nearly three weeks after her visit home that she had occasion to go to the store to do some shopping for Mrs. Lane. While she was sitting by the counter trying to decide which of the two shades of merino would make Nellie the prettiest dress, two of her old school mates came in. She bowed to them as they approached, but without returning the bow Belle King crossed to the opposite counter. Ada Lee glanced from one to the other in surprise, and then offered her hand to Lizzie, saying—

"It is a long time since I saw you Miss Lizzie; how are your mother and sisters? I have not had time to return Miss West's call since I came back from the city."

"I think they are all well. thank you," answered Lizzie.

"I shall call on you and your sisters as soon as I can possibly find the time."

Here Belle beckoned to her, and when Ada had reached her side, said in a loud whisper—

"Why Ada, how can you speak to a servant girl in that way? Don't you know that Liz West has gone out to work in Mrs Lane's kitchen?" she asked in answer to Ada's surprised look.

"Don't speak so loud; she will hear you. How long since? I have heard nothing of it," said Ada, so low that Lizzie could not catch the words.

"She went about a month ago, I believe; the other girls felt hurt, and tried every way they could to stop her, but she was determined to go."

Lizzie finished her shopping and started for home. In crossing the next street one of her small parcels slipped from her hand and fell to the ground. She was stooping to pick it up, when a gentleman who was crossing in the opposite direction quickly secured it, and after brushing the dust from the white paper, hand it to her with a polite bow. She glanced up to thank him, and met the gaze of his companion. It was a young man who had visited her sister Julia quite frequently. She bowed to him and was about to speak when he bowed haughtily without raising his hat, and passed on. Before she reached Mrs Lane's door she met with two more slights.

To say, that she did not care would be to make my heroine something more than mortal. She was a proud sensitive girl, and she felt hurt, as you or I would, reader.

As she entered the little parlor and laid her purchases before Mrs Lane, her lips were compressed and a bright spot of color glowed upon either cheek. Mrs Lane noticed the signs of disturbance and guessed the cause, but did not speak of it. It was not the only time that she saw the same expression when Lizzie had been out. She mentioned it to her husband one evening, several weeks later, and he said—

"I have seen the same thing myself. I do not blame her for feeling hurt, but I felt the other day as though I should enjoy knocking down young Grey, and shutting up Miss Julia until she could learn to behave herself. They were walking up the street the other day and I was just behind them. Lizzie came out of Smith & Grey's store a few steps in front of them, but did not see them until they were passing her. Julia turned her head away, and looked at something or nothing on the other side of the street. Young Grey, the insolent puppy, put up that eye glass of his and stared at Lizzie as though she had been some great curiosity."

"Alice is the only one of the girls that has called to see her since she has been here. Julia seems to think her far beneath her notice."

"She and Laura are too full of nonsense and false pride for a poor man's daughters. They think Lizzie has disgraced the family, when she is the only one in it who has the pride and self reliance to earn her own living. I know that the money I paid her last month and the month before went to help West pay the interest on that mortgage Lee holds on his place. You wouldn't catch Julia doing anything like that."

"Lizzie spends every spare moment in reading. I gave her permission one day to use any of the books she liked, and she has planned her work so that she has nearly an hour every day."

"Good! Give her every chance you can."

"I will; there is so much more satisfaction in trying to give her time for reading than in granting Bridget's frequent petitions for an afternoon out. She does the work in much less time, and I have not been obliged to oversee the first thing."

When Lizzie had been with her nearly five months, Mrs. Lane received a visit from her sister. Mrs. Denning was lying on the lounge one afternoon when Lizzie came in and sat down at the further end of the room to read. She glanced inquiringly at Mrs. Lane, but as that lady did not seem surprised she said nothing until Lizzie went out to prepare tea. Then turning to her sister with a laugh, she said:

"Well, well, Agnes, is that the latest fashion for servants? What will they do next!"

"What do you think of it?"

"I do not know what to think. I was surprised to see her at your table, but now I am astonished. Where did you get her?"

In a few words Mrs. Lane told the whole story, and ended by saying,

"I have kept her longer than I really needed her, but I can't bear the thought of her going. I shall be so lonesome."

"I wonder if she would engage with me? If I could only get a good American girl or woman for a housekeeper, I would willingly treat her as you do Lizzie. I think that I will make her an offer."

"You will get a treasure if she will, and I think she would go."

Mrs. Denning was true to her word. She offered high wages and said:

"You seem to be fond of reading, and you shall have as good opportunity for it as you have here."

Lizzie accepted her offer, and in a few weeks entered upon her duties.

She met with the same opposition at home as on her first attempt, but it cost her less pain to bear it than before. Julia said—

"Liz, you are a perfect fool. That stuck up Mrs. Denning will order you around like any of her other servants, and not let you dare to say your soul is your own."

"I do not think the woman lives that can do that. If she proves a hard mistress, I suppose that I have the same privilege that other servants have, I can leave."

"Well, I believe you were cut out for a servant, and nothing else; you are growing dowdy already. I am glad I have a soul above pots and kettles."

A third person would have been much amused by the conversation, and the contrast presented by the two girls. Lizzie with her graceful, erect figure, clear complexion, bright eyes and rosy cheeks; Julia, with her shoulders drawn forward in the latest fashionable stoop, her waist pinched up, and complexion sallow from late hours and want of exercise. In reality she was not quite two years older, but she looked at least five.

A stranger would not call Lizzie West pretty; her hair and eyes were brown, and her complexion dark but very clear. Her nose and mouth are too large to be pretty, but as she stood looking down at Julia, she looked every inch a lady.

She found her position in Mrs. Dennings house rather trying at first. The other servants were jealous and ready to take any advantage they could get. Old servants she found so unwilling to submit to her authority, that after she had been there a year, she persuaded Mrs. Denning to let her take several young girls and train them herself.

At first she found very little time to read, though, as she had promised, Mrs. Denning allowed her to choose what books she liked from a large and well selected library. She was an early riser, and always spent a few moments in reading, to have something to think of when her hands were busy.

She spent a few weeks of each summer at home, and her father looked forward to these visits as the brightest and pleasantest weeks in the year. Her mother overcame her old prejudices and treated her once more as she did before she left home. But Julia and Laura could not be convinced that she had not lowered the dignity of the family. They avoided the mention of her name in conversation, if possible, or if obliged to speak of her, called her a "companion."

This caused their friends much amusement, particularly Ada Lee, who, from the time of their meeting in the store, had cultivated Lizzie's acquaintance. She heard from her father how Lizzie had assisted Mr. West to pay off the mortgage on his farm, and being a sensible, affectionate girl, at once decided that the friendship of such a girl was worth having. She had visited her at Mrs. Lane's, and since her removal to the city had kept up a correspondence which was a source of great pleasure to them both.

In one of her letters she said:

"Lizzie, if you have time, will you try to write something to print? I showed one of your letters the other day to a friend who edits the —— Monthly. After reading it, he asked, 'does your friend write for the press?' I told him I thought not. 'If she can write such letters as that, she is capable of something more. Ask her to send me an article for the —— Monthly.'

Will you try, dear Lizzie, just to please me?"

Always your friend,

ADA."

Lizzie answered: "I have often wished I had time to write, Ada, but I get so little that I have not attempted anything more than a very short article, upon a subject which interests me very much."

Ada wrote again; "I am at your service, Lizzie; send your rough sketches to me, and I will copy them for you. I can do that though I have not brains enough to compose for myself. You can really do me a favor if you will. I have more time than I know how to use, and it is at your disposal."

In this way Lizzie became a contributor to two of our most popular magazines. Ada was delighted and aided her in every way she could. She managed to keep up an acquaintance with Julia and Laura, although as she confessed to her father, "it was hard work."

"I want them to know how famous Lizzie is getting, but she will not let me tell them. I hope when they do find it out I shall be present. I want to see what they will do."

When Lizzie had been with Mrs. Denning three years she was much surprised one day by receiving a call from a bachelor friend of Mr. Denning's, who had seen her in his frequent visits to that gentleman, and, as he himself thought, had fallen in love with her. He was forty five years of age, very wealthy and very proud.

He made a formal and business like offer of his hand and heart; but with such a condescending air that she felt like boxing his ears.

Nothing could equal the crestfallen air with which he left the room, after receiving a polite but decided refusal.

"Where is your friend Graham? why does he never come to dinner of late?" asked Mrs. Denning of her husband one evening.

"I have asked him several times, but he always pleads an engagement. I strongly suspect Lizzie could tell why if she chose."

"Why you don't think—?"

"That he has proposed and been rejected? Exactly."

"She must be crazy to refuse him. Why, any girl in our set would jump at the chance. What an establishment he could give her."

"That may be, but she is not the girl to sell herself for an establishment. She has read his character correctly, I think. He is proud enough to think she ought to feel honored by his preference, and say, 'Yes, sir, thank you,' the moment he proposed."

"She cannot do any better."

"That is for her to decide."

Only a few weeks after this Mrs. Denning was surprised with a visit from her half brother, Ralph Cleveland. He came lounging into her sitting room one morning, and said:

"Kate, I think that I'll settle down to some kind of business, and stop at home now."

"It is nearly time; you have wandered about long enough. Do you think of marrying? With your good looks and fortune, you could choose almost anywhere."

"Yes, I know all that; but I want some one that will care for poor Ralph when his good looks and his money are gone."

"Your old friend Gussie is still unmarried."

"Bah! who wants a doll. I want a good, true-hearted woman. I came here to find her, Kate."

"Not Lizzie!"

"Yes, Lizzie. Agnes has told me her story, and I have come to try my luck. What is the matter, don't you like the idea?"

"Lizzie is good enough for you or any other, but still—I shall wish that she were not my housekeeper, if you succeed."

"Afraid of Mrs. Grundy? Pshaw, Kate, I thought you were not afraid of what people said."

Mrs. Denning did not answer, but her usually pleasant face wore a frown.

"Come, Kate, you just said she was 'good enough for me or any one else,' and I am sure she is a woman no man living need be ashamed to call his wife. But I am talking as though I felt sure of success. I do not at all. Your husband told me yesterday that he thought she had refused Graham, Is this so?"

"We only think so. Lizzie is not the sort of girl to talk of such a chance, if she had it. I would as soon think of asking her."

"She is not looking for money, then, or she would not have done that. Well I shall try at all events. What will you do, Kate?"

"Let you alone. I shall neither help nor hinder. You must do it all yourself."

I have not space to tell a love story now, so the reader must fill it up to suit him or herself. One day, three months after the above conversation, Julia (now Mrs. Grey) was much astonished, during a call at her mother's to hear the news that Lizzie was coming home to be married.

"Who in the world is she going to marry?" Some coachman or waiter, I suppose; that would be just her style. What is his name, nothing Irish, I hope?"

When she was married, two years before, Lizzie had not been informed until the wedding was over, and now, in return, Lizzie had requested her parents not to tell Julia who she was to marry.

Ada Lee was at this time engaged to her friend, the editor, and after a consultation with Lizzie it was decided that they should have a double wedding.

Lizzie wrote: "Mrs. Denning wants to give me a grand wedding, but I do not wish to make a show for people who come to criticise my dress and see the housekeeper who is going to marry her brother, and do not care two pins whether I am made happy or miserable for life. The plan you propose suits me exactly."

Lizzie did not meet Ada's lover until the evening before the wedding. She looked at him again and again, trying to remember where she had seen him before, but for a moment she could not think. At last it flashed across her mind and just then he said:

"Miss West, I am certain that I have seen you before, but where I cannot think. I have a good memory for faces, and yours is one not easily forgotten, but I cannot place it."

"I believe you picked up a bundle for me once in the street, You were walking with my present brother-in-law, Mr. Grey. I believe I was so much offended at his behavior that I forgot to thank you. He could not afford to be civil to a servant girl."

To say Julia was amazed when she found who Lizzie's husband was, and that she had become so well known by her writings, would give but a feeble description of her state of mind. She and Laura are now Lizzie's most devoted admirers, and "My sister, Mrs Cleveland," is quoted on all occasions.

The Earl of Rosse—he of the magnificent telescope—has been making experiments to determine the heat of the moon.

HOW PEOPLE TAKE COLD.—Not by tumbling into the river and dragging home wet as a drowned rat; not by being pitched into the mud, or spilled out into the snow in sleighing time; not by walking for hours over shoe top in mud; not by soaking in the rain without an umbrella; not by scrubbing the floor until the unnamable sticks to you like a wet rag; not by hoeing potatoes until you are in a lather of sweat; these are not the things which give people colds; and yet they are all the time telling how they "caught their death cold by exposure."

The time for taking cold is after your exercise; the place is in your own house, or office or counting house. It is not the act of exercise which gives the cold, but the getting cool too quick after exercising. For example, you walk very fast to get to the railroad station or to the ferry, or to catch the omnibus, or to make time for an appointment; your mind being ahead of you, the body makes an extra effort to keep up with it, and when you get to the desired spot you raise your hat and find yourself in a perspiration, you take a seat, and talk to a friend, or if a New Yorker, to read a newspaper, and before you are aware of it, you experience a sensation of chilliness, and the thing is done; you look around to see where the cold comes from, and find an open window near you, or a door, or that you have taken a seat at the forward part of the car, and it moving against the wind a strong draft is made through the crevices.

After any kind of exercise, do not stand at a street corner, for anybody or anything; or at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, whether winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and, however warm the room may seem to be, do not at once pull off your hat or cloak, but wait awhile—some five minutes or more, and lay aside one thing at a time; thus acting a cold is impossible. Notice a moment: When you return from a brisk walk, and you enter a warm room, raise your hat and your forehead will be moist; let the hat remain a few moments and feel the forehead again, and it will be dry, showing that the room is actually cooler than your body, and that, with outdoor clothing on, you have really cooled off full soon enough. Many of the severest colds I have ever known men to take, were the result of sitting down to a warm meal in a cool room after a long walk; or being engaged in writing, have let the fire go out, and their first admonition of it was that creeping chilliness that is the ordinary forerunner of a severe cold. People have often lost their lives by writing or reading in a room where there was no fire, although the weather outside was rather comfortable. Sleeping in rooms long unused has destroyed the life of many a visitor and friend. Our splendid parlors and our nice "spare rooms" help to enrich many a doctor.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

VOLTAIRE'S LAWSUIT.—A writer gives the following anecdote of Voltaire:

When he bought of the President de Brosses the chateau in which he lived, it was found that in the measurement of the land there was comprised a strip belonging to a farmer name John Panissot, who went to Voltaire to claim his property. The latter would have listened favorably to his demand if he had not been warned that, right or wrong, many farmers surrounding his new purchase were prepared to bring a similar request. Desiring to cut short what he believed to be a pretense, Voltaire rejected the claim, and was arraigned at the tribunal of Gex. where, defended by a lawyer doubtless better than his cause, he non-suited the plaintiff and was pronounced the owner of the disputed land.

But Painssot determined to appeal from an unjust sentence. As he wanted money for this purpose, he conceived a plan to apply to him against whom he was conducting the suit; and accordingly went to Voltaire's residence and asked for an interview, which was accorded.

"Ah, is it you, Panissot! What brings you here?"

"My confidence in your uprightness; for I come to beg you to lend me money enough to prosecute my appeal to the court of Dijon from the sentence pronounced at Gex."

"What, do you think that I shall consent to furnish you with arms to fight me, with rods to chastise me?"

"Yes, Monsieur Voltaire, a great man like you, whose works are full of generous sentiments, will understand my confidence in him in this case?"

"But, Painssot, you are attacking my property."

"No, sir, I am reclaiming my own. You doubtless prefer justice to a small bit of land, which adds nothing to your fortune, but which lessens my property very much."

Voltaire, surprised at a confidence that honored him, as well as the firm language of the farmer, acceded to his request and lent him three hundred francs. The case, carried to the tribunal of Dijon, was lost by Voltaire, who was obliged to grant to Pannissot the land he claimed. When the latter came to return the sum borrowed, Voltaire said to him, "Keep it, it will serve to pay the expenses of the first trial, at Gex, which you unjustly lost."

JUST LIKE 'EM.—"We will have our advertisement inserted again when times get better." There are no words more familiar to the publishing fraternity than these, and none more illogical. As consistently might the sick man say, "I will take medicine when I get well," or the teamster observe, "I will put another horse in after I get up the hill." When times are dull there is more necessity than ever for the manufacturer or merchant to make extra exertions to secure business. Instead of taking down his sign he should make them more conspicuous—and we class advertisements as signs, signs that do not wait to be sought by the purchaser, but that thrust themselves before his eyes where ever he goes. It is right and sensible to curtail expenses when times are hard, but in doing so we should be careful not to overshoot the mark.

☞ "Spiritualism is transparent trickery," cry its opponents; and "Spiritualism is a grand truth," cry its advocates. Somewhere between these two opinions the real truth probably lies. No doubt a very large proportion of the so-called phenomena of Spiritualism is trickery. Nevertheless there are certain "manifestations" which still wait for an adequate scientific explanation. But even if it were to be proved that there is a supernatural element in the "materializations," of this medium, or the written messages and raps of that medium, there is, nevertheless, no sufficient reason why we should pursue so dim and misleading an *ignis fatuus*. Spiritualism, so far as it claims to be a revelation from the other world, repudiates Christianity and ranks the Saviour merely as an exceptionally clever medium. It moreover tends to looseness of morals in its disciples, and converts men that might have been useful into visionary dreamers. These facts—and it cannot be denied that they are facts—ought to be sufficient to deter men who believe in the Christian religion and in Christian morality, from following after these strange guides. A religion which has certainly given us a sublime system of morality is not to be abandoned by sensible men, because of a so-called revelation, the influence of which is certainly hostile to morality.—*Hearth and Home.*

☞ The Delaware railroad runs right through Peabody's farm, just below our village, and close to the track there is a kind of a mud hole. Into this, one of Peabody's horses fell the other day, and defied every effort that could be made to get him out. While Peabody was working at the job a freight train ran in upon the siding and stopped to shift some empty cars. The engineer noticed Peabody's trouble, and finally offered to pull the horse out with the locomotive if Peabody would give him $5. Peabody gladly consented, and the engineer got down for the purpose of fastening a rope under the horse's belly. Just as he completed this, Job, the fireman, a greenhorn, got a meddling with the bar, and the engine suddenly gave a jerk and began to move off. In less than a minute that iron steed was proceeding down the Delaware peninsula, at a rate of a mile a minute, with Peabody's horse behind, slashing up against the fences, swishing through ditches, butting against crossties, and dancing and frolicking and jumping about in the most extraordinary manner. When the engine was stopped, twenty-three miles below, by leaving the track, and rolling over into a gully, there was nothing on the rope but four ribs and a piece of the back bone, and these Peabody concluded not to drive home. The engineer says all he promised to do was to get the horse out, and he got it out. But Peabody, somehow, don't appear to be satisfied.

☞ "Now, gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer, to a somewhat noisy crowd who had gathered to one of his seances in an Eastern village, "how would you like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine-tenths of the dexter paws went instantly up, and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes, when some incautious individual broke out with—"Say, where's that story?" "Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards are present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture after that.

☞ While a middle-aged couple were waiting at the Lansing depot to go West, the man got up and said, He guessed he would walk around for a while. The woman sought to discourage him, but he would go. He was absent for about half an hour, and came back with a cut in his ear, a bloody shirt bosom, a nose like a broken-backed rolling pin, and a mournful look in his eyes. "Why, what's the matter, Peter?" asked the woman, as he came in. "Fell down," he replied, as he dropped on the bench. "Oh yes; you fell down, you did!" sneered the wife, as she stood before him. "I told ye not to go, but go you would, and now see yourself! You're a nice old gum drop to go on the cars with me, a'n't you? Yes, you fell down, you did, but something heavy hit you first."

☞ An amusing conversation is reported to have occurred between a cockney, who lately crossed from Canada to Ogdensburg, N. Y., and a hack driver, The cockney first inquired as to the population and form of government of Ogdensburg. On being informed that it was an incorporated city, whose chief executive officer was a mayor, he inquired "And does the mayor wear the insignia of office?" "Insignia! What's that?" asked the astonished hackman. "Why, a chain about his neck," explained the cockney. "O, bless you, no," responded the other, greatly relieved, "He is perfectly harmless, and goes about loose."

☞ A Boonville boy at a husking-bee tried to kiss a pretty girl without the proper credentials, but he got a red ear just after he got the kiss.—*Rome Sent.*

☞ A Covington man died and they put him on ice, but he awoke in the night and yelled out, "Why didn't you put some more wood in that stove?"

☞ George Washington—First in war, first in peace, and last in getting a monument.—*N. O. Repub*

☞ Old Beelzebub must be a tailor, for he is almost always sowing tares.—*Whitehall Times.*

☞ We want a fire engine! There's a match pedlar in town.—*Amenia Times*

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

President Grant's Message is an able paper, and he handles the subjects now engaging the minds of the people in a masterly manner. His views on the currency have a metallic ring which is relished in this part of the country at least. He is determined that Congress shall not shirk its duties, and declares that unless it takes action on the subject, he shall consider the Civil Service system dead. He also turns over the Louisiana matter to Congress. The document meets with general favor. The Boston *Journal* says:—

The evils of an inflated inconvertible paper currency are presented with such plainness and force that the honest masses of the country must approve the President's conclusions and thus reinforce the popular pressure which will be felt by Congress in favor of speedy measures toward the resumption of specie payments. We rejoice that the President has had the firmness to take this ground, in spite of all inducements to the contrary, and we trust that the force of his recommendations will soon be apparent in the action of Congress.

The *Globe* says—

There is no part of the message more emphatic and creditable than that which points out the danger and dishonesty of delay in making preparation for resumption, which must come either through timely Congressional action, or be forced upon us by the destruction of individual and national credit. The repeal of the legal tender act, as urged by the President, and the introduction after resumption of free banking, are recommendations entitled to consideration in connection with the general policy of the return to specie payments.

And the *Herald*—

Whatever objections may be made to any other part of the message, the country will gladly recognize his soundness on the currency question, and well will it be for us if Congress heeds his suggestions.

The *Advertiser* remarks:—

Whatever Congress may do on the subject, there is cause for profound congratulation in the assurance that all the influence of the executive in reference to the currency question will be exerted for what is just and wise, and that nothing with an opposite tendency will meet with any favor after it has left the Capitol.

The New York *Nation* remarks:—

The President comes out as boldly as ever in favor of specie payments, for which he argues with a laborious and somewhat clumsy good sense, which we dare say will have more effect on public opinion than a statement of greater financial pretensions. There is, indeed, in nearly all his state papers a vein of prejudice and misinformation and baseless expectation, which, by keeping him near the level of "plain people," gives his utterances a good deal of popular weight, and makes his steady adherence to the cause of sound money matter for national congratulation. It so happens, luckily, in this currency controversy, that the inflationists are all or nearly all metaphysicians or dialecticians. Their money is not real money, but money of the mind, and in order to pass current needs nearly as much faith and insight and repudiation of experience as the dogma of Papal infallibility. General Grant is, however, by no means either subtle or imaginative. He knows a dollar when he sees it as well as any man, and nothing that anybody can do to a piece of paper will make it appear to him anything better than the evidence of a promise to pay. This state of mind is that of the great bulk of men, and has always been so, as is proved by the constancy with which the race has for thousands of years stuck to the precious metals as measures of value. Every twenty or thirty years, in nearly every country, somebody rises up and undertakes, by some hocus-pocus, to substitute paper for coin as an instrument of exchange, and, if he can get hold of the government, he is generally allowed to make his experiment; but by the time he has finished, it is almost invariably found that the mass of the community have lost all interest in it, and are turning their property into gold or precious stones. Formerly, the performers of this great money trick used to be kings, but in our time they are generally philanthropists and reformers. The kings were good, hearty fellows, with no hypocrisy about them, who when adulterating or clipping the coin, or putting out their due-bills, used to say frankly that the reason they did it was because they were short of money. What the philanthropists say in our day is that they wish "to relieve the people from degrading dependence on capitalists," or "to furnish a currency based on the honor and resources of the nation." As a general rule, however, their pictures have no lasting attraction. They have never got up a paper currency which any body was, even for a day, found to prefer to gold. If we were to issue paper to-morrow morning based on a mortgage of all the land in the United States, it would be found before night that everybody would rather have coin. Men are distrustful of these big pledges, so that the talk of a plain, blunt man like General Grant in favor of hard cash finds, in the secret hearts of the people all over the country, a response against which the windy declamation of the Kelleys and Mortons about the money of the mind has no chance.

Sociable.—The regular monthly social gathering of the Social Benevolent Society was held in the vestry of the Orthodox church on Thursday evening. A good number attended, and a good time was enjoyed by all. During the evening an entertainment was given which consisted of humorous readings by B E Bond, Esq., Essay by Mr. Geo. S. Dodge recitation by Mr. Wheeler, vocal music by a choir of children, and instrumental music by the Cutter Bros.

G. A. R.—Last Monday a delegation from Post 33, visited Stoneham and presented Post 75 with a fine photograph of their late comrade, L. W. Osgood.

Insurance.—If you want any fire insurance, call on Toppan Robie, 168 Main St., who represents some of the best companies in the world.

Grand Army Fair.—We hope that all our readers are preparing for the Grand Army Fair which is to commence next Wednesday evening. The hall is to be beautifully decorated by Beals, and arranged after designs of M. M. Tidd. The two northwest anterooms will be used as a museum in charge of Messrs. Wyman and Parker. In this will be gathered a remarkable collection of rare and valuable curiosities. Mr. W. B. Harris has contributed some very curious articles, among which is a powder horn carried by a soldier in the French war and dated 1754. It is covered with carvings representing the travels of his regiment and the battles in which it was engaged, and has an artistic as well as an antiquarian value. Mr. Wyman has also the pay warrants of the Woburn Revolutionary soldiers. To attempt to enumerate the curiosities would fill this sheet, but all who love the old, the curious and the unique must go to the Fair and see Wyman & Parker's museum. All the ordinary attractions of Fairs will be there; the flower girls, the peanut stand, the conservatory, the fancy tables, the book stands, and a royal supper served by those who know how to get up a first class repast. It is needless to name all that will be seen in Lyceum Hall, but we hope the whole town will go at least once. The admission is only 25 cents and no half price, but Friday afternoon the hall will be opened to the young folks, and all under 16 years of age, will be admitted on that occasion for 10 cents. The North Woburn Band has generously offered to be present and furnish music during the three evenings. The canvassers have been well received, and one of our most liberal citizens has contributed $100. Over $500 worth of articles and money has been given, and the promise of the Fair is good. The opening night will be one of great brilliancy, and we advise all friends of the soldier, and all who enjoy a good time, to attend it. The table attendants and all the committees are expected to meet at the Orthodox vestry this Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, for consultation and instructions.

Enlargement.—The Arlington *Advocate* and the Lexington *Minute-Man* have been enlarged to 24-column papers and are now printed at Arlington by the new proprietor, Mr. Charles S. Parker. They have been greatly improved by him, and the people of Arlington and Lexington will have in these papers journals that will be alive to the interests of their towns, and of which they may well be proud. We learn that the subscription lists are growing rapidly, and we hope the towns named will give a generous support to the enterprise.

Trial.—The young rascal who has been the terror of the neighborhood of the Chemical Works was tried last Friday for indecent assault on a young girl, and murderous assault on Officer Doyle. The girl could speak very little English, and gave her testimony through Mr. David Ronco, who acted as interpreter. The boy was sent to the Reform School, where he will be secluded for a few months, and then some tender-hearted agent of State Charities will secure his release.

Ball.—The complimentary Ball given by the Phalanx to the fine members was well attended and greatly enjoyed. About 60 couples were present, and the beauty and convenience of the Armory was the subject of frequent remark. We understand that it is thought best to have the annual ball in the Armory, and if so it will be made one of the pleasantest occasions ever enjoyed by the Phalanx and its friends.

Award.—Among the awards of the Mechanics' Fair was a medal to Henry Blanchard of Wilmington, for his patent upholstery needle. The upholsterers of Boston speak of its merit in the highest terms, and as the committee making the award were among the most prominent upholsterers, it is a flattering endorsement.

Concert.—The concert last Monday evening was better attended than any entertainment this season. The performers were well received, and gave a concert that every one seemed to enjoy. We understand that the entertainment netted a handsome amount towards an organ for Trinity church.

Runaway.—Last Monday morning the horses attached to the North Woburn horse car, started away from the depot at 7 o'clock, and made good time up the track. Several efforts were made to stop them, and they were finally brought up at Bank Block, with no damage done.

Channing Fraternity.—The lecture by Rev. Mr. Barnes on Thursday evening was fully attended. His subject which was "Coal," was treated in a very instructive and entertaining manner, and his remarks were illustrated by specimens of a rare and curious character.

Lecture.—Next Monday evening Mr. H. C. Hayden will appear at Winchester, Lyceum Hall, in humorous and pathetic readings in place of the lecture by Wendell Phillips. Next Tuesday evening he will appear at Woburn Lyceum Hall.

To Lawrence.—By a new order, the trains will stop at way stations to take passengers for the State Alms House or for Lawrence, so that the new route to Lawrence can be made available by our citizens.

Burned Out.—The house and barn of Mr. L. B. Norris at South Deerfield, N H, were burned Sunday afternoon, and a large quantity of apples and butter stored in the barn, were destroyed. Loss, $5,000; insured for $3,500.

Almanac.—We have received a very neat and convenient almanac from the Boston *Journal*, which we shall avail ourselves of frequently during the coming year. It contains a large amount of valuable information.

I. O. O. F.—A delegation of Crystal Fount Lodge attended the dedication of the new hall of Bethel Lodge in Arlington on Tuesday evening.

Tribute.—We invite attention to the article on our fourth page selected from the *Nation*, on the death of John R Dennett.

Xmas.—Horton never forgets Christmas, and his friends, who want toys or pictures or books, should never forget him. Read his advertisement.

Fast.—The Baptist church observed Thursday as a day of fasting and prayer.

"WANT OF COURTESY."

Mr. Editor:—I beg the privilege of stating a few facts in relation to the charge made by "Stranger" in your last issue, against the people of Woburn in general, and by implication against the Unitarian church in particular. He alleges that he was persistently neglected by the ushers at the service of Thanksgiving, and represents himself as badly used, and the ushers as discourteous. I regard the charge as entirely unjust.

It is well known that on public occasions, a place of worship is considered practically free; and while attention to strangers should not be neglected, it is presumed that any person coming upon the premises will make himself at home as it is his right to do. It seems, however, that the self love of "Stranger," as he admits, hungered for distinction.

Now on the occasion in question every thing was done in the way of hospitality. A sufficient number of ushers were in attendance, and the gentlemen concerned did all that could be done in so large a gathering of friends to provide for their accommodation. The names of the ushers would be a guarrantee to the public that they would not knowingly or wilfully neglect any stranger who might be within their gates.

The attendance on Thanksgiving Day was quite large, and naturally the many came so nearly together, as to make the ushers' duty laborious, and liable to errors of omission. In some instances they could of course only conduct the people in groups, without addressing them individually. Now I happen to know that our unhappy "Stranger" was several times intentionally included in the invitations of one of the ushers; but evidently anxious for a button hole invitation, and having little consideration for the convenience of the ushers, he chose to nurse his wounded self love in the entry.

Every usher knows that strangers sometimes appear, perhaps unconsciously—so reserved and forbidding that it requires a degree of courage to address them; and moreover that people sometimes prefer to stand in the entry for a while until friends come, or it may otherwise suit their convenience to be seated. The usher referred to, seeing that the stranger did not follow him in several general invitations, concluded that he preferred to be let alone. The attendance of genial and responsive strangers was so great as to give the usher enough to do without stopping to flatter an egotist. Hence perhaps, "these tears."

I think that we all need inspiration to good works. Religious societies are no more hospitable than they ought to be; but in the case of the Thanksgiving service I declare from personal knowledge that the matter of hospitality was cordially studied, and that the ushers' duty was done as well as circumstances would allow. We are all fallible, and none knows better than he who has ever acted as usher on a public occasion, how natural are misunderstandings and accidental neglects; and how unjust it is to attribute a case of this kind to any radical defect of courtesy in the social habits of society or town.

For the Woburn Journal.

THE UNFORTUNATE.

Some forty years have rolled away to swell the vast records of the past, since a youth of fifteen left his home to seek his living among strangers, with no capital but a good constitution, strict integrity, untiring industry, guided by the counsels of a mother ever devoted to the welfare of those committed to her care.

For him no flowery bed of ease was prepared, but his lot seemed to be the rough side of life to share in unnumbered cares and burdens, and through the ever varying scenes to always be the one to take the heaviest load. After some years thus passed in his native New England, tempted by offers made only to deceive, he left for the sunny South, hoping there to receive better reward for his untiring devotion to the interests of those for whom he should labor. But here he was doomed to learn that all is not gold that shines, and amid domestic affliction and pecuniary trials he returned to the home of his youth, it may be a saddened but wiser man.

Seeking employment where best known he soon secured that confidence and esteem which to-day is freely accorded by all with whom he became acquainted.

Years go by, in their rapid flight, and we find him a partner in a house known and honored in their own and other States. A rapidly growing business foretold success not often found in the ever risky character of commercial life. But, alas! friends proved false and dissolution or bankruptcy was inevitable. Broken in spirit, but unfaltering in honesty a change of firm saved the reputation of the house, and the unlimited confidence of all interested. The tide turned again, and the sunlight of prosperity shone on them to be clouded only by ills beyond their power to foresee or prevent. Toiling on they fought with undaunted energy the obstacles in their path but misfortune must come, and with its iron hand crush out the hopes and expectations of a life time. To-day, surrounded by one of the loveliest families, bound to each other by the strongest ties that mortals know, he yet lives. The frosts of many winters have whitened his locks and disease has to some extent, broken his once iron constitution; but in every community where known no stain rests on him. Devoted to the loved partner who has shared with him the ups and downs of life, happy in the true and unfaltering attachment of those committed to their care, they toil on with no bright prospect before them, but cheered by the thought that above and beyond the trials of earth there is a home where sorrow and trouble are forever unknown.

Tell us not, kind reader, that the pathway of life is made alike for all, while many glide along the stream with scarce a ripple to break the even surface, others less favored, toil on amid difficulties which appear certain to bear them on in their resistless power, to total shipwreck

Pity then the unfortunate, and let words of sympathy and encouragement ever be freely offered to cheer them in their rugged path. TRAVELLER.

Evening School.—On account of the little interest manifested by those who usually attend, the school committee have decided not to open an evening school this season.

Runover.—A lad named Daniel McDonald was run over by a passing team, near Union street on Friday noon. Fortunately he was not seriously injured.

Silver Wedding.—About sixty of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Nichols called on him last Wednesday evening to remind them of the fact that a quarter of a century had passed by since they were wed. The company enjoyed themselves very much, and left some valuable souvenirs of their call.

☞ On Sunday last the section men on the branch laid new rails between Horn Pond station and Green street. A new style of chair was used for the rails to rest upon.

Building.—G. W. Kimball is building a two story house near the residence of Sherman Converse, Esq., on Salem street, for Mr. N. D. McCrillis.

Drugs.—Mr. William W. Hill has bought out Dr. Boardman, and fitted up the store formerly occupied by him at 125 Main street, very nicely. See his advertisement.

Job Wagon.—Mr. R. S. Spaulding has bought out Warren Cutler's job wagon, and makes an announcement in another column.

Police Court.—Dec. 10, John Eagan of Burlington for cruelty to a horse, was fined $20 and costs.

North Woburn.

☞ The shop formerly occupied by J P Tyler, will soon be taken possession of by a milliner.

☞ The North Woburn Band have volunteered their services to play for the Fair of the Grand Army.

Ice House.—Mr A A Clement is building an ice house near the mill pond, and intends to supply the people of this part of the town with the article next season.

Supper.—Jacob Webster Hose had a good time at their house on Friday evening last. About one hundred and fifty were present. The first part of the evening was taken up by the company and their friends in social chat, and at 8 o'clock Foreman Call invited the party to partake of a substantial supper, which had been provided. After the supper, speeches were listened to from Rev. Leander Thompson, Everett A Thompson, Jacob Webster, Engineer T. F. Page, and others, which were interspersed with music by the North Woburn Band, who kindly volunteered to play for them. The firemen appeared in uniform. The affair passed off very pleasantly, all agreeing that they had had a good time.

East Woburn.

Half Time.—Baeder & Adamson at their glue works are running half time.

Police.—Mr Charles Porter has been appointed a police officer for this part of the town.

Thieving.—James Folsom offers a reward for the arrest of the persons who stole a game rooster from his premises on Thursday evening of last week.

Serious Fall.—Last Wednesday morning as Walter S Chapman, a carpenter in the employ of the B. & L. R R., was at work on a staging at the new East Woburn depot, he slipped on a frosty plank and fell eleven feet to the ground. His left arm was broken, and his back injured. He was taken to his home in Boston, where he is now doing well.

Runaway.—On Thursday as Mr. W S. Bowen, accompanied by Mrs. George Healey, were on their way from Reading, in coming down the hill near the residence of Simon Kinsman, the breeching broke, causing the horse to run. They were both thrown out, Mrs. H being under the wagon, and she was badly injured by the fall, although no bones were broken. Mr. Bowen was bruised somewhat. The neighbors cared for them and conveyed them to their homes.

Attempted Robbery.—Woodrough Bros. think that it was fortunate for them that they were out somewhat late on Sunday evening, for as Mr. H. Woodrough rode into his yard on horseback, and called to his brother for his keys, he was accosted by a large man who answered Mr. W.'s inquiry as to who he was and what he wanted there, by attacking him and at the same time telling him he would soon let him know what he wanted. What he would have done is not known, for the timely appearance of Mr. Woodrough's brother put him to flight. That robbery was intended, is very certain, as his brother had returned only a short time before, accompanied by a friend which gave the robber the idea that both the brothers were in, and he was waiting until a later hour for an opportunity to break in. Thieves are getting somewhat numerous just now, and the people must be on their guard.

West Woburn.

☞ A reduction in wages took place at Cummings's shop on Dec. 1st.

☞ 111 turkeys were given away to the hands employed in John Cummings's shop for Thanksgiving by the firm.

California.—On Monday evening last S. L. Cutter, Esq., of San Francisco, delivered an interesting lecture on "California," tracing the history of that State from its settlement down to the present time. The Hall was filled, and the lecture listened to with much interest.

Runaway.—Mr. W. H. Cummings had a narrow escape from a serious accident on Saturday last. He was unloading lumber from a freight car near Parker's mill, into his wagon, when the horse was started by the whistling of the locomotive. He sprang to catch him, and was knocked down and run over, but fortunately received no injury, beyond a few bruises. The horse was stopped very soon, without doing any material damage to the team.

Lecture Course.—A lecture course is being gotten up by the inhabitants of this part of the town, with a view of drawing the people out, and to have something going on. They have arranged for a course of free lectures which will take place in the Engine Hall every other week, with a social gathering the next week, thus giving two lectures and two sociable every month. They have secured the services of Dr. E. Cutter, P. L. Converse, Esq., Rev. W. S. Barnes, the the Quintette club and others are expected to take part in the course. The management of the lectures is in the hands of F. W. Ellis and W. H. Cummings, which is a guarantee that something will be done.

The People's Choice.—This is the title of a new paper in Ipswich, published by Edward L. Davenport, late of the *Chronicle*, which paper the editor says, unless an immediate change takes place, the last number appeared Nov. 28th. The editor does not wish any one to consider *The Peoples Choice*, which measures just 9x12 inches, a newspaper, but evidently thinks it is good enough for Ipswich people. He has been told that a smaller paper would give just as good satisfaction in that town as a larger one; that it was of no particular difference in a country town whether the paper was a good one or a poor one; that the paper was not taken for its worth, but merely to have a paper in town, for the name of the thing. "And here," he says, "you have the small paper. Do you like it?" Of course those who are willing to pay for a paper, and have any sense, will answer—No. Well, then, if they answer, no, are you who are willing to pay for it, still willing to run in debt for such a sheet? We think we hear you indignantly screech No! And you who invariably borrow your neighbor's paper, would it not be an insult to you to suggest that you would be guilty of borrowing a sheet like this? O course you will borrow this. Does not the spirit of your great-great grandfather and of all your grandmothers rise up, indignant at the thought. We pause; that is to say our paws are open for the cash now due us." He further says:—"We have been accused of having our mouth shut, so to speak, upon certain occasions, by the use of money. This is an internal lie, probably started by some one of Satan's imps, who can see no virtue in any act. Excepting, on one occasion, we have not even been approached with a bribe. On that occasion the person indignantly denied that a bribe was intended, 'he only wished to help us,' and at our request called and took the fifty cents he left. It has also been charged by the same class of imps to which we have referred, that we have received money from General Butler, in consideration of what we could do for him in our paper. This is another lie. We have never received either directly from Gen. Butler, or from any of his friends, one cent for any service we may have been to him. Of course there is nothing personal in this article, so that all who find a jacket in it can put it on."

Golden Streets.—The Virginia City, Nevada *Enterprise* says:—Our principal streets are being macadamized with refuse ore taken from the mines in early days, and being coated with the rich ore that has been year after year sifted down upon them from the ore wagons, are now everywhere more or less argentiferous. Indeed there is not the slightest stretch of imagination in saying that we never take a step in the town but we are walking on silver—that our streets are literally paved with silver. While speaking of this fact a day or two since, a young man bet his friend the price of the assaying and the "cigars," that he would take a lump of mud off of the wheel of a 'bus then standing before them, and would get out of it precious metal to the value of over $5 per ton. An ounce or two of mud was taken from the wheel of the vehicle, and placed in the hands of an assayer, who was not told where the sample was obtained, and who no doubt supposed that he was dealing with decomposed ore or vein matter from one of our mines. The assay was made, and the assayer's certificate showed that the sample contained, silver, $7 14; gold $2 32; total, $9 86. After this we may put on airs, even though our streets are villainously muddy occasionally, for the very mud on our boots contains both silver and gold—is not the vulgar mud of "cow county" towns.

Masonic.—The annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was held Wednesday at Masonic Temple, R. W. Grand Master Sereno Dwight Nickerson presiding. The Grand Master made his annual report, which was heard attentively. It contained a clear and concise business statement of the finances and many valuable suggestions. Mr. Nickerson has served three years as Grand Master, the limit prescribed by the constitution, and has made a record with which the fraternity is well pleased, and one which both he and the Order cannot fail to ever look upon with pride and satisfaction. The attendance was very large, and the annual election resulted in the choice of the following officers:—Grand Master, Percival L Everett of Boston; Senior Grand Warden, William J Sawin of Chicopee; Junior Grand Warden, Lucius W Lovell of Quincy; Grand Treasurer, John McClellan, of Boston; Grand Secretary, Charles H. Titus of Boston; Directors, Charles Levi Woodbury of Boston, Samuel C Lawrence of Medford, William F Salmon of Lowell, Henry Endicott and Sereno D Nickerson of Boston; Auditing Committee Hocum Hosford, Samuel P. Oliver, Otis E Weld.

Agriculture in Massachusetts.—The New York *Independent* compares the agricultural statistics of Massachusetts, and New Jersey with the following result;—

The area of New Jersey is 200 square miles less than that of Massachusetts, yet it has 240,000 more acres of improved land. The cash value of its farms is two and a half times as great and increasing forty per cent. every ten years. Its farm products are one-third greater, and its orchard products are also about one-third greater; yet there is just as much poor, worthless land in proportion to area in the one State as in the other. The sandy pine-barrens of South Jersey and the hills and rocks of Northern and Northwestern New Jersey are just as unproductive and as great in proportion to area as the untillable portions of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Frogs.—The frog market at Newburyport is quite active. Two men have several thousand frogs on hand which they are fattening for the Boston market, where immense quantities are sold every year. The frog collectors scour the country for a radius of thirty miles in search of the animals, the sale of which has become quite an industry.

Takes it Back.—On Wednesday, at Moulton's request, the case of Edna Dean Proctor against him was given to a referee, and it was settled on the basis of a complete recantation by Moulton who is to pay all costs. Miss Proctor testified before the referee that Mr. Beecher had never offered her any impropriety.

☞ General Grant is credited with this rather sensible remark: "I do not think it is worth while to insist upon a verdict as to the responsibility for the recent reverses. Would it not be better policy to harmonize differences and to agree upon the best method of regaining lost ground?"

Convicted.—Jesse Pomeroy, the boy fiend, was convicted on Thursday of murder in the first degree. The jury recommended to mercy him who showed no mercy.

Winchester.

Presentation.—By invitation of Mr. Salem Wilder, the Baptist Sunday School o which he is the Superintendent visited his house last Monday evening to supplement the Tea Party held at the same place on the previous Thursday evening, which was well attended. The school responded to the invitation in large numbers, and improved the occasion by giving Mr. Wilder a surprise by presenting him with a gold-headed ebony cane from the establishment of Palmer, Batchelder & Co., of Boston, costing some $28. The presentation speech was made by George Baker, to which Mr. Wilder happily responded. The evening was pleasantly passed in singing, the interchange of words of good cheer and partaking of the good things provided. A little over $100 was realized from these two occasions for the benefit of the treasury of the Baptist Society.

Sunday Services.—The ninth anniversary of the Unitarian Sunday School was observed last Sunday evening. The exercises consisted of a report from the Secretary, E. A. Wadleigh, recitations, reading of the "Evening Star," addresses from the pastor, C. L. Harrington, and R. C. Metcalf, interspersed with singing by the children. The services were of an interesting character and attended by a large audience.

Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association will occupy the pulpit of the Unitarian church, to-morrow (Sunday) morning.

Lecture.—Rev. A. B. Dascomb gave the lecture in the G. A. R. course last Monday evening. His subject was a sketch of "William the Silent," and was an interesting chapter in the history of the Netherlands and of that great man whose life was so thoroughly identified with those provinces in their long struggles for religious freedom.

The next lecture will be given by General Banks (date to be fixed), subject, "The Duration of the Republic." It will probably be given Dec. 22nd, the time announced for Rev. Dr. Chapins. Dr. Chapins' lecture will take place Monday evening, Dec. 28th.

Jefferson Legislature.—This august body which seems to have been brought into notoriety through the columns of the Boston dailies, held its second session on Thursday evening of last week. Rules and orders were adopted, a few of the Standing Committees appointed, seats of members drawn, and some other matters of detail acted upon. The next meeting comes off on Thursday evening next, when several important matters will come up for consideration.

Tea Party and Sale.—A Tea Party and sales of useful and fancy articles will take place in the vestries of the Unitarian church on Thursday afternoon and evening next. The proceeds of the affair are to go towards the painting of the church edifice and fixing up the grounds around it.

Masonic.—The annual election of officers of Wm. Parkman Lodge occurred on Tuesday evening, resulting as follows:—
W. M.—Charles E. Follansbee,
S. W.—George W. Spurr,
J. W.—Thomas S. Spurr,
Treas.—Irving S. Palmer,
Sec.—Leone S. Quimby.

Assault.—A resident of Symmes's Corner was assaulted a few evenings ago, and a day or two later, found two men on his premises evidently bent on mischief. He drew his pistol, when they hastily withdrew.

Concert.—The first complimentary concert by the Winchester Choral Association will be given to their associate members next Tuesday evening, December 15th, in Adelphian Hall, Richardson's Block. The programme comprises a chorus, "How soft the shades of evening," Solo from "The Woman of Samaria," by Mr Shepard. Duet, "Sweet Zephyr," by the Misses Whitney. Song, "A mariner's home's the sea," by Mr Russell. Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, by Prof. Strachauer, son and daughter. Mendelsshon's May Song, and "Hail, smiling morn," by the Association. Song, "Ruby," by Miss A. Whitney. Piano solo by Miss Lamson. Duet "Our merry Swiss home," by Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Twombly. Quartette—"Watch on the Rhine," Messrs Shepard, Baxter, Shepard and Russell. Chorus—"How oft the moon glides beaming," by the Association. Concert commences at 7 45; admission 50 cents.

Attempted Robbery.—On two Saturday nights recently as Mr. Walter H. Fiske was on his return home from the last train he has found one or more men lurking around in the vicinity of his house apparently seeking to waylay and rob him. The last time as he was passing by a portion of his premises he discovered a man crouched behind a bush, whom he called to and pointed a revolver at, demanding what he was doing there. The man made no reply, except to say, "Don't shoot me,' and on being told to clear out, he did so, making an insulting remark after he had got out of pistol shot. Another singular fact was that the two street gas lights in the vicinity of the occurrence had been put out, but not by the one authorized to do it, who had not been his rounds. Mr. Fisk's house is on Main street, near Symmes's corner, and appearances indicate that some parties evidently thought Mr. Fisk had money about him which the villians desired to get hold of. It is well for our citizens to look out for the many tramps who are roaming about the country seeking what depredations they can commit upon the peace and good order of the community. Let an example be made of them that shall strike terror to them.

[For the Woburn Journal.]

Public Spirit.—Whenever a public meeting of any kind has been held at Lyceum Hall within the last five or six years, the complaining cry of our long-suffering citizens has been, "Why don't the Locke's repair the hall?" We have always answered them that it would not probably pay for them to invest any more money on it. The Messrs. Locke are men who live on bread and butter (and perhaps a few vegetables) like the rest of us, and why should we expect them to invest money in that which will not pay. But some of our unthinking citizens seem to think that somehow or rather the Messrs Locke ought to keep the hall in perfect repair, simply because they are unfortunate enough to own it. The fact is, the Messrs. Locke have given more than they have received, have reaped less than they have sown, and yet they are at present engaged in repairing and embellishing the interior of our once beautiful hall, so that once more it may be a temple worthy of our town. We call this public spirit manifested in a practical manner, for they know as well as any business man must know that it is a poor investment considered in a money point of view, and yet they are expending a considerable sum of money in repairing it. We hope the Messrs. Locke will receive from the citizens of the town the commendation which is their due, and that all classes of our citizens will make use of the hall as much as possible so that they may receive as large an income as possible from their public spirited investment. We understand that the hall will be reopened to the public on some evening of Christmas week, at which time there will be held a Mother Goose party, the proceeds of which will be given to the poor as a Christmas offering. For this occasion the Messrs. Locke have tendered the free use of their hall, and have declined to receive any compensation whatever. E.

West Medford.

Burglary.—Two houses on Lawrence street belonging to C. C. Stevens, were broken into on Friday night, and a lot of lead pipe and brass faucets stolen.

New Hotel.—A large building is being erected on Boston avenue near the Medford Steps station, to be used as a hotel.

Wilmington.

Mr Editor:—Among the many adjunct conveniences attended upon city residence and life over that of ordinary country places, we are blessed with a beneficiary share much to the surprise of our demi-city neighbors, although thirty minutes' ride by rail from Boston.

Every morning the grocer, baker, butcher and iceman make their daily call for orders which they fill during the day, excepting the latter, who dispenses the cooling coagulation as a memento of his visitative propensities as he makes his rounds. This evidences the fact that we are not without the household comforts and city privileges which estrange people so often from the country by reason of the deprivation of these very conveniences and luxurious auxiliaries that are so highly appraised in the city, and which to a very great extent become the determining point between city and country resident life in direct contravention with household affairs.

A second objectionable feature is the lack of literary entertainments, i. e., lectures, lyceums, operas, &c, which are only offset by the pecuniary advantages derived from low rents, a most healthy and salubrious atmosphere which is unequalled in the Commonwealth, with excellent schools, large play grounds for children, and no taxes, the achieved merit of thorough domestic economy, as vertified by the assessors, i. e., Town versus County and State valuation,—but whose little scheme has been seemingly ignored on Beacon Hill, as they have discovered (so reported) a scale by which its adaptation to fungus assessors' valuation is made applicable to honesty of intention, as well as honesty of action in the assessment of taxes.

We are a law-abiding people, and are devoid of all municipal restraint or local judicial authority other than that vested in the Selectmen, Justices of the Peace, and a very excellent and noble hearted constable, with prodigal benevolent characteristics, overflowing with Christian virtues, governing by "moral suasion," in place of law-subjugation, as an earnest for the propagation of the Golden Rule; and living as he does immediately under the angelic shadow and wing of "our good shepherd," the heavenly influence intensely sheds its salutary ray around him in all the beauties of holiness, as the glorious stimulant of "peace on earth, and good will to men,"—the holy escapade of reason.

Being a people so habituated to self-control, and strict observers of each others rights and privileges, no lawyer has ever gained residence within our humble town to digest personal feuds and create imaginary wrongs into estrangements and flattering fees which do not always achieve victories or allay dissentions. Nay, they do not care to waste their substance in litigation and retainers.

An effort is being made to inaugurate a course of public lectures in town, which will doubtless be accomplished as one citizen I understand, has offered to contribute two lectures, one by Hon. N. P. Banks, and one by Hon. George B Loring, "the same to be free" if the citizens will provide for three, making a course of five, and in case the latter will raise funds for five, the donor will add one more free lecture to the list by Hon. Geo S. Boutwell, Rev. Dr. Cudworth or Rev James Freeman Clark, and it is but reasonable to suppose that the challenge will be promptly accepted and responded to by the citizens.

As the opening lecture is proposed to be given by General Banks, to be next followed by Dr. Loring, we trust the friends of these popular lecturers will drop in from the neighboring towns to show their well wishes, and to assist us by their presence, in making ourselves visible among the lesser luminaries such as shine out in the rural districts.

Will not old Woburn send us a full delegation in order to aid us in extending a cordial welcome to the lecturers, and a deserved compliment to the citizen who has so generously endeavored to cater to the pleasure, taste and culture of his fellow citizens by the donation of free lectures from such eminent ability.

PAUSARIAS.

Dedication of a Hall at Arlington.—The new hall of Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., located in the new building recently erected by the Savings' Bank, was dedicated Tuesday evening by the officers of the grand lodge. There was a very large gathering of members of the order and their friends, and everything passed off very pleasantly and agreeably. Remarks were made by the grand officers and W. E. Parmenter, P. G. master, Thomas Barr, P. G. D. M., and others. The singing was very finely rendered. At the conclusion of the exercises at the lodge room the company repaired to the town hall, where supper had been provided. This over, the hall was cleared for the dedication ball given by the lodge.

☞ I believe firmly that there can be no prosperous and permanent revival of business and industries until a policy is adopted, with legislation to carry it out, looking to a return to a specie basis.—*President Grant, in his Annual Message.*

Half Hours Chit Chat Among the Publishers.

No class of our readers are more desirous of furnishing good books for the people than our first class publishers. They are well aware that the establishment of good strong, sound reading books pay, not only upon their first introduction, but are desirous of their becoming standard in their character. In this view of the case, we must separate much of the imaginative literature of the times from the works of value, such as relate to the sciences, histories, biographies, travels and other truthful works. The value of much of our imaginative literature is of questionable character, as many of our well informed, careful publishers can testify to the fact that several American branches of foreign houses which have done a very good business in this country for years past, have by a certain manner of trade in publication of foreign books, materially increased the value of all valuable foreign books. This should not be; but it does not stop here. This custom floods the American market with much mere literary trash, which operates very unfavorably upon the regular publishing trade. Many of these works are dear at any price, and should never be introduced under the style of English literature. We are gratified to learn that this Christmas season will witness a finer, richer and much higher standard of holiday books, than last Christmas season. And it is a pleasant thought to be carried out in acts as well as thought, "give me a present this Christmas that will do me good until the next Christmas." Good books for holidays and Christmas, say our best publishing houses, and an hour spent in many of our Boston houses and New York publishing rooms gives us the hope that the reign of the Munchausen, Gulliver and Jules Verne literature has gone by, never to to be seen again or revived. Some specimens of it surely would be no loss to the world, were it sunk more than twenty thousand leagues below the waves.

A little girl of fourteen years said in answer to the promise of a friend to give her a valuable book for Christmas, "Do not buy me any great stories like Monte Christo, or a Thousand Leagues, for I do not love stories, made up ones, and not true." Now it would be entirely safe to let such children go to Osgood's, Lee, Shepard & Co., Estes & Laureate, Williams & Co, the old firm of Little & Brown, Gills, Shepard & Co, Noyes & Holmes, and some others we could name, and select their own books. Among Osgood & Co, we notice the Hanging of the Crane, being finely illustrated, a gift worthy of all seasons. Lee & Shepard. Some of the most readable books for the coming season, rich, rare, costly and true. Books that are books, and will always find buyers. Estes & Lauriatt will show you the Pilgrim's Progress in a style of richness and beauty not easily surpassed—a bijou of excellence in taste, and unexceptional workmanship.

New Publications.

Traveller's Guide.—The Traveller's Official Guide published by the National Railway Publication Co., of Philadelphia, is the best work of the kind we know of, and every one who has to travel should have a copy.

Artizan.—The December number is at hand, and contains among other valuable papers an account of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. The *Artisan* is just the paper for mechanics, and is published by Brown & Allen, 258 Broadway, N. Y., for $2.25 a year.

Life and Explorations of Dr. Livingstone, By John S. Roberts, Boston, B. B. Russell.

This is a work of 150 p, and gives a full and concise account of this celebrated explorer and African traveller, whose remarkable adventures and persevering industry has given to the world so true and concise statement of the wonders of that interesting portion of the globe, which for so many years has been the grand tramping ground of the far off Zambesi from Congo to the Nile. This reliable and clear statement of the man whom so many love in the result of whose labors so many have a direct interest, will find hundreds of readers throughout the length and breadth of our own country, as well as Europe. Every one should read this book.

Peterson. The January number of *Peterson's* Magazine is just received, Dec. 7, ahead, as usual, of all others. "As Good as a Mother," the principal steel plate, is one of rare beauty. "Even Unto Death," is an unusually powerful story, by Frank Lee Benedict, illustrated by another first class steel engraving. The double-size, colored steel fashion plate, and the Berlin pattern, the latter printed in ten colors, are alone worth the price of the number; but beside these, there are about forty wood engravings, with music, stories, novelets, poetry, &c. This magazine claims to be both the cheapest and best. The terms are but two dollars a year to single subscribers, postage free, with great reductions to clubs, and superb premiums, including an extra copy of the magazine, to persons getting up clubs. Specimens are sent gratis, if written for, to persons wishing to get up clubs. We advise none to subscribe for any magazine until they have seen a copy of *Peterson*. Address C. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Strength and Beauty; or, Discussions for Young Men. By Mark Hopkins, D. D. N. Y.; Dodd & Mead.

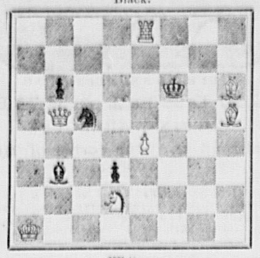
Man very much mistakes God's plan or method of social unity when they blindly follow their own narrow views, of his requirement of man as a social being. All such would do well to read what Dr. Hopkins says of God's method; errors of thought, of a perverse nature would in a clear exposition of facts be much improved. This will be found a work of improvement and encouragement for all who would be unselfish, truly self-reliant and manly. In this work pass all the baser passions of man before him. *Oculi in speculum* are his inordinate selfishness passed in review in all the harsh and repellant features of a malignant and wicked heart. In a work like "Strength and Beauty," we have only to say that every candid and careful reader will rise from its perusal a wiser and a better man.

☞ Kidney diseases, dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of *Hunt's Remedy*. Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been cured by *Hunt's Remedy*. Try it.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 32.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

☞ Solution Problem No. 31:—

White	Black
Kt to Kt 5	Kt to KB 3 chk
K to KB 3	K to B sqr
Q to KB7 mate.	
Kt to K K 5	Kt to Q3 chk
K x Kt chk	K Q sqr
Q to QB 8 mate.	
Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to KB 3 chk
K to KB 3	Kt to Q3
Q to K 7 mate.	
Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to QR 2
Kt to Q6 chk	K to Q sqr
B to QKt 6 mate.	
Kt to K Kt 5	Kt to QR 2
Kt to Q6 chk	K to KB sqr
Q to K B7 mate.	
Kt to K K 5	Kt to QKt 3
Kt to Q6 chk	K to Q sqr
B x Kt mate.	

In the last should K move to B sqr, Q mates on B7. Yours truly,

H. F. SMITH

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, for the election of Directors and the transaction of any business which may legally come before it, will be holden at their Banking House, on Tuesday the 12th of January, 1875, at 7 P. M.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

A CARD.

The manager of the Concert given at Lyceum Hall, on Monday evening, desires to say in justice to Prof. Strachauer as regards the Chorus, that sufficient rehersal for its thorough well going was not possible, several individuals largely depended upon not being able to attend; also the illness of Mrs. Cummings on that evening is very much regreted. The manager also wishes to tender his warmest thanks to all who have so generously supported him in this effort, and to announce as the result a very satisfactory balance as a donation for the organ. 225

A CARD.

Jacob Webster Hose Co. No. 2 hereby tender their thanks to the ladies who so kindly assisted in the preparation for our entertainment last Friday evening, and to the North Woburn Band for their excellent music.

SYLVESTER CALL, Foreman.

No. Woburn, Dec. 10, 1874. 229

Married.

In Arlington, Dec. 6th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Charles E. Boutwell and Sarah A. A. Chapman, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line,

In Woburn, Dec. 6th, Boody Sherburne, aged 47 years, 4 months.

In Woburn, Dec. 8th, Harriett, wife of Joseph B. DeLoriea, aged 40 years, 2 months.

In Woburn, Dec, 9th, Mrs. Sarah W. Webber, aged 70 years, 9 months.

THE PRICE TELLS

AND

EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF

MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

AT RETAIL.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.

BOYS OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.

All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.

$12 to $24.

Styles Equal to the Best.

Stock Replenished Daily.

ONE PRICE

BLUE STORE.

12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24

Washington street,

BOSTON. 158

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN MILK-CURE

FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.*

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,

Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the

LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—

DR. S. D. HOWE'S

ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES

should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.

DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,

14 161 Chambers St., New York.

Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Pianos and Organs

W. F. CLEMENT, Agent for Weber.

Rogers Upright and Bourne Piano-Fortes and Smith American Organs. ☞ Pianos and Organs tuned. Order book at Sparrow Horton's.

RESIDENCE, - - LOWELL STREET.

Toppan Robie,

Insurance Agent,

168 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

REPRESENTS THE

Liverpool and London and Globe. Assets, $22,500,000

Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool. Assets, $14,000,000

Pennsylvania Fire, of Philadelphia. Assets, $1,400,000

Dwelling House Ins. Co., of Boston. Assets, $362,000

Mutual Life Ins. Co., of New York. Assets, $65,000,000

222

WM. W. HILL,

Apothecary,

Having taken the Store recently occupied by Dr. E. E. Boardman, 125 Main Street, Allen's Block, would respectfully invite the attention of the people in Woburn and vicinity, to his complete and carefully selected assortment of

Pure Drugs,

CHEMICALS,

—AND—

Pharmaceutical Preparations

Together with all articles usually found in a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE, such as

TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,

SUPPORTERS, &c.

ALL THE

RELIABLE PATENT MEDICINES.

Also, a full assortment of

TOILET REQUISITES,

including

Hair, Tooth, Nail and Flesh

BRUSHES,

Dressing Combs,

Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, &c.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS

and Family Medicines

Will receive careful personal attention

Attention is invited to our

ELASTIC

Bandage Department

Consisting of a complete assortment of

Elastic Stockings,

Knee Caps, Anklets,

Belts, &c.

For the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.

Our Elastic Fabrics

are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken, and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.

All medicines dispensed will be genuine and of the best quality.

By earnest efforts to maintain a high standard in all departments of the business, and by careful attention to the wants of customers and the public, he hopes to merit a share of patronage. 220

Scribner's Monthly,

"The Great National Magazine,"

enters upon a new year (its ninth volume) with the November number, with broader plans and larger enterprise than ever before, and with the ambition it has maintained from the first, to demonstrate itself to be the brightest, the strongest, the most beautiful, and in every way the BEST POPULAR MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. During the year it will present such marvels of illustrative engraving as no popular magazine has ever been able to publish. Its writers will be, as they have been, the choice and chosen literary men and women of America. Among the attractive features of the year will be a New Serial Novel,

"THE STORY OF SEVEN OAKS,"

by J. G. HOLLAND. A series of papers from various pens on

"AMERICAN LIFE AND SCENERY,"

including descriptive papers on American cities, will open in January with a narrative of WESTERN DISCOVERY AND ADVENTURE, by MAJOR POWELL, whose descent of the Colorado is one of the most famous exploits of Western travel. The series will rival "THE GREAT SOUTH" papers in the magnificence of its illustrations, whilst possessing greater variety and wider interest. Also another illustrated series:

"A FARMER'S VACATION IN EUROPE,"

Six articles recounting the experience of a well-known American farmer and engineer (COLONEL WARING, of Ogden Farm, Newport, R. I.) during a tour through some of the less frequented parts of Western Europe, in the Autumn of 1873.

A series of papers of great interest on

FRENCH LITERATURE AND PARISIAN LIFE,

by ALBERT RHODES, with illustrations by French Artists, will appear during the year.

"THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND,"

Or, "The Modern Robinson Crusoe," JULES VERNE'S latest story, will be continued, with its illustrations. A story, SAXE HOLM.

"MY TOURMALINE,"

begins in November, and will run for three or four months. There will also be other Novelettes and Shorter Stories by leading American and English Story Writers. The Magazine will continue to hold its pre-eminence in this regard. The ESSAYS, REVIEWS, and EDITORIAL PAPERS will, as heretofore, employ the ablest pens in both Europe and America. HOME AND SOCIETY, which has grown in favor and in excellence from the first, will be made more attractive, useful, and valuable in its influence on the social life and culture of the American people. THE ETCHINGS will be still further improved, and there will be greater variety in this department.

Scribner's Monthly, by the verdict of both the English and the American press is "The Best of all the Monthlies."

The Eight Bound Volumes of Scribner constitute an Illustrated Library of more than 6,000 octavo pages. They contain more than a Dozen Splendid Serial Stories, nearly One Hundred Shorter Stories, more than a Thousand Separate Articles, Essays, Poems, Editorials and Reviews, embellished with nearly Two Thousand Illustrations. We have reprinted at great expense the earlier volumes, and now offer a limited number at reduced rates in connection with subscriptions. No other opportunity will probably ever be given to get complete sets of this unrivaled Monthly, the expense of reprinting in small editions being so great as to be prohibitory.

OUR SPECIAL OFFERS.

We offer the eight vols., bound in cloth, sent to any address in the United States, charges paid, with one year's subscription, for $20; the same, charges not paid, $16. The eight vols., in extra library style, marble sides and marble edges, and a subscription, for $25; or if sent, charges not paid, $20.

The Postage on all New Subscriptions will be Prepaid by us. The Subscription price of Scribner's Monthly is $4 a year. Scribner's Monthly and St. Nicholas, $7.

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GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

54,000

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.

☞ Send for Price Lists.

Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

R. S. SPAULDING,

(Successor to Warren Colbert)

Express and Job Wagon

Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.

Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and at reasonable prices. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes may be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, E. E. Thompson's, Lake's Store, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co's coal office, 113 Main street, near Railroad station.

Orders received for Coke. 222

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Taken on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 2d day of January A. D. 1875, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right in equity that Lucy L. Brown, of Concord, in said County, had on the sixteenth day of November 1874, when the same was seized on this execution, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: (No. 1.) A certain farm situated in the easterly part of Stow, in said County, containing 42 acres with the buildings thereon bounded. Beginning at the east corner of the premises on the old road from Concord to Stow, at land of John Goldsmith and running west on lands of said Goldsmith, Benj Conant and John Dane, crossing the track of the Marlboro Branch of the Fitchburg Railroad to the road from South Acton to Assabet; thence turning and running on said road south to the land of Thos Brooks, crossing the said Railroad track, and running on said Brooks land east to the old road leading from Concord to Stow, thence north on said road to the point of beginning. (No. 2.) A certain parcel of land called the "Meadow Field," situated in the south-east part of said Stow, containing 24 acres, bounded. Beginning at a stake at land of Daniel Whitney, thence S.W. to a stake at land of heirs of Josiah Brown, thence east 109 rods to a stake and stones, thence northerly to a stake and stones at land of said Whitney, thence west by land of said Whitney 63 rods to the stake first mentioned. (No. 3.) A certain tract of pasture land in the south part of Acton, in said County, containing 23 acres 2 roods and 25 rods, bounded. Beginning at the north-west corner of the premises, thence S. 70° E., 35 rods; thence S. 16° E., 16 rods; thence S. 6° E., 46½ rods, on land of John Brown and Elnathan Jones to land of William Chaplain; thence north 85° E., 45 rods on land of Chaplain; thence N. 10° W., 80 rods on land of Joel Conant and Horatio Low, to the Fitchburg Railroad; thence north 62° W., 9 rods, thence N. 73° W., 36½ rods on said Railroad to the bounds first mentioned. (No. 4.) A certain parcel of land situated near the church of the First Parish in the centre of Concord in said County, with the buildings thereon, bounded south-west by a lane or passage way leading to said church from the mill dam, south and east by the Common near said church, and north by the county road on Main Street.

HORACE COLLAMORE, Deputy Sheriff.

Woburn, November 25th, 1874.

Grand Army

FAIR

Lyceum Hall, Woburn,

Wednesday, Thursday,

—AND—

Friday Evenings,

Dec. 16, 17, & 18, 1874.

In Aid of the Charity Fund of Burbank Encampment, Post 33, G. A. R.

Music by North Woburn Band.

Admission 25 Cts.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers

of ever description and all widths can be found at FOWLE'S SHOE STORE, opposite the Common.

Fine hand made Boots and Shoes a specialty.

All kinds of Fancy Slippers for the holidays.

No trouble to show goods. Come in and look if you don't buy. Repairing done at short notice.

FOWLE'S SHOE STORE.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE

In Wilmington.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by George Fredson of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Ruel Carter of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and dated November 16th, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex Northern District, Book 53, Page 244, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday the 28th day of December 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M., a certain tract of land with the buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, containing about thirty-three and three-quarters be it the same more or less, it being a part of the estate of Timothy Carter senior, late of said Wilmington, deceased, and is bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of the main road leading to Lowell, and at land of Joseph A. Ames from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Ames land to a stake; thence same course by and with land of the above named grantee to a stake; thence southerly still by and with said grantee's land to a stake at land of the heirs of John S. Perry, deceased, thence westerly by and with said Perry's land to a stake; thence northerly by and with the same land to a stake; thence westerly again, still by the same land to said road; thence northerly again by and with said road to the point of beginning.

227 RUEL CARTER, Mortgagee.

TO THE HONORABLE the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the city of Boston and the towns of Woburn and Medford, respectfully petition your honorable bodies for authority to provide a system of sewerage for said towns, and the towns of Winchester and Stoneham, and for conveying away the impurities which now are discharged into Mystic Pond—the expense of doing said work to be equitably assessed upon the parties benefited, in such a manner as the Legislature may determine.

SAMUEL C. COBB, Mayor of Boston.

JAMES BEAN, P. R. LITCHFIELD, C. M. BARRETT, JOHN H. HOOPER, ELIJAH S. WAIT, CHAS. N. JONES,	Selectmen of Medford.
E. E. THOMPSON, JOSEPH M. EATON, L. HOUGHTON ALLEN, DAVID D. HART, W. R. PUTNAM, ELEAZER F. POOLE,	Selectmen of Woburn.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Dec 7, 1874.

I approve the publication of the above petition in the *Woburn Journal*

224 OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

A Card to the Public.

A Short Postponement of the Fifth Gift Concert.

As manager of the gift concerts given in aid of the Public Library of Kentucky my position creates an important trust in behalf of the Public Library and the ticket-holders of the fifth gift concert. The Public Library of Kentucky and the ticket-holders are jointly interested in the amount of the drawing. The larger fund to be distributed in gifts the greater will be the gift awarded to each lucky ticket-holder and the more the amount realized by the Library. To have a full drawing is so manifestly to the interest of those interested that, rather than have a fractional drawing on the 30 inst., I deem it due to the trust confided to me by the ticket-holders and the Public Library of Kentucky, that a short postponement be made to enable me to dispose of the unsold tickets and have a full drawing. Though the very large amount now in bank would enable us to distribute handsome gifts, yet we should feel disappointed in this our last concert, should we be compelled to make a fractional drawing, however large.

We have received so very large a number of letters from all parts of the country from those most largely interested, urging a postponement if all the tickets be not sold by the 30th, that we feel strengthened in our sense of duty to the ticket-holders and the Public Library, to make the postponement. Under the circumstances, we have determined, in the interest of all parties, to postpone the concert and drawing to Saturday February 27, 1875, at which time the drawing will positively take place, and, as a guarantee of good faith toward ticket-holders, we pledge ourselves to refund to any ticket-holder his money, upon presentation of his ticket should the drawing fail to come off at the day now fixed. The past, we feel assured, will be sufficient guarantee to all interested that they will be fairly and honestly dealt with. The money paid for the tickets is sacredly preserved against all contingencies until after the payment of the gifts, after which the expenses are to be reimbursed and the Public Library is to be paid its profits.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE
Agent and Manager,

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 29 1874. 221

1875.

Almanacs!

Diaries!

Now is the time to get

Best Selection

—AT—

"Horton's Bookstore."

Subscribe *now* for a good

Magazine or

Newspaper

FOR A. D. 1875.

SPARROW HORTON,

195 Main Street, - - Woburn.

Musical Gift Books!

A very acceptable and permanently useful present to a musical friend will be one of the following valuable Works for sale at all Music Stores, or will be sent by mail, postpaid, for retail price.

Just Published.

PIANO AT HOME.

250 large pages, filled with the best Piano Duets, [4-hand pieces], furnishing an unfailing fund of home entertainment.

ORGAN AT HOME. For Reed Organs. 200 very popular easy pieces.

Gems of German S'g. Vocal. Gems of Scottish S'g. Vocal. Gems of Sacred Song. Vocal. Gems of Strauss, Instrumental.

These books are truly caskets of "Gems" of the kind indicated. The "Gems of Strauss" constitute the most brilliant music ever published in one volume.

Wreath of Gems. Vocal. Operatic Pearls. Vocal Silver Chord. Vocal. Shower of Pearls. Voc. Duets.

Admirable collection of Songs and Duets.

Musical Treasure. Vocal and Instrumental.
Pianist's Album. Instumental.
Pianoforte Gems. "

All the above splendid collections are uniform in style and binding, have 200 to 250 large pages each are filled with the popular music, and cost in Boards, each $2.50. In Cloth, $3.00. Full Gilt, $4.00.

Elegantly bound and most interesting books are also the Lives of Handel, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc., etc. Price from $1.75 to $2.00 per volume.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County:—

The Selectmen of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board that you straighten Forest street from Thomas Farland's to the junction of Washington street.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON,
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November A. D. 1874. On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in Cambridge, on the 5th day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and order thereon, Attest,
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

A true copy. Attest,
E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County;—

The Selectmen of the Town of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board to straighten Cambridge street, from a point near the Farm House of William Everett to the Arlington line.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON,
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November, A. D., 1874. On the foregoing petition, Ordered that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 5th day of January next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Woburn Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

Copy of Petition and Order thereon, Attest,
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.

A true copy. Attest,
259 E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

NEW STORE

In Woburn

The Proprietor of the BOSTON HAT STORE would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he has just opened,

In Soles' Building,

140 Main Street,

a large and well selected stock of

HATS, CAPS,

Ladies' and Children's

FURS,

—AND—

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Which he offers at LOW FIGURES.

He has secured the services of Mr. GEORGE W. MERRILL as manager, who will be pleased to see any and all of his friends, and the public generally, at the new store. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

E. L. THAYER,
212 Proprietor Boston Hat Store.

Tenement To Let.

A tenement with 6 rooms for $10 a month. Apply to C. P. Jayne, 2 Wade Block. 215

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

Large variety New and Pretty, Useful or Ornamental Goods for

Christmas and New Year Presents.

Call early to get the best selection and avoid the rush at

Horton's Bookstore, Woburn.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

BATH ROOM

AND

BARBER SHOP.

5 Railroad St., three doors from Main

WOBURN.

WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.

Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Tenement To Let!

One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of

180 J. B. McDONALD.

WANTED.

Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at

MRS. JOHNSON'S,

31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co

DEALERS IN

HARD and SOFT

COAL, WOOD,

Lime & Cement.

We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.

CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE

SAW and SPLIT WOOD

READY FOR USE,

At a slight additional charge.

Office: 113 MAIN STREET

Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.

CHAS. K. CONN, CHAS. H. POLLARD

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Ministers, Students, and *expert salesmen* who can earn $2,000 PER YEAR for the "BIRTH OF CHRIST." The finest engraving ever sold by Agents. Takes the quickest, *pays the best*. Nothing like it ever offered by subscription.

Also a few intelligent Ladies

to take orders for the most popular article of female use in the market. *Exclusive sale and profits immense.* To secure best term and choice of territory apply *immediately* to

S. P. BAC[illegible]US, 129 Tremont Street,
211 Boston, Mass.

Central House Assemblies.

The Proprietor of the Central House, Woburn, proposes to give a course of Dancing Assemblies at his Hotel, commencing

Tuesday Ev'g, Dec. 8, '74,

and continuing on every other Tuesday evening during the season.

Music Joyce's Band.

No pains will be spared to make this course of parties first class.

Tickets for each party 75 cents.

LEE HAMMOND,
214 Proprietor Central House.

FOR

Christmas Presents

GO TO

A. A. WALKER'S,

127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,

☞ A great Variety of Beautiful things and very Reasonable.

Don't fail to see them.

Two Tenements for Rent.

A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER. 24

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT

DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,

142 Main St., corner Railroad.

☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜

BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 2nd, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 7.20, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 8.00, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30a, 9.33* A. M., 12.19,* 2.15, 5.33,* 9.35*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.17, 9.55 A. M., 2.35, 5.54 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.29, 10.04 A. M., 2.45, 6.00 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.40 A. M., 2.57, 6.10 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.15, A. M., 1.05, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.55, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.39, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.57, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.35, 8.30‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.12, 7.50, 8.04, 9.12, 10.37 A. M., 1.27, 3.07, 4.12, 5.12, 6.43, 8.37‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays two hours later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

Insurance.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.

A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

GEO. H. CONN.

Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

Geo. H. Lane & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers of

Men's, Boys'

—AND—

Children's

Clothing.

A Wholesale Stock Selling at Retail at Wholesale Prices.

No such inducements for Years to the Laboring Classes.

OVERCOATS and

Winter Clothing

At BOTTOM PRICES.

We solicit an inspection of our Stock.

☞ One Price to all.

GEO. H. LANE & CO.,

31 & 32 Dock Sqr., Boston.

THE STATE FAIR

—FOR—

OUR

DUMB

ANIMALS,

HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,

Feb. 22d to March 2d, 1875.

The following articles are solicited:—

Fancy and Useful Goods,
Apples, Vegetables, Poultry, &c.
Domestic Animals, Birds, & Pets.
Home-made Pickles & Preserves.
Books, Flowers & Toys.
Manufactured Goods.
Ferns and Mosses.
Home-made Cake.
Works of Art, &c.

These may be sent at any time to any Member of the Fair Committee of 2,000 Ladies having charge of the Fair, representing each town in the State; or forwarded direct. *Advertisement.* Freight or Express will be paid upon arrival.

FRANK B. FAY, Sec'y.
46 Washington St. Boston.

A Stitch in Time!

We would call the attention of parties who are in want of Sewing Machines with which to do the fall work, to the

Best Machine

ever invented, and would give a few names of the many who are using the

Wilcox & Gibbs

Machine as the best living testimony of its value, and will give others at another time.—Mrs. Chas. A. Smith, Mrs Dr. A. Cutter, Mrs. B. F. Wyer, Mrs. F. C. Parker, Mrs. T. Marvin Parker, Mrs. J. H. Parker, Mrs. Geo. Dalton, Mrs. B. F. Flagg, Mrs. E. Stearns, Mrs. Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mrs. Rev. H. C. Townley, Mrs. R. B. Bean. Mrs. Kelsey says:

I am happy to say that I have used the Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing Machine for six years, and find it very satisfactory in the exactness and durability of its work, and the ease and quietness of running it. MRS. H. S. KELSEY.

Woburn, June 12, 1874. 45

G. W. POLLOCK, AGENT,

213 Main Street, Woburn.

Preparatory Scientific School.

Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.

NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

JUL. COHEN'S

NEW STORE!

199 MAIN STREET,

Three doors above Post Office,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS,

VALISES, UMBRELLAS, etc., etc.

At Very Low Prices!

Woburn Centre, Mass.

CARRIAGE

To Cummingsville!

MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on

Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE

In Woburn!

To William A. Wilson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all persons claiming any interest in the following described real estate:

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed given by said William A. Wilson to Asa Fletcher, dated June 21, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South Dist Deeds, Book 1260, Page 584, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Monday, the 28th day of December, A. D., 1874 at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said mortgaged premises being a lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, and being lot numbered Fifty-three on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dist Deeds: Book of Plans, Five.—Plan Twenty-third, and bounded Northerly by lots 54, 59, and 60, 611 feet; easterly by Tremont street, 126 feet; southerly by lot 52, 598 feet; and westerly by Woburn street, 125 feet, and containing 75,926 square feet more or less.

ASA FLETCHER, Mortgagee.

Nov. 25, 1874. 200

STANDISH'S PILLS

CURE

DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, PILES,

or any disarrangement of the stomach. Always make you better and never worse.

WEEKS & POTTER, Agents, Boston.

T. BRENNAN,

Horse Shoer,

Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.

WINCHESTER, MASS.

☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

Highland Market!

FOWLE STREET,

Near Horn Pond Station.

L. A. SWEETSER,

Dealer in

Meat & Vegetables,

FRUIT AND PROVISIONS

of all kinds.

Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 93

Safe for Sale,

A Morris & Ireland,

3 feet 3 inches high, 2 feet 5 inches wide.

Will be sold at a bargain. Inquire at 113 Main Street, Woburn. 181

EMPIRE WRINGER,

Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by

L. THOMPSON, JR.

Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 203

A. BUCKMAN,

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,

Teacher of Pianoforte,

Residence Franklin Street,

WOBURN.

Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

JOHN RICHARD DENNETT.

Both the *Nation* and its readers have during the past week suffered a loss which it is hardly an exaggeration to call irreparable, in the death of Mr. John R. Dennett, who has been one of the editorial staff of this journal from its foundation, and whose contributions to its columns have from the very first furnished one of its strongest claims to public approbation. That a writer of whose services we speak thus warmly should not be known even by name to the great majority of our subscribers, and still less known to the public at large, is not in his case wholly, or even in large part, a result of anonymous journalism. It has not been our fortune to meet with any one who could so easily, and by so small a change in his relations to the world without, have won a fair share of the fame which is in our day divided so lavishly among literary aspirants of all kinds and conditions, and who was so completely and unreservedly indifferent to it. It might truly be said of him that if he toiled at all he preferred to toil obscurely, and that though far from heedless of the praise and sympathy of the small circle of friends with whom he lived, the satisfaction he derived from his literary work was due almost wholly to the fact that it furnished the means of expression to a mind of remarkable power and acuteness. He become connected with the *Nation* in 1865, when he was only in his twenty-seventh year, and while studying law at Harvard, and with the exception of a year passed at the South as our special correspondent, continued regularly to contribute literary reviews and other matter of a similar character to our columns down to the last month of his life; and we believe that after nine years' experience of his work none of those who were familiar with it can now recall a single case on which more mature consideration would lead them to pronounce his judgment fundamentally erroneous. It would indeed be very hard to find anybody whose literary sense was so acute, whose perception of fitness was so quick, and whose standards exercised so constant and powerful an influence on his conclusions. To say he did not sometimes seem captious and even harsh would be a tribute which his memory does not need, for all those who knew him well knew also that there has rarely been a critic whose criticisms were less colored by personal feelings or relations. His likes and dislikes, however strong, were purely literary, and indeed their very strength was to his friends an illustration, which often had its comic side, not of the sharpness of his temper, but of the fervor of his devotion to his own ideal of excellence. His faults as a critic, trifling as they were, were those of a man "qui avait trop tôt vu la beauté parfaite." Whether better health and wider social relations, with their constant demands on his charity and forbearance, might not have made him more patient with feebleness, and pretence, and affectation, and vulgarity, and the rest of the vices which the swelling tide of popular literature carries daily under the eyes of those who bring high aims and clear perceptions to the critic's calling, it is unhappily useless now to speculate. It is no part of our present purpose to defend him or apologize for him; we are only trying to make him better understood of some of those who were troubled by his judgments, without always knowing who had uttered them.

The mention of his health is necessary to explain his failure to produce as well as to criticise. That he was capable of creation of a very high order nobody who knew him well ever doubted. His early promise was very great. He graduated at Harvard in 1862, and was the class poet, and his poem was one which, in the judgment of all who heard it, and James Russell Lowell was among them, was not only probably the best class poem ever produced, but would have well borne comparison with the best poems of any kind. He went to the South immediately afterwards, and for a year or two had charge of a cotton plantation in South Carolina, an experience which gave him a curious and useful familiarity with the negroes and negro life, and with most of the leading features of what we have still unhappily to call "the Southern question." In the winter of 1865–6 he travelled through the Cotton States as the correspondent of the *Nation*, and our subscribers of that period will remember the remarkable descriptive power and keen sense of humor displayed in his letters, published under the general heading of "The South as It Is," in our first two volumes. That more than this cannot be said of them was due to the restrictions imposed on him, for he was specially directed to confine himself to depicting what he saw; but more remarkable writing in this field, we think, is not often met with in periodical literature. After his return he never left the office of the *Nation* except to pass two years at Harvard—1869–72—as Assistant Professor of Rhetoric, a position for which, however, though he filled it well, his temperament unfitted him, as its duties involved a considerable amount of drudgery. But through the whole of these slight changes in his short career the shadow of the disease which had carried off nearly all his family, and to which he has at last fallen a victim, was upon him, and most certainly damped his ardor, weakened his power of persistence, and shortened his views of the future. Of what he might have accomplished with a constitution better adapted to his surroundings, one got an idea, however faint, from his extraordinary powers of apprehension, which we have rarely seen equalled and never surpassed. He had only to turn his mind to any subject, however foreign to his tastes and habits, to master it with singular rapidity, and hold its leading features with singular tenacity. As a trifling, and to his friends somewhat grotesque, illustration of this, we may mention that his knowledge of that very odious subject, Southern State politics since the war, was accurate and minute to a remarkable degree. His plantation life and his journey as our correspondent had given him an interest in the South which he never lost, and which was cultivated by tolerably regular reading of the Southern papers, and the result was that he became a perfectly trustworthy authority on recent Southern history. He was familiar with the career of all the leading carpetbaggers and scalawags, knew the details of their principal frauds and thefts and migrations, and of the varions processes, savory and unsavory, by which the existing State governments were built up and maintained.

The oddity of this lore was of course only visible to those who knew his great proficiency in widely different fields, and how far away from scenes of vulgar political profligacy his own tastes carried him. Indeed, he had no natural liking for politics at all, and his studying law was probably a mistake. His mind was a great deal too subtle, his love of perfection too strong, and his perception of the allowances and reservations called for by strict accuracy in the presentation of any subject outside the realm of pure science was too keen, to permit of his ever being a successful lawyer or political writer. In fact, his writing on all subjects was somewhat marred by excessive watchfulness over his own statements. He had the hatred of exaggeration, of looseness, of reckless generation, of flashy coloring, and indeed of all gross disproportion between means and results, which comes of the highest literary culture, but which nevertheless often reminds one that literary culture, like other culture in special fields, may be too high for much of the inevitable work of the world. But one of its curious results in Mr. Dennett's case was that it gave him what we might almost call an eager eye for the humorous and picturesque side of politics. He watched a political rascal or charlatan with much the same kind of interest with which a painter watches a Spanish or Italian beggar, and remembered him as a sort of literary study. He consequently liked attending political conventions, but bestowed his interest rather on the acting of the managers than on the conflict of passions and interests, or the working of the machinery, and usually brought away from them a large store of humorous reminiscence. The peculiarity of this taste, however, could, as we have said, hardly be appreciated by anybody who had not heard him talk in his best mood and in his own walks. We do not think we do him more than justice when we say that this was often an entertainment of the highest order. His knowledge of English literature, and of whatever was needed of history or mental or moral or social philosophy to light it up, was both wide and deep; and when in his best vein, and in society in which he felt at ease, he was capable of discoursing by the hour on almost any of the topics on which conversation is usual or possible, with extraordinary fulness of information and command of language, and this not as a well-read man simply, like so many of the smaller littérateurs of our day, who seem overwhelmed by their own stores, but as a man who had thought much and long of whatever he discussed, and who had examined it under various lights and from various points of view, and to whom what our friends of the daily press call "the ball of discussion" was really a ball, and not an anvil or a barrel of flour. Here, too, unhappily, the display of his great powers was checked by his temperament; for he was very shy, and the animation which was needed to loose his tongue only came in very few circles. The maudlin element in literature and oratory, and the growing practice of public weeping in print and on the platform, had no bitterer enemy; but, probably, few men ever had a tenderer heart. The very last words he wrote for the *Nation* were praise of Dr. Holmes's *Atlantic* article on Jeffries Wyman, for Wyman was a man for whose character Mr. Dennett, without in the least sharing his scientific ardor, had the keenest sympathy and admiration. The only communication which came from him after this was an announcement—written with the tremor of growing weakness—that the end was near, and that his old haunts would see him no more.

Mr. Dennett's family were originally from Nova Scotia, where he himself was born, at Chatham on the Miramichi River, and moved to Woburn, Mass., when he was only five or six years old. His father was killed by an accident when the son was quite young, and the narrow circumstances in which he had to struggle for education so affected a sensitive and somewhat morbid temperament as to produce a reserve from which he only released himself in the company of a very few intimate and loved friends. How strong was the attachment they felt for him, and how much more attachment they could have displayed than he ever permitted, those of them who may read these lines know well. He died at the house of one of them, a clergyman who had been his classmate, on a quiet New England farm, at Westborough, Mass., after having been tenderly nursed through a tedious illness. None of his kindred were able to stand at his bedside in his last hours. In paying this feeble tribute to his memory on the part of those with whom he labored during the last nine years, and who had learned to know and love him as he deserved, one is inevitably restrained by the reflection that, such was his inbred modesty, even the coldest and most guarded praise would, could it now reach his ear, only surprise and perplex him. Our regret, too, over the early termination of a career in which all his friends saw possibilities so splendid, is softened—and it is the only thing that can soften it—by the reflection that the limitations which his health had placed on the display of his powers, were such as would have made life only a prolonged and anxious struggle with cares which a proud and sensitive man finds it hard to bear, because he has to bear them alone.
—*The Nation.*

AT NIGHT.—Here is one of Thackeray's pleasant touches: "It is night now and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike at rest. In the midst of a great calm the stars look out from the heavens. The silence peopled with the past—sorrowful remorse for sins and shortcomings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now alike, calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the twilight wreathed under the Autumn mists. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell and the head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon us."

☞ An East Newark girl's shoe, f it could be got into the cellar, would make an excellent bin for the storage of the winter's coal.

☞ A new town in the California quicksilver region has been named Mercury.

☞ A bullet, a string and a pistol are the dental instruments a New Haven man uses.

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New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash prices. 61
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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
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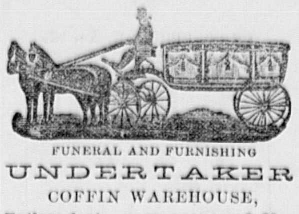
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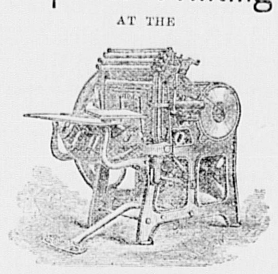
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Orders left at the Store will receive prompt attention.
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WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIV. WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874. NO. 14.

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The ladies will also find a good assortment of Trimmings and Small wares. 41

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A large line of Straw Mattings, just receive and for sale at the lowest prices, by 12
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Poetry.

THE CHILD LOVERS.

I walk once more the well known shore,
So home-like, yet so strange to me,
Where every sound of wave or wind,
Or every rock that long has lined
The margin of the sea,
Reminds me still of thee.

I see the old wreck buried deep
In wave and sand, at hazard cast,
Through whose old ribs we used to race,
Or search the nether sands to trace
Some token of her past,
Ere conquered by the blast.

Is this the very wind that oft
Thy girlish head of gold caressed?
These sands, so bright, and brown and bare,
Are they the same we trod, and where
We both sank down to rest,
By childish pleasure blest?

Swing in the breeze the lazy gulls,
Still as of old, when both we gazed;
Still at my feet, as oft as thine,
The many-colored pebbles shine,
Which boy and girl both praised—
So brightly-hued and glazed.

My sweet girl playmate, chide me not,
That late thus, in a lonely life,
I should recall, in shore and sea,
Such tender dreams of love and thee.
Now that, as HIS loved wife,
Thou crown'st my rival's life.

And should these verses meet thine eye,
Show him them, too—not care will he;
But tell thee he and I are friends
These many years. Time makes amends,
And laughs at troths that we,
As children, pledged by sea.

Selected.

ON A PIAZZA.

I was much to early for the train, yet it occurred to me that there had been at least forty-eight hours in the day, and as I neared the station, was sure that my watch was slow, and hurried at last. So it happened that now I found myself, heated and out of breath, setting down my valise before the still closed ticket office, and the great round clock boldly asserting the hour to be ten. The train didn't leave till twelve. I sat down on my valise opposite the clock, and taking from my breast pocket a note, occupied myself with reading it and thinking it over. I will not be rash enough to say how many times I had read it before, nor how many interpretations I had put upon its simple words.

"Your letter came to me yesterday. My only surprise was that it found me unable to give you answer. What shall I say? Perhaps face to face, the difficulty would seem less. I do not understand myself. Can you have patience with me and forgive me if in the end I hurt one who has been my true friend?"

That was all. There was no beginning, end or signature. There was a rush of people, and I was half conscious of being dragged and shouldered and pushed into a car, while I held a ticket in one hand, and my valise in the other. There was an empty seat near a window, towards which a weighty old lady in a green veil and spectacles drove me, and occupied it with me. The even beat of the moving cars seemed saying the words of the note over and over, chopping them up, changing the punctuation. The monotony of this had a soothing effect upon my excited nerves, and for the first time since the writing of the letter which had brought this note in answer to me, I was able to look back upon the whole story of my love.

Quite as if it were a tale in a book, I began when I accepted Mr. Delancy's invitation to his country seat for a fortnight's trout fishing as a recreation and rest from my scientific studies before I went abroad. I don't know what relation Mr. Delancy's late wife had been to me. It was one of those distracting problems of genealogy chiefly concerning great great grandmothers; but she had always treated me as a cousin, which, as she was a very charming woman, was pleasing to me. It was a little dull without her there, for my host was not an intellectual man, and very worldly, and Julia, his only child, was but fifteen, innocent, ignorant, pretty but too plump. She used to accompany me sometimes when I fished, but was too shy to talk. Her chief powers seemed to lie in walking, so that really I had thought very little about her till one day when I had found her crying, and inquired the cause of her misery.

"Papa is going to make me marry that silly, ugly Mr. Norris, and go with him to his big town house."

"What for?"

"I don't know."

"Does he love you?"

She dried her eyes, looked up at me, then blushing, laughed and covered her face with her plump hands. "I suppose he does."

"And you don't like him in spite of his fine town-house."

She didn't answer, but ran away. Poor child! It was evident that the going away to the "great town house" conveyed far more terror to her mind than marrying her rich suitor.

In an interview an hour later with Mr. Delancy I found that he was in some money difficulty, and this offer of marriage from Norris seemed to him too good an opportunity to be lost. He put it very delicately, as a gentleman of his breeding should, and after a moment of silence, during which I mastered my indignation enough to cover it, I offered him a loan which should assist him at this trying moment much more securely than the possible generosity of a future son-in law.

As we went in to dinner Julia whispered to me,

"It's all right. Papa's so good."

"I am very glad," I said, and was amused to see the virtuous complacency of papa during dinner.

Three years later when I was living in my very loftily situated apartment in Paris, there came a letter to me from Julia. Her father was very ill. His papers having been put in order by a lawyer, she assisting in the filing, &c. she had for the first time discovered her obligation to me, and wrote to thank me "thus tardily," she said. I was surprised and interested to find the letter charmingly written, and that of a cultivated woman. I begged in my answer that she would write again, and tell me of her father's health. And so we entered into a correspondence that grew to be very intimate.

Mr. Delancy lingered in an invalid state, falling at last into imbecility; and it was a year after his death, when my student life was completed, and I was ready to return to my country after an absence of eight years, that I found a strange excitement in the thought of seeing Julia; a strange dread, too, lest this might be the end of our friendship—a deep sense of the necessity that had grown in me for the companionship of this mind. The depth of her thought surprised me; her spirituality elevated me; I learned from her while she was unconscious of it; I consulted her on serious matters; her taste and intuition seemed to me infallible; and all the while she thought herself in my debt, because I recommended to her the reading of a few books, whose names she could easily have found in any library catalogue.

When I landed in New York late in June, finding everybody out of town, I wandered disconsolately about the streets, given over to venders of old hats and strawberries, putting off the hour when I should take the train for B—.

I realized that there must be a change in my relation with Julia—that purely intellectual companionship possessed in a correspondence kept up at a distance, must in the shock of meeting be either quite overthrown, or turn to an emotional affection. The first I could not face; the last seemed possible. The image of Julia, too—plump, with a white dress fastened at the back, her chestnut hair, wild and curly, falling on her neck, and about her blushing round face, laughing, shielding her blushes with her plump hands—constantly rose to my mind. It was pretty enough. It was not at all my ideal. I returned to my hotel and read half a dozen of her last letters. Yes, this was the woman who could be my companion and helpmeet, who would expect of me my highest self, and give to me a tender and comprehensive love—if she gave me any—I paused. She was not a woman to be lightly won—this woman of the letters. Suppose she cast me off, and I went all my life missing what I had almost known. She might not like me when she saw me. I might have a dozen unknown rivals. She had never mentioned any one to me in this connection. Yet we had written of love abstractedly, of friendship, of marriage. Her ideal was a high one.

I would not go; I would write. It was easier to write than to begin a new relation *viva voce*. I passed three more disconsolate days awaiting her answer, and the little note in my pocket was all that came.

The delays of the train I was in caused me much anxiety, as it was to connect with the last one that evening to B——. The conductor repeatedly assured me that it was "all right," but I found it all wrong by the space of three minutes when I alighted at the station, and there was nothing to do but to put up at the hotel for the night. It was a hotel much frequented by summer visitors, on account of its vicinity to many attractive places, easily reached by parties of pleasure, to which end the road was sown with milestones and sign posts, which were an aggravation to behold, especially the one setting forth that it was forty miles to B—. Perhaps I could get a horse to take me there, I insinuated as much to the keeper of the hotel, but he informed me that there wasn't a horse left in the village, as a large party had taken advantage of the full moon to visit and keep within sight and sound of a remarkable waterfall.

The piazza and a cigar proved no consolation in my restless frame of mind. I took my newspaper into the parlor to read it by the usual kerosene lamp which stood on the usual worsted mat and marble topped table. The identical cheap engraving common to all country inns of my native land, stared familiarly at me from the white walls, the horse hair sofa stood uncomfortably in the corner, and certain ferrotypes and photographs of people with an undue proportion of hands adorned the mantle piece.

The paper had nothing in it. I took out the note. The words had ceased to have any meaning to me. I went to the window that looked out upon the piazza attracted by heavy footsteps. They were those of an old lady who tramped in the moonlight, wearily dragging her shadow after her with a comic expression of futile hurry. Now she turned and retraced her steps, seeming to chase the unfortunate shadow with a conscientious ponderous haste, as if she was anxious, lest in her unwieldiness it should get there before her. With that puerile interest that small things have for us in moments of excitement, I stood watching her until she turned a corner of the piazza, and left my exterior world unpeopled.

I was pondering on the effect little things have upon us, how undoubtedly that old lady had set some seed in my mind to bear fruit of some kind some day, when we had both forgotten this day and hour, when two other people came into my world—a lady and gentleman.

They had seated themselves before I noticed them. The lady whose back was turned to me, threw off the black lace shawl that she had worn over her charming head, and fanned herself with a quaint fan made of black ostrich feathers. Her dress was of gauzy black, with many well adjusted ruffles. I thought she appeared weary. Her companion wore a restless, excited air. He had a boyish, slender figure, a mouth at once coarse and sensitive, not concealed by his light, full moustache. He might have been any age from twenty to forty, for his boyishness seemed rather a matter of constitution than years; and his fair, silky hair, tossed and blown, might have belonged to a young child, and the marks about his heavy-lidded blue eyes one could as easily attribute to dissipation as to maturity. He kneeled with one knee in the seat of a chair, laying his exquisitely delicate hands over the back of it, and always seeming about to speak, said nothing, but drew his breath quickly through his parted lips.

"You promised me never to say anything more to me on the subject, and you have broken your promise," said the lady. Her voice, which was strangely sweet, seemed to qualify the severity of her words. The man seemed to answer the voice:

"You couldn't expect me to keep it. I didn't expect to meet you."

"No, I couldn't expect you to keep it, and I didn't mean to meet you. I should not have come here had I known."

"What made you come?"

With a little, low, half sad laugh the lady said, "I was afraid of a ghost."

"I should think you might, perhaps, be afraid of a ghost. You seem afraid of nothing real. You might, perhaps, like a ghost better than a flesh and blood man."

She laughed again, half embarrassed. I could fancy in the shadow that she blushed. "Perhaps I might."

"You grew morbid shut up with books in a sick room."

Was this the explanation of the slender white hand and wrist, the forehead and cheek, so pale in the half light, contrasted with the dark hair and dress? She was an invalid. Yet her step, I remembered was full of a springing grace.

"No, I only learned some new things."

"And found that I didn't satisfy you Before you half fancied that I should, and the change seemed to come on the Friday that I found you writing letters by the window, when I brought you your ring I had found in the lily pond You never explained it to me."

The lady turned gravely and said: "How can one explain one's own development? That day I saw myself and you. You but fancy yourself unhappy. That you cannot gain me serves you instead of other excitement, and the moment you had won me would be the moment in which you would be again adrift. It is not myself you love. Forgive me for trying to make you see your own mistake."

As if to change the subject, she pointed with her fan to a humming bird at this moment poising above a cluster of honeysuckles, and, rising from her chair, stretched her arm up the dark vine and plucked the blossom. She was a mere bodkin of a woman, with a slender throat and little waist. Her motion was exquisite, depending on a certain poise and balance. She drew your heart with every step. Her companion seemed half stupified as he watched. She stopped near him, fastening the honeysuckle in her dress. Now that I saw her face it haunted me with a resemblance to I knew not whom. Somewhere I had seen it—yet surely not this face. It might have been that of an enthusiastic nun. There was a holy fire in the eyes, and the impetuous mouth was strangely sad.

"You don't know what you ask: what you would ignorantly take on your shoulders Marriage would be to you a galling tie—an impossibility. If I loved you I would not marry you. It is well that I do not. It would be harder for us both. There should be a sympathy that outlasts youth, and has its roots in the secret springs of the mind and soul."

"You don't know what you say," said the man springing up and standing before her. "You don't know what it means to love." He paused as with a sudden fear. "Do you? Is it not I?"

"I don't know," she said softly.

A sound in the room startled me to a realization of my position—eavesdropping! but the people were strangers whom I should never see again. The sound was from my first acquaintance in the hotel after the host—the stout old lady—who had entered the room without my observing her, and fallen asleep in the chair I had lately left. Of her cheerful rest she was giving audible evidence.

I went to my room with an uncomfortable sense of restlessness, pursued by the remembrance of that strangely sweet voice and exquisite motion. Of the nameless lady and her fairy like figure came ever between me and the vision of my intellectual plump cousin—"a sympathy that outlasts youth, and has its root in the secret springs of the mind and soul." I took from my bag a little pile of letters very precious to me, and conned them over by the light of my small lamp.

It must have been in the small hours of the night, or morning, that I fell asleep, and woke to find with the healthy daylight a healthy impatience to see my cousin, and the strange little lady in the gauzy black with her strange companion seemed to me creatures of a dream, gone like the humming bird and the moonlight.

The earliest train found me the earliest passenger, and the hot summer morning found me walking rapidly toward a high garden gate in B——. The keeper of the lodge came out, as I lifted the latch, for two purposes—to quiet a snarling terrier and to tell me that Miss Delancey and the aunt who had lived with her since her father's death, had gone away

"Gone away!" Mingled with intense disappointment and chagrin, I felt an obstinate determination to go to the ends of the earth, if need be, to find her. "Gone where?"

"Only to N—— for a few days."

"Why, I've just come from there."

"I'm very sorry, sir," said the man apologetically, drawing back as if he expected a blow.

I gave him a small fee instead, and rushed back to the station to take the next train, which turned out to be some hours later. I didn't half believe the man at the lodge, and asked the host with much doubt when I reached the hotel if Miss Delancy was staying there with her aunt.

"Since yesterday morning."

"Was she in the house?"

He'd see.

I waited some time, remembering that I hadn't given my name, and presently he returned saying that Miss Delancey was asleep, having returned from a long walk. I gave the host my card, telling him to take it to Miss Delancey when she woke. It was late in the afternoon that a servant knocked at my door and handed me a note in the familiar handwriting: "I am waiting for you on the piazza."

I went rather deliberately down stairs to convince myself of my utter presence of mind. As I stepped upon the piazza the slender vision of the past night in her gauzy black draperies stood, her back towards me, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the soft purple shadows on the surrounding hills. With a sense of impatience that she should come there at this moment, I turned to look for my cousin, saying, "Julia, are you here?"

A soft sound of moving draperies, and the little lady in black was shyly holding out her slender hand to me: "Don't you know me?"

A speechlessness possessed me. I held the little hand with a fear that it would elude me, and gradually traced the young girl's face I remembered in the exquisite grace of the woman's who stood before me whose eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't say anything about it yet," she said with a pathetic fear, and I bided my time with a confident patience that won her at last.

Toys and Fancy Goods.—The toy and fancy goods trade may be said to flourish all the year round, but during the Christmas holiday season the demand for articles in this line is immense To one not familiar with the extent and variety of the trade, and the mammoth proportions of the stocks of our large fancy goods firms, a visit and inspection of some of their stores and warehouses would be like a pilgrimage into wonderland. The apparently endless variety is perfectly bewildering to the mind. As the visitor explores floor after floor, he sees the walls of each apartment lined with shelves, filled with various kinds of articles, and the floors occupied with tables or counters on which and under which, are piled variety after variety of curious and ingenious articles. For cheap wooden and china toys Germany is the toy shop of the world. Away up in the Hartz mountains, where wood is plenty and labor cheap, wooden toys of every conceivable shape, and representing every conceivable thing in the earth, sea or air are made by the shipload. Even in view of the low wages paid—from ten to twenty-five cents a day—it is really astonishing how cheap these small wooden toys are produced. A box holding about a peck is filled with twelve dozen pieces, no two of which are alike, and afforded at such a rate that our jobbers can pay freight and duty on them, and sell each box for $1 00!

Let us stand in a central place in one of these stores, and see what we can see. Here are quantities of jew-harps which are made in Germany and England, destined to drive patient mothers distracted, and make gentle schoolmarms savage. Trumpets, pop-guns—German. Dolls, toilet articles, including even a tooth brush—what a waste of civilization—from Paris. Saxon water color boxes and brushes for beginners to daub their readers, grammars and geographies with.

Tartan goods made of Scotch wood in Paisley, and imported from Birmingham, England. About 500 articles manufactured of this one variety. Just think of it and examine the beautiful card boxes, worsted ball holders, rulers, paper knives, pen holders, ladies' pen knives, needle books, tape measures, calendars, thermometers, shuttles, pin cushions, needle-cases, spool holders, napkin rings (these tartan napkin rings are in great demand), and—and, but we get tired naming them. Just beyond are piles of all kinds of lead and slate pencils, shawl straps and boys' whips, "of Yankee manufacture," sir. Hour glasses always remind us of Death, travelling along with scythe on shoulder, like an old fashioned mower looking after a job. Hour glasses come from England, and are used to time the boiling of eggs, throwing of ships' logs, and sometimes held by aged clergymen having important cures to communicate while their "sands of life" are running out.

Dolls' bodies—headless joys of natural girls, who soon find a way to "put a head" on them. These Dolls' Bodies are made in Boston, and are far superior to the foreign article. The industry is yet in its infancy (no pun intended), employing about eight persons.

Many toys are received from Paris, of a better grade than the German.

Mechanical toys are wholly of American manufacture, and display alike the genius and utility of American invention even in small things. Tin and iron toys are made mostly in Connecticut, as are also boys' tool chests. The revolving acrobat is the latest American toy. It is cheap and frail. It may be accepted as a fact that whatever machinery can be used in the manufacture of toys, the foreign article can be successfully competed with, but where the manual labor is required, the foreign article holds the market.

Rocking horses, baby jumpers and propellers for children are made in New York; dolls' perambulators in Boston. One of the latest novelties is the walking and talking doll, made in Harlem, N. Y. The machinery that propels it makes it say "papa," "mama," about as plain as a frog would say these words.

Among the most notable foreign novelties—German—is that class of goods made to imitate cuts of roasting beef, legs of mutton, fishes, vegetables of all kinds, bread, cheese, cooked fowls, carpenter's tools, sticks of wood, split or whole, partially burnt, or aglow as if "plucked from the burning," wine and other bottles, and even insects. These articles are made altogether of paper, which by some peculiar process is first moulded into form and afterwards prepared by pigments, &c., to imitate the various articles as intended. They are nearly all hollow, and destined to hold confectionery.

Boys' wooden sleds are made in Vermont.

If there is one variety of fancy goods that Americans seem to have taken specially into their keeping it is that of games. Of these the quantity in the market is distressingly large, being already over one thousand, and growing in proportions with alarming rapidity. They are produced in Worcester, Springfield and New York city.

Of toy books the number is large and increasing, being now over one hundred kinds. This industry belongs in New York city, and is controlled by one publishing house.

In the line of leather satchels and travelling bags, American manufacturers have practically driven the foreign makes—mostly from Vienna—out of the market. The American are fully equal to the best Vienna makes, and none of the latter would probably be imported were it not that there is always a demand by a certain class of our people for articles of foreign manufacture.

Magic lanterns are imported from Nuremberg, Bavaria, and Furth, Germany. Alabaster goods—made from a finely crystalized variety of gypsum— are manufactured in Berlin.

Chess boards as in the case of leather satchels, are now mostly manufactured in the United States, our artisans being able to make as good (if not better) articles, and at cheaper rates than any can be imported for.

We are also no longer dependent upon France and Germany for perfumery, a manufactory of that line of sweet scented goods being established in the town of Everett, in the vicinity of Boston.

Comic figures for show windows—men or women with heads hung on a pivot, and with curious characteristics of countenance—are of German make.

French hand mirrors (the glass plates being imported) are now made in Florence, Mass., this manufacture having almost entirely driven out the foreign article.

American bronzes are beginning to compete successfully in some of their grades with the foreign bronzes. As yet, however, there is not much originality in the American products, these being mostly copies of French and Austrian works; but every year witnesses such advances as make it certain that at no very distant period our native manufacturers will supply our wants in this line altogether.

Shell goods are imported from England where they are made up, the shells coming from various tropical countries, where they are gathered by picaninnies with corkscrew curls.

How many of these things on sale—simple enough in themselver—are the result of numerous industries. Let us consider the violin as among those that would not seem to require a great many kinds of industry to complete, and there are from eight to twelve different branches of manufacture involved in its construction. "Cremona" violins are now made in Klingingthal, Saxony, and other places in Germany.

Literary smokers will be interested to know that lava ware goods come from Bohemia. Bohemian glass ware, including vases of all sizes and styles of form and finish, toilet sets, bouquet holders, etc., in amazing variety, has been very largely imported into the market, and it seems an actual pity to see such quantities of beautiful articles stored in ware houses, when there are so many mantels, dressing cases, bureaus, etc., throughout the land, looking bare and unattractive for the lack of some such beautifiers.

Willow ware fancy goods come from Sonneberg, in Germany. Small furniture and rattan small goods are of American make.

Wax dolls are nearly all imported, and the business of making glass eyes for dolls is said to be of no inconsiderable importance. Japanese goods are not very largely dealt in. They are, however, picked up in small lots from New York dealers from to time, who import them direct or by way of India and China. They are of two classes—either very good in quality and dear in price or cheap and worthless.

China dolls of all sizes and descriptions, are made in Wallendorf, in Saxony, and other places in Germany. They are mostly imported made up, with stuffed cloth bodies, though a certain amount of heads or busts are imported and the work of body making done in Boston. Dolls' shoes are also manufactured in Boston and to quite a considerable extent.

Musical cigar cases are among the more modern novelties. Of course they are French, Parisian, and made to play only when the doors are made to fly open on turning a button on the top. This is for the lotus eating cigar puffer and dreamer.

In this connection it may not be out of place to notice barrel music boxes. These are made in Geneva or vicinity and in Paris. They are made to play from two to twelve airs—"tchunes"—and cost from 4.50 to $52 each.

Cut glass pyramids and Bunker Hill monuments, with thermometers in bulbous grandeur at the front, are among the newest styles of paper weights, and are made in Sandwich, Mass.

Among the prime foreign novelties of the season are French artificial plants and flowers of muslin, which are so finely and artistically made and colored as to more closely resemble the natural plants in bloom than anything ever yet manufactured in that line. They are made to imitate lilies, rhododendrons, roses, japonicas, holly plants, etc. They are fixed in pots, and if placed in sitting rooms in flower stands would be easily mistaken and admired for fine natural plants. The jobbing prices range from 4.50 per dozen to $60.

Berlin can be credited with a large variety of desk, table and office ornaments, made of metal, bronzed over in a way to imitate verd antique. These, together with other bronze goods, are in good demand.

There is one peculiarity in the demand for fancy goods this season, and this is that people are choosing for presents, useful, rather than wholly ornamental articles—such as bronze clocks, table cutlery, etc.

Parian ware of all kinds—busts, figures and ornamental articles, come from Stoke-on-Trent, in England, where there are extensive factories of this ware.

Volumes of interesting matter could be written about these things, and a history of toys—if not in existence—would add a most interesting chapter to literature.—*Boston Herald.*

How we Breathe.—Aquatic animals breathe by means of gills, which are membranes prolonged externally into tufts or fringes, through which the aeration of the blood is effected. Insects have a series of tubes ramifying through the whole body, and carrying air to the blood of every part.

In the human lung the sides or walls of the air cells are constituted of a thin, transparent membrane, and the capillary vessels are situated between the walls of two adjacent cells, so as to be exposed to the action of the air on both sides. The number of air cells of the lungs have been estimated at six hundred millions.

The capacity of the lungs varies greatly in different individuals. M. Bourgery concludes from his inquiries that the development of the air cells continues up to the age of thirty, at which time the respiratory capacity is greatest. According to the experiments of Mr. Coathupe, about 266 1 8 cubic feet of air pass through the lungs of a middle sized man in twenty-four hours. At the average number of sixteen inspirations per minute, the amount of air received at each inspiration would be twenty cubic inches. Mr. Hutchinson judges the capacity of the lungs by the quantity of air which an individual can force out of his chest by the greatest voluntary expiration, after the greatest voluntary inspiration Dr. Southwood Smith, from a series of experiments, estimates the volume of air received at one inspiration at one pint, the volume ordinarily present in the lungs at about twelve pints, and the volume expelled at an ordinary expiration, at a little less than a pint. He also concludes that in the mutual action which takes place between the air and blood, the air loses thirty-seven ounces of oxygen, and the blood fourteen ounces of carbon every twenty-four hours. The lightness of the lungs depends upon the residuary air they contain, and when the lungs have been once inflated by a full inspiration, no force or mechanical power can again dislodge the air sufficiently to make them sink in water. It is this residuary air which supports life a few minutes in cases of suffocation, immersion, etc.—*Science of Health.*

Authors and Printers.—N P Willis set a high value on a practical knowledge of printing for authors. He was himself one of the brotherhood, and speaks of the subject as follows:

"If there were an apprenticeship to authorship, it should consist in the author's spending a year at the case. Not alone to learn the importance of clear penmanship, of how to prepare copy and become familiar with the signs, marks and abbrieviations used in proof reading, though these are matters an acquaintance with which would save much time and vexation, and prevent serious blunders. The chief advantages would be to the author himself. *There is no such effected analysis of style as the process of type-setting.* As he takes up letter by letter of a long or complex sentence, the compositor becomes most critically aware of where the sentence might have been shortened to save his labor. He detects repetitions, becomes impatient of redundancies, recognizes the careless or inappropriate use of expletives, and soon puts an admiring value on *clearness and brevity.* We venture to say that it would alter the whole character of American literature, if authors were compelled before legally receiving a copyright, to have given one year to labor at the compositor's case. We have said nothing of the nice art of punctuation, which is also acquired in the printing office, and by which a style is made as much more tasteful as champagne by effervescing."

☞ In one of the Sunday schools of Dubuque recently, when the lesson cards were passed around to the classes, the cards that came to the infant class had for their text—

"What shall I do to be saved?"

Selecting as the first member of the class to put the question to a bright little girl of only four summers, who also, by the way, had but just recovered from a severe attack of croup, the teacher put his question:

The little one preserved silence for a moment, as if in deep and perplexed thought, and then her face brightened; she had it.

"I would take syrup and alum," was the reply, naively ventured.

It brought down the class, teacher and all, and further discussion of the subject was postponed.

☞ In Chicago a policeman passing a house the other night heard a woman screaming, "O Henry, Henry, come here quick! Susan! mother! the baby!" Gallantly breaking in the door and rushing up stairs, the officer found that the baby—had just cut a new tooth!

The Solemn Book Agent.—He was tall and solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman Senator on his way to make a speech on finance, but he wasn't—singularly enough, he wasn't, He was a book agent. He wore a linen duster, and his brow was furrowed with many care lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor shop, on Randolph street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of eminent Philosophers" from its cambric bag and approached the tailor with—

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes; it is a work on which a great deal of deep thought has been expended, and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips, to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend, this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates, and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work upon which the most eminent author of our day, has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously inquired the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press, and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects here discussed.—If you desire food for deep meditation, you have it here."

"Does dis pook say something about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor, as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an every day book, but a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were and who are our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can get along without it."

"Und he don't haf anyding about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held out to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an eppemeral work, not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy. Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity or thought. Why sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this column!"

"I not knows Mr. Scomidt—I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it! Behold what research! Turn these leaves, and behold these gems of richest thought. Ah! if we only had such minds and could wield such a pen. But we can read, and in a measure we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down. The book is only $12.

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about der war, and no fun in him, or say nodding how to get glean cloze. What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit that pook, or I call der bolice ond haf you locked up pooty quick."

Dinner Table Squabbles.—Perhaps nothing is more prejudicial to the proper assimilation of food than disputation. The mind becomes irritated, and instantaneously the stomach sympathizes. A dinner table is the worst possible place for an argument which may easily become hatred and acrimonious. Nor should it be a place where children are constantly reproved, or their bad conduct allowed to destroy the comfort of the meal. Discipline in the household is highly necessary, but the wise mother will not make it a prominent feature at the table. Good news, happy thoughts, innocent mirth, and cheerful sayings are the most efficacious relishes, and should be used freely. An uncomfortable meal, whatever may be the cause, is almost certain to produce indigestion. And though such small matters may be thought by many unimportant, they go very far toward the establishment of good health, and even the most robust cannot neglect them with impunity.

An Enterprising Landlord.—Dan Davis of Virginia City, paid a visit to Promontory on the Central Pacific railroad, and was charmed with the manners and customs—almost patriarchal in their frank simplicity—of the people. He stopped at the principal hotel of the town. It was a nice place, and the landlord was a very agreeable and friendly sort of man, Says Dan—

"When dinner was ready the landlord came out into the street in front of his hotel, with a double barreled shot gun, Raising the gun above his head, he fired off one barrel. I said to him—

"What do you do that for?"

"To call my boarders to dinner," said he.

"Why don't you fire off both barrels?"

"Oh," said he, "I keep that to collect with."

☞ "Do you keep matches?" inquired a wag of a country grocer. "Oh, yes, all kinds," was the reply. "Well, I'll take a trotting match," said the wag. The grocer immediately handed him a box of pills.

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1874.

Reading notices 25 cents a line. Special notices 15 cents a line. Religious notices 10 cents a line. Obituary notices 10 cents a line.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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GRAND ARMY FAIR.—The Fair opened well on Wednesday evening. The hall was arranged with four stalls on a side, each one being separated from the other by a narrow passage, and a gothic arch supported by light columns was over each table. Bunting, banners and decorations gave the hall a picturesque effect. The arms of the Grand Army and other symbols adorned the stage recess, and mottoes and inscriptious the gallery. In the middle of the hall a floral arbor, eight sided and roofed with parti-colored tarlton, and supported with columns entwined with evergreens, and ornamented with hanging plants, beautiful boquets, and a living boquet of female loveliness, was the centre of attraction. Around the hall hung rich chromos, and on the gallery two steel engravings, "Launch of the Life Boat," and "The Return," which are to be given to the two fire companies having the highest number of votes. The first table is devoted to confectionery, and is loaded with choice sweets. No. 2 is the apron table, where Mrs. Tabor and her assistants sold heaps of those useful articles. On this table are two cradle quilts, log cabin quilting, one of which, the pink and white, was the product of the skill of ladies who represent the "art preservative." No. 3 was literally crowded with articles furnished by the lady teachers. We are unable to name them, much less describe them as they should be. No. 4 groans under the weight of books of every kind from Mother Goose to a Doré Bible. Mr. Davis has made an excellent selection. There were also stationery goods and mottoes in chromo. Flanking this table is "Rebecca," who dips the mild lemonade to fill the glasses of the thirsty loiterer. Mr. Colegate makes a good display of potted plants on the front of the platform. On the platform is an elegant baby carriage which some infant will enjoy. Next comes the old peanut woman. Her labors must be severe for her to grow old so young. No. 5 is loaded with toys which Mrs. G. S. Dodge and her associates are pleased to show and glad to sell. Mary's little lamb is on their table, also the carved head of a dog, by Leach, and the happy old man who assents to all you say. No. 6 is furnished by Mrs. C. Alonzo Pierce, most of the goods being her own work. She shows a wax cross, head of Clytie, and various other artistic designs in wax and in worsted. At No. 7 Mrs. Martha F. Pollard displays a numerous family of dolls, which seem as if they might have passed through the hands of our Mutual Friend little Jenny Wren. Mrs. C. V. Rice at No. 8 displays fancy goods. On her table is a luxurious sofa pillow in rep and embroidery which will rest the head of some weary one. Also embroidered mottoes and a painting of an Easter cross. At the end of this table the needle threader is exhibited. We then come to the entrance of the museum, which is a wonderful collection. It really is a pity that we cannot have a town museum in a fire proof building, where such a valuable store might be securely kept and yet be accessible to all who would enjoy the sight. For the benefit of those who have not seen them, we copy the famous "itch bill," the "everlasting rum receipt," and the "horse bill," and urge our friends to go and see the originals.

Woburn Dr to Daniel Reed junor
to boarding Sally preist nine weeks at 2s per week ending ye 5th of March £0 18 0
to her bringing the ich into my family I leav to your generosety but money should not hire me to have it
Daniel Reed junr
Woburn March 2th ye 1792
allowed for Itch &c 1 0 0
1 18 0

Woburn Augt. ye. 19: 1760
Received of James Fowle of Woburn the Sum of five pounds Six Shillings and Eight penies in full for a Black mare which Mare was killed by a Chair and which Chair mr. Thomas Lines of Boston was in and the sd Mare I the Subscriber Let to Joseph Reed Son of mr. Thos. Reed of woburn to Ride to Cambridge to Commencement the Sixteenth Day of July Last past and I do hereby discharge the sd Joseph Reed Fowle and Lines and all other persons from any further Demands whatsoever as to ye. hire or Damages I have Received by said Mare being Killed as above. But Do Declare I have Received sd full value for sd Mare as witness my hand
his
attest Ezra ✕ J. Wyman
Francis Kendall jr mark
James Wyman.

Charlestown, April 6, 1793.
this Day Rec'd of Benj'n Wright one Glass of Cherry Rum in full of all Demands from the begining of the World to the end of the world I say.
Rec'd by Mr Nehemiah Wyman.

By the door of the museum is a large base burning stove, which it is said the Mishawums mean to have. Then Mr. Littlefield is ready to certify to your weight. Along the hall stand barrels containing flour, apples, beets, turnips and ruta bagas, all donated (six barrels from one person). The gallery is used as a cloak room and for the band. Ascending to the supper room a grand spread is seen, Col. Tay, Mrs. Simonds and their jolly companions giving all who are hungry a generous reception. Mrs Crane and the young ladies dispense ice cream with a liberal hand in the front armory. In the hall there is a fine carving of a deer's head, valued at $25 00 and a full collection of U. S. cents worth $100 00. The hall Wednesday evening was well filled, there being more than 500 present. The articles are all marked low to suit the times, and the sales were considerable. Very few from out of town were present, but the company seemed in excellent spirits, and all enjoyed the evening. Capt. Parker's company was everywhere, and the order and comfort of the visitors was amply provided for. The five hose and one hook and ladder company, six in all, are to have the two pictures mentioned above and we hope everybody will vote for their favorite.

The hall Thursday evening was as well filled as on Wednesday evening. The price of supper was reduced to 35 cents, which helped fill the eating room. The large doll was drawn by Mrs. C. T. Wood, the Blue Doll by W. F. Davis, the pink and white log cabin cradle quilt by John L. Parker, and the Happy Old Man by Edward O. Soles. The pictures which had been arranged by Dr. Boardman, were disposed of through the energy and skill of Captain Wyer, and at 10 o'clock he announced that the $100 which was the price of the gallery had been obtained, and the pictures were distributed, some getting a very elegant and costly framed chromo, while others laughed over their prize of an unframed engraving. The flowers all sold at an early hour, the museum was well patronized, candy and aprons went off like hot cakes, the toys disappeared rapidly, and fancy and book tables showed good receipts. This Friday afternoon the children will be there, and large sales may be expected. This Friday evening will close the Fair. The supper will be served from 6 o'clock till ten o'clock for 25 cents a plate, and parties can reach the supper room without paying an entrance to the hall, should they be so disposed. We throw out this hint in the hope that many of our business men will avail themselves of this opportunity. The Fair thus far is a success, and we have no doubt it will terminate in a very happy manner. The North Woburn Band has been present each evening and added much to the enjoyment.

COCK-A DOODLE DOO.—Capt J Henry Simonds from his henneries sends forth chickens that can crow over most of the other feathered bipeds of Woburn. At the late fair of the Middlesex Co. Poultry Society, Lowell, he not only took the second prize for Golden Polands, as we before reported, but he also took two first prizes and one second for Creve Cœurs. Since that time he has been awarded a silver medal for Creve Cœur chickens, and a bronze medal for Creve Cœur fowls, at the fair of the Connecticut State Poultry Society, held at Hartford, Dec. 15th. Hen-ce this crowing.

APRIL 19.—The Concord Centennial Committee have issued an invitation as follows:

1775.—Concord Fight—1875.
[Picture of the
Minute-Man]

To the Clerk of the town of Woburn, Mass. Sir:—The inhabitants of the town of Concord, Massachusetts, cordially invite the inhabitants of the Town of Woburn to be present at Concord, on the Nineteenth of April, 1875, and to join with them in celebrating the centennial anniversary of the opening of the Revolutionary war.

E. R. HOAR, } Committee
R. W. EMERSON, } of
GEORGE HEYWOOD, } invitation.

HEAVY FALL.—Last Friday a boy named Thomas Callahan fell down the elevator at Simond's, a distance of 30 feet, and escaped without injury. It is thought he struck his hip on the door sill, and bounded into the cellar. He was taken up, stunned by the fall, and carried to his home on Church street, but on arriving there, had recovered sufficiently to walk into the house. Next day he was at the shop.

GOLDEN.—We have several subscribers in California, among the Woburn people who have emigrated to the land of gold. From one of these we received a gold quarter-eagle in payment for the *Journal*, and the advent of the yellow fellow created no little excitement in our office, as he was worth on the day of his arrival $2.78. Greenbacks are always acceptable, but yellow faces somehow are more genial.

SELECTMEN.—Regular meeting on Thursday evening. All present but Cummings, Hart and McFeeley. Chas H Taylor was appointed a measurer of upper leather. J F Shaw was licensed as a victualler. Petition of F H Garvey for drainage on Hovey and Center streets was referred to Putnam and Thompson.

THE MAP.—The map of Woburn which G. H. Hopkins of Philadelphia is preparing is approaching completion. We have seen the proof sheets, and they give promise of a very valuable map. The numerous subscribers in town will be glad to know that their maps will soon be ready.

LECTURE.—Our readers will observe by reference to the Winchester items that Gen. Banks will deliver his lecture on the "Duration of the Republic," in the G. A. R. course next Tuesday evening. Those who desire to hear this lecture can now have a convenient opportunity.

LEAK.—There was a leak in the water pipe near the cemetery on Wednesday. Men were set at work and the leak stopped. There were also two other leaks, one near the common, and the other at the junction of Main and Salem streets. The leakage was caused by the packing getting loose around the gates.

SAFE.—Thursday morning a four-horse team arrived in town, the driver being anxious to deliver a large safe to the Savings Bank. But none of our banks had ordered it, so the safe man went back to Boston for a new start.

JOURNALISTIC.—Mr. H. C. Gray has sold the Stoneham *Sentinel*, Reading *Chronicle* and Melrose *Journal* to L. S. Metcalf. Mr. Gray retains the Malden *Mirror*. This arrangement takes effect Jan. 1.

W. M. P.—The Phalanx held their fourth assembly last Friday evening. Fifty couples were present, and a good time was had. The next, Wednesday evening, Dec. 23d, promises to be a large and brilliant party.

SOVEREIGNS.—Next Tuesday evening, J. F. Chase, President of the State Council, and G. O. Sanderson, Deputy of the National Council, will speak of the benefits and aims of the Sovereigns of Industry, and institute a Council.

SMASHUP.—On Monday, Morris & Moore's store team ran into a tripe team near the Central House. Both teams were somewhat smashed, and bones and stale meat were scattered in an offensive manner.

☞ If you want one of the best presents you can possibly give your wife or daughter, call on Pollock and get a Willcox & Gibbs sewing machine. Will be *sold cheap*.

TOWN MEETING.—A mock town meeting was held at the rooms of the Mishawum Club last week. W. F. Davis was chosen moderator, and S. F. Trull clerk. Several articles of importance, especially to certain members, were ably discussed by those connected with the club. The trial of one of the members will shortly take place for stealing "that horse."

WEATHER.—We have had all kinds this week, from below zero with a high wind to mild autumn air. The changes have been quite rapid, and cannot have been very conducive to health. Tuesday morning at the Center the thermometer was from 2 to 6 below. At No. Woburn from 4 to 7 below. At East Woburn 4 below. At West Woburn, from 2 to 4 below.

CONCERT.—The second of the series of concerts gotten up by W B Jones will take place Wednesday evening Dec 23. The Beethoven Quintette Club of Boston and Mrs J M Osgood will furnish the instrumental and vocal music. Season tickets with reserved seats $1; without reserved seats 75 cents. Single admission, 25 cents.

LYNN.—Repairs having been completed on the Third Baptist Church at Wyoma, rededicatory services will be held on Sunday evening, when an appropriate sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. B. Brackett, D. D. of the First Baptist Church.

ACCIDENT.—One of the horses that was attached to a town team, ran away on Thursday, and the driver, William Shandley was thrown out and run over bruising his legs severely.

POLICE COURT.—For week ending Dec 19, Patrick Kavanagh, Joseph McCafferty, William Rinn, Thomas O'Brien and Thomas Dolan were each fined $3 and costs for single drunks.

☞ The Massachusetts Dental Society has passed resolutions, emphatically condemning the use of chloroform as an anæsthetic, and declaring any member administering it liable to expulsion.

INSTALLATION.—Rev. S. R. Priest was installed as pastor of the Unitarian church at Athol, Sunday. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. Emerson of Fitchburg.

ONE SESSION.—The steam gong blew for one session on Monday on account of the storm. One session again on Friday on account of the Fair.

ICE.—There is said to be good skating on Horn Pond, and our boy knows how it is himself.

North Woburn.

ENTERTAINMENT.—An entertainment was given in Temperance Hall on Thursday evening by members of Rumford Division, S. of T., to which were invited a large number of their friends. A curtain was arranged across the north end of the hall. Two farces entitled, "We're all Teetotailers," and "A Little More Cider," were given with good effect, and created considerable sport. Mr. Samuel Wright gave a declamation. After the entertainment was over, a good time was enjoyed in playing games and having a social chat.

East Woburn.

SAWS.—Woodrough & Co. have received an order from Australia for fifteen dozen butcher saws.

FAIR.—It is hoped that the friends of the East Woburn Bethel will turn out in good number and attend the fair to be held in their chapel on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 23rd.

☞ Mr Bowen, whose runaway was mentioned last week, says that the horse run in coming down the hill, and the wagon swaying over caused the transom bolt to come out, and that the horse broke a step as he ran into the barn, and there the harness gave way for the first time.

SCHOOLS.—The new school house was occupied by the scholars on Monday of this week. On the first floor the south room is occupied by the Primary scholars under the charge of Miss Lillian Miller; the north room is unoccupied. The south room in the second story is used as the Grammar school room under the charge of the Master, George E. Kimball. The north is in charge of Miss Hattie Thompson, and is occupied by Intermediate scholars. Mr. W. S. Bowen is Janitor.

West Woburn.

The Boynton Packing Co. of Boston, are teaming 200 cords of tan from John Cummings & Co.'s yard.

SOCIABLE.—The sociable at the Engine Hall was well attended on Wednesday, and a good time enjoyed by all.

SCHOOL-HOUSE.—The committee appointed to attend to this matter have had several meetings, but no definite action has as yet been decided upon at. The probability is, however, that the house will be erected on the site of the old one, that being considered the best location.

BIG INVENTION.—Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for General Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Loyd's Map of American continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for ten cents. This map shows the whole United States and territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Send 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

☞ It is said that twenty five residents of Charlestown were recently asked the name of the architects of Bunker Hill Monument. Three confessed they never knew, twenty-one suggested that Mr. Richard Frothingham would know, and one said he would run up and read the inscription.

Winchester.

☞ The readings by Prof. Hayden did not take place on Monday evening, on account of the sickness of Mr. H.

CONCERT.—The first concert of the Winchester Choral Union took place on Tuesday evening. The concert was good, and the attendance fair.

LECTURE.—Rev. D. M. Fall of Boston and Rev. D. McAllister of New York, discussed the "Religious Amendment of the Constitution" to a fair audience in the Orthodox vestry on Tuesday evening.

FLORAL.—Our friends, Messrs S W Twombly & Sons have at length succeeded in securing a store in Boston. They may now be found at 161 Tremont street, and the seed store of B F Curtis & Co. We hope this new arrangement will prove a fortunate one. Their taste and skill are acknowledged by all.

G. A. R.—The following officers were elected on Wednesday evening, by A. D. Weld Post, to serve the ensuing term:—
Commander,—C. H. Moseley,
S. V. C.—M. O. Day,
J. V. C.—Geo. A. Hall,
Quar.—Andrew Wilson,
Chaplain.—E. L. Eldridge,
O. of D.—F. H. Phelps,
O. of G.—J. W. Price.

GEN. BANKS.—The next lecture in the G. A. R. course will be given by Gen. N. P. Banks, subject, "Duration of the Republic." The General is very popular among the young men of Winchester, probably no man more so at the present time, and this fact coupled with a desire to listen to his eloquent periods will secure for him a reception equal, if not superior to that accorded to Kilpatrick at the opening of the course. Through the efforts of Friend Miller the Medford Band have generously volunteered to furnish music for the occasion. Col. Conwell and other invited guests are expected to be present. Tickets for this lecture and the balance of the course are now for sale at the Post Office at $1 50. Admission to Gen. Banks lecture 50 cents.

SUPPER.—J. W. Huse Hook & Ladder Company dedicated their new machine and room on Wednesday evening. About forty of their friends were invited among them the Selectmen, Engineers, and several who had served in the fire department years ago. At 9 o'clock the company were invited to the apparatus room to partake of a clam chowder, which was prepared by Capt. Bullock and others. Asst. Engineer Billings was toast master, and the following gentlemen made speeches: Chief Engineer Symmes, J. A. Shepard, foreman of the Chemical, Arthur E. Whitney, P W Swan, and J. D Sharon. The two last named are of the oldest firemen in town. The Marseilles hymn was sung in French by one of the company. The remarks of the speakers all showed that the companies are on the most friendly terms, and hoped they would so continue. The company separated at a reasonable hour.

A SURPRISE.—Last Wednesday afternoon Mr. John H. Picket and wife were invited out to tea, and while away, their home on Church street was invaded by some of their friends from East Boston and elsewhere, who having arranged things to suit themselves, sent out for Mr. and Mrs. P., who were surprised to find their house filled with some fifty ladies and gentlemen, bent on having a good time. They were taken completely by surprise, and with good grace surrendered at once, and after Mr. P. had been crowned with a tin hat, kindly provided for the occasion, all were summoned by the musical notes of a tin bell to a fine collation. After which music, dancing, &c., were joined in by all, with unfeigned enjoyment, until the wee small hours, in a way to make an old bachelor's heart ache, and make him wonder how some can have so many weddings and others none. Every body present voted it a good time.

Wilmington.

MR. EDITOR:—Christmas with its social festivities and convivialities is hard upon us, and will soon be beckoning the young folks home to the paternal chimney corners to partake of Christmas pies, puddings and tarts, and await the arrival of old Santa Claus with his budget of fun, frolic and presents, while they crack nuts and jokes at the expense of their rustic cousins, who cling to the old folks and forms instead of measuring life with the tape and yard stick of uncertainty.

At this period mothers grow more watchful of the footsteps of their children, than at any other time, because the young urchins are making such sly and mischievous advances through young device and artifice to get a glance into mater familias' secret rendezvous in order to discover what is in store for them, as they suspect the natural tendency to secrecy on their part is significant of an intended surprise which they are impatient to realize.

Mothers, aunts and sisters of all ages, under various pretences of indisposition callings and requirements, seek seclusion in their private apartments, away from the family circle, where the needle by diligent hand is plied with lightning speed to complete some fond memento or cherished monogram, or perchance a charmed souvenir for parent, brother, sister, friend or lover, whose every loop, stitch, and eye-let is the emblem of impassioned love, affection and friendship.

Old folks thrilled with joy and surcharged with intuitive desire, trim their wigs, and join the families in their gambols and merry dances.

They never for a moment suspect or even question the causes for which the twenty-fifth of December has been set apart with its cherished memories for rejoicing, but indulge in its pleasures because it harmonizes with usage in making and receiving presents, and is the opening of the holidays through the mystical visitation of Santa Claus in his annual career.

Yet the beaming ray of this august occasion which has been so quietly marching direct into the minds and intellects of the present age, is opening up to full view by bringing home to the understanding through its simplicity the cheerful tidings of that great and glorious event of the birth of our Saviour which stands with that of Easter, amid the revered days signalized with adoration when he burst the bars of death and vouchsafed to man the resurrection of the soul through his emaculate birth from the grave.

Have we not more cause for rejoicing on this day and occasion which gave it record than on any other which memory portrays or the life of man portends.

Verily it is so, and the rapid strides of the one peculiar denominations which marks the cherished episodes of Christ on earth by movable feasts and fasts are countering on every denominational dissuasive theory generated in the grand council of Nice, and which has ever been the demoralizing bulwark of reason as well as the subjugation of eminent ability and brilliant understanding trammeled by conscriptive arrogance and the fear of innovation.

But the dawn is breaking and no ecclesiastic subterfuge or religious curb, however strong, can thwart or enthral the enlightenment of the understanding when the mind puts forth its challenged efforts for freedom and relief.

No hampering creeds generated from the fondness of bigotry or imitative subserviency to the fast becoming obsolete precepts can withstand the tenacity of truth. No lukewarm desire to copy antediluvian theories handed down to posterity as an heirloom of reason can combat with the retributive independent thought of man, however strong, delusive or effective the revered respect for the opinions of our ancestors, and our own desire to copy after them.

Challenged from the archives of every reproductive and imaginary theory synonymous of good to develop and augment our own mental resources and reasonings whereby to grapple for the mastery of right with our understandings, we are forced into the Scriptures to find lodgment for our belief beyond the espionage of prejudice or the ordained opinions made patent for posterity by the stereotyped tradition of our forefathers.

Lax and versatile religion is stamped with fraud; alike also is the acception of a belief which never received the sanction or approval of our minds through the investigation of thought, but which has gained credence and forced prestige solely by the entailment of error, as the pretext of endorsement adverse to reason.

There are but few upon a strict investigation, and analysis of their own minds that have a heart earnest with sincerity, but what will declare their convictions have been and are the copying effect of such innovations and influence—the dastard of religious training.

The number is also small among the living fossils of the day that share in the cry against what they denominate as the stultifying influence of a Beecher, Stowe, or Murray, and the solicitous imitative error transcribed from tradition which is met by the scrutiny of thought around which hope entwines the semblance of faith, as the safeguard, rest and security of the soul.

One word of encouragement to our beloved pastor, whose life seige and daily walks are becoming living monuments of his goodness and labors.

Although he has accepted a field in such close proximity to the old theological Hub (Andover) as necessarily to encounter the strong preferences and prejudices entertained by parishioners who occasionally hear those old eloquent divines on the hill and an occasional Episcopal in the valley, yet his faithful delineations of the gospel truths accompanied with his eminently social bearings, so fruitful of good results, has dissipated and set at naught every semblance of prejudice that could have led to estrangement, or disturbed or checked his usefulness.

PAUSARIAS.

New Publications.

CHILDHOOD'S SONGS. By Lucy Larcom. Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This is the book of books for our young friends. It fills the ideal of the presentation books of the season. Elegant and chaste in design it is the veritable book of songs, that our young friends have been looking for. Full gilt, finely and delicately executed, overflowing with noble, beautiful, grand pastorals and other songs. Our young folks cannot otherwise thank papa or mamma for a trip to Osgood & Co, and an expenditure of $2 25 for a new book which will never grow old. Amid the poor trashy books of the times, made to sell, it is truly a gratification for us to say of this little book, it is unexceptionable,—every way the child's book of the season.

FAST FRIENDS. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston, Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

We are right glad to welcome in a neat pretty book form the "Fast Friends," of our townsman, and co-laborer, J. T. Trowbridge. Every one who has read this highly life like story as it appeared in the pages of a popular magazine, will seek it in its new and more attractive form. This first edition is illustrated with spirited engravings, and will be eagerly sought as a holiday present suitable for any boy or girl. We need give the contents no analysis. We say it is a superior story, well and naturally told, having no unprobabilities or unseemlyness from page first to last.

OUR WORLD. No. II. By Mary L. Hall. Boston, Linn Brothers.

Under the most attractive forms this second part of Our World is placed before the public for use and examination. We have long felt the need of just such a work as Mary L. Hall's conversations upon our world. Perfectly simple, scientific, and attractive to the youngest learner, it will be not a hard lesson in geography, but a pleasant tour over the whole globe, a sort of journey from home to Japan and India, and with such an instructive, pleasant companion as Miss Hall, the oldest reader can learn much more than from the old systems of geography. As a normal school text book, it commends itself in an especial manner. It is an elegant appendage, full of detail, sparkling, not tedius, never tiresome. In a word, this geography made easy will, we believe, be found of great benefit to all who would acquire a correct knowledge of the world we live in.

HAZEL BLOSSOMS. By Whittier. Boston. Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

One of the most appropriate and choice gifts, not for Christmas or New Year alone—from friend to friend, to cheer and enliven the pathway of life, comes our sweet offering of the Hazel Blossoms. How truly, how feelingly the poet of the people paints out the duty of Christian love, of hopeful charity from one to another at this chilly, wintry season of the year. In this command to obey, which is good to the giver as well as hope to the receiver, our mission lies.

"Beside the unvailed mysteries
Of life and death go stand;
With guarded lip and reverent eyes
And pure of heart and hand.
That good physician liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Genesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee."

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston. Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

This name alone upon the title page of this princely gift for the Christmas season were sufficient to carry this book as an acceptable and fitting present to many homes. Filled with illustrations that may be pronounced of themselves a work of art, we do not hesitate to place this familiar story, this idyl of the home, as ranking among the very first presents of the season. As a work so far as execution of design and fitness in all its parts, there is no book stands higher than "The Hanging of the Crane" to be seen on the counters of Osgood & Co. It is furnished very reasonable for so rich a gem.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TRUNK; containing papers on Home Life in Tweenit. By Mrs. A. M. Dias, Illustrated. Boston; James R. Osgood & Co.

In this little work we recognize an old friend whose true stories gave us considerable amusement when they appeared in *Hearth and Home*. Being based on the occurrences of actual life as found in a country village they will bear a second and even a third reading with profit. How many slaves of the rolling pin may be found in many other villages besides Tweenit? Reader, after a perusal of this book please tell us how many villages of New England, have not been blessed (?) with just such sewing circles, or tea parties as Tweenit. In almost every village will be found Nanny Joes, and Nanny Moses and Mrs. Jones and her daughter, who must stir up the neighborhood with more zeal than wisdom. The account of the sewing circle opens no new revelation, it is only holding up the minor for personal observation, would that personal improvement might be the result of taking a peep at the same. Every town and village has its ambitious and aspiring leaders of new projects, either a new sewing circle, or fair, or a little tea party to be gotten up, always something to be improved or repaired, a vestry to be ornamented, or some new thing and all for "to raise the money" yes, the cry of money is heard in all our village Tweenites, whether the want really or truly exists.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper's Magazine for January is fresh, bright and seasonable. Peculiarly rich in the variety of its contents and the profusion of its illustrations, it opens a new year under the most promising auspices. "The Children's Night," which opens the number, is a novel conception, grouping in a brilliant galaxy the impersonations so familiar to children from "Mother Goose's Melodies" and fairy lore. E. H. Knight gives his third installment of "The First Century of the Republic" continuing the review of Mechanical Progress. A spicy biographical sketch of George D. Prentice of the *Louisville Journal* by Junius Henri Browne, accompanied by a faithful portrait, illustrates a memorable chapter of American journalism. Thomas W. Knox tells the story of a Gala Night in St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the marriage of the Grand Duke Vladimir to the Grand Duchess Marie. His description of the illuminations and of the gala spectacle at the opera house, vividly present the scenes of which the writer was an eye witness. Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," presents a lucid statement of the English question concerning ritualism. The Editor's "Literary Record" devotes much space to notices of recent holiday books. The "Scientific Record" is very full and interesting; and the other editorial departments maintain their usual excellence, the "Drawer" this month being especially lively and amusing. Horton has it for sale.

PETERSON'S JOURNAL.—The January number of this new Philadelphia Magazine, comes to us full to the brim of the most delightful reading matter in the way of popular literature. There is a story to begin with, called "Within their Gates," by Christian Reid. Also, "The Prince Consort," by Louise Chandler Moulton, "In the Red Room," by Nora Perry, "The Sleeping Beauty of the Wood," by Jeanie T. Gould, (Daisy Ventnor). "Wynfield Hall, by Florence Percy Allen; "Old Flames, A Camp Meeting Romance," by Eliza Archard Connor, "Madelon's Summer," by Julie Keim Wetherill, and other specimens of truly good fiction. In the way of miscellaneous reading there is a graphic article with the rather peculiar title of "Our People Sent Me." We also notice a paper upon "The Poems of Ossian," by Henry Peterson. "The Art of Hospitality," should be read by every family in the country. Terms: $3 00 a Year in Advance. Address H. Peterson & Co., 920 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SCRIBNER'S.—The January number of "Scribner's" is not without a Christmas flavor—containing as it does, a Christmas sketch by L. Clark Davis, entitled, "My Night in a Stage Coach," "A Christmas Suggestion," and a "Christmas Sleigh Ride," the latter by F. R Stockton. In this number begins Dr Holland's new serial, "The Story of Sevenoaks," with an illustration by Sol Etynge. The first installment of Major Powell's account of his daring descent of the Colorado is here given, with striking illustrations by T. Moran and W. L. Sheppard. "Travels in South America" is effectively illustrated and interesting. In "Topics of the Times." Dr. Holland writes about "National Politics," "Room at the Top," and "Ritualism." "The Cabinet" contains "The Sublime and the Ridiculous," "Salvini as a Dutchman," and other matters. In "Home and Society" is a timely "Plea for Handles."

ST. NICHOLAS FOR JANUARY is a real holiday number, and a peculiarly attractive one. It opens with a beautiful frontispiece entitled "Mozart, the Little Music King," followed by a short sketch of the great musician's career. It gives us an abundance of interesting Christmas stories. There is also a fac simile of the the original manuscript of the famous ballad "'Twas the Night before Christmas," which will attract the attention of all the boys and girls. The beginning of the two serials "The Young Surveyor," by J. T. Trowbridge, and "Eight Cousins," by Louisa M. Alcott, with fine illustrations by W. L. Shepard and Addie Ledyard, is an event of great importance to the readers of the magazine, and has no doubt been eagerly awaited by them. Then there are poems by Bret Harte and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; a "Christmas Carol," by Mrs. Dodge; and a beautifully illustrated poem entitled,—"Santa Claus and his Men." "Jack in the Pulpit" and the "Riddle Box" have also caught the Christmas spirit, and there is an additional department of "Books for Boys and Girls,"—in fact, eight new pages have been added to the January "St. Nicholas," in order to make room for all the good things that have been crowded into it.

NURSERY.—The first number of the Nursery for 1875 has come and promises to rival all the previous numbers. It is full as can be of pictures and stories to interest the little folks. On the first page is a laughable picture of "Peter's Mishap," which represents a long hill covered with coasters; about half way down the hill is a colored boy, who not understanding how to steer a sled, has capsized. Boys will know how to appreciate this, and the story on the next page tells all about it. Next comes a story about a Spitz dog and some geese with two illustrations, and a full page picture of Christmas. Then there is "A Round story" of a "Little curly headed boy who lived in a dark green wood," and a piece of poetry about a boy who was counting the pigs and fell into the pen. Following these comes a half dozen more stories and three pieces of poetry, and on the last page is a pretty piece of music with words called "The Winter Holidays." We advise all who do not have the Nursery in their homes to subscribe for it without delay. The price is only $1 50 a year with ten cents for postage. John L Shorey, publisher, 36 Bromfield St, Boston.

WEEKLY LITERARY CHIT CHAT.—There is no excuse for saying this Christmas and New Year season of holidays—"I am so poor I cannot give my little boys and girls a small present." The counters of our Boston publishing houses literally teem with presents of all kinds, and variety enough to suit any taste and graduated to the extent of any purse. We note only a few of the treasures in reserve for old and young readers, and from an hours lounge at our friend's, the publisher's named below, can promise all our readers just what they want, and at the very lowest prices. In the selection and preparation of books for presents for the year, our publishers have given generally books of a standard character, and to-day books that are useful as well as elegant are wisely offered by them, instead of unusually high priced books. They seem to realize in this respect that the days of high prices are over, and the extravagancies even of book making are at an end.

Let all our friends this season who purchase their holiday presents of books, strive to aid our publishers in their praiseworthy efforts to raise the standard of the popular literature of the Christmas gift season. We know that many of our first houses have placed the retail prices of their books at prices some would regard at the lowest figures. From time to time in our weekly "chit chat" we shall endeavor to keep our readers duly posted as to all the good books and publications of the day, and the publishing houses at which they can be found. Having already made this article long, we would notice that in our last week's number are noticed a great variety of the very best books of the day, and desire the readers of our reviews to be sure to call up the following houses for just the books they desire. Boston,—Osgood & Co., Lee & Shepard, Estes & Lauriatt, Little & Brown, Noyes, Holmes & Co., W. F Gill, A. Williams, H. L. Shepard. At this time their counters are piled with a rich, rare and valuable assortment of the best of books at the most reasonable prices.

ENGINEERS.—The engineers on the Boston & Lowell Railroad are "men and true," and, like the conductors, seem to have grown up in the employ of this corporation. They are almost all men who have been on the road in one capacity or another from boyhood, many serving in the machine shop and as section hands before becoming firemen and subsequently engineers. The road employs fifty-two engineers and the same number of firemen, the force being divided about evenly between the passenger trains, freight trains, shifters and extras, and the average pay is from $1,000 to $1200 a year. The longest routes on the road compel a daily travel of 130 miles, and from this down to ninety miles a day is the usual distance made by the engineers on the several routes controlled by this corporation. The proportion of men who have long terms of service is less than on some roads because of the large recent increase in the force necessitated by the extensions and additional trains put on for the accommodation of the rapidly-increasing travel over the road and its numerous branches.

The veteran of the road is William Seaver, now running passenger trains between Boston and Lowell, he having been in the service of the corporation for a quarter of a century. Wise Goodwin is another of the men who stick to one place well, he having run freight between Boston and Nashua for about twenty years. B. G. Sumner and R. T. King are also veterans on the rail, and both have served well nigh twenty years on freight and passenger trains between Boston and Nashua. E. H. Haggins now running from Woburn Centre, belongs to the list deserving honorable mention, and H. M. Bullard, on the Nashua freight, has been in the service of the Corporation for nearly twenty years. The officials of the road take a just pride in the character of the men employed as engineers, and feel that all possible care is taken by them to make travel on the road as safe as it can be made by human ingenuity. The same care is taken in appointing firemen as is exercised in selecting men from that class of employees to act as engineers, as all firemen are looked upon as candidates for promotion. The men give as a reason for "sticking" to their machines that they don't know how to earn a living any other way, but confess that, after all, there is a certain fascination about life on the rail that keeps them happy and contented, although their salaries are not of the most extravagant kind.—*Globe.*

☞ Would you be free from the tormenting pains caused by kidney disease, use *Hunt's Remedy*, the great kidney medicine. It never fails in kidney disease, dropsy or any diseases of the urinary organs. One trial will convince you. Try it.

HIFALUTIN.—*Harpers Magazine* gives a specimen of this kind of composition, and closes with the assertion, "If this *can* be beat we are mistaken." We don't know, but we would like to let loose our Wilmington correspondent on this Topsfield committee man, and see how they would come out. That our readers may compare the two styles we quote from the School Report of Topsfield for the year 1866-7:

"The Primary Center School, summer and winter, was instructed by Miss Mary E Gould, of Topsfield. Under the guidance of this master hand in genuine philosophic simplicity the school presented the same phases of unvarying successful advancement as in former years, from the dissonant mouthings of half fledged juvenile articulation, through the winding passages of sylabicism, to the Mount Hope of spelling; the same grateful interspersion of gymnastic, vocal, recessive, and studious enaction, rendering every exercise equally a pastime, and romancing the reality of first efforts in dry study.

"The Senior Centre School, summer term, was conducted by Miss Caroline E. Batchelder, of Topsfield, who exceeded herself in the assiduous ability with which she characterized her school. Her order was not stiff or staky, but socially yet deferentially absolute. Under this benign influence the school peculiarly prospered in all the studies pursued. This school, the winter term, was taught by Mr. Alden B. Chadwick, of Bradford (the associate committee having resigned their gallant feminine preferences to the stoicism of the superintendent). Mr. Chadwick, with none of the *a la mode* show-off scholastic superfluities of the day, was a thorough, practical well ordered, matter-of-fact teacher, maintaining his position without fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward.

"The South School, summer term, was directed by Miss Clara P. Hapgood, of Acton, who came to us with the prestige of success through the recommendation of a reverend gentleman in our vicinage. Thoroughly educated herself, from the simple to the complex, the school advanced in all the branches with proportionate proficiency. Miss Unis L. Tandy of Groveland, succeeded Miss H., Miss T. was an enthusiastic, energetic, social, and decidedly plucky young lady, 'laying out' one of the biggest boys the first week, and hesitating not to remain with her charge in the storm-beleaguered school house during one the most tempestuous nights of the past winter.

"The East School, summer and winter wos kept by Miss Mary A. Elliott, of Danvers, who by the vigor of her administration remedied many evils which had crept in aforetime. The *whisperings* were stifled, *foreign untowardness* guided 'well in hand,' and other unscholarly practices reformed. Notwithstanding the difficulties of her position, Miss E. by her indomitable zeal and interest resolved a creditable success in all the branches.

"The North School, summer term, commenced under the guidance of Miss Anna D. Holmes, of Ipswich, who, although considered a competent teacher, did not exactly suit the 'city' people, who, nurtured in the school of republican freedom could ill brook the stern discipline and unfamiliar indignities perpetrated on 'them and theirs,' but one, and then another, till the whole population *en masse*, little and big, man, woman and child, whispered, murmured, threatened, denounced, and at last, rising like a volcano, burst with fiery indignation into open rebellion, kicking up a great dust in all the region round about. So frantically intense was the convulsion that the very animals, and even the elements, conspired in sympathetic expressiveness. The geese, whose ancestors saved Rome, with conscious political importance, loudly vociferated, 'Quack! quack! quack!' The turkey, that true, native American, with indigenous, consequential pride, gobbled about the calamities of foreign participation. Chanticleer, crested and spurred and red with ire, from an eminence, blew a clarion note of defiance. The belicose bull 'tossed a horn' to the success of the enterprise, while the pacific guinea hen, in the spirit of true kindliness, cried out, earnestly, 'Go back! go back! go back! Nor these alone, for Trinity River itself, that evangelical stream, swollen with rage, bursting forth in a torrent of wrathful outpouring, whirled and boiled and eddied in irascible frothings, threatening the city mole of 'Long Wharf' with demolition. To appease the tutelar diety of the city, and relieve it from such an impending visitation, it was judged expedient to throw the mistress overboard, Jonah like, whereupon a great calm ensued.

"We were more fortunate in the selection of our next teacher, Miss Mary G. Towne, whose ancestral prepossessions, educational qualifications, and gentle child like simplicity of manners conciliated and soothed every rampant and belligerent feeling of the citizens."

MAYORS.—The following are the mayors elect in the cities of the State, a star denoting a re-election: Boston, Samuel C. Cobb*; Cambridge, Isaac Bradford*; Fall River, Jas. F. Davenport*; Worcester, Clark Jillson*; Springfield, Emerson Wight; Lowell, Francis Jewett; Somerville, William H. Furber*; Lynn, Jacob M. Lewis*; Salem, Henry L. Williams; Newton, James F. C. Hyde*; New Bedford, Abraham H. Howland; Lawrence, R. H. Tewksbury; Chelsea, Charles H. Ferson*; Taunton, George H. Babbitt*; Fitchburg, Eugene T. Miles; Haverhill, Alpheus Currier; Holyoke, W. B. C. Pearsons*; Gloucester, Robert R. Fears*; Newburyport, William Cushing. Eleven of the nineteen are reelected, two for a third term.

REVIVAL.—The revival interest now in progress in the M. E. church, Somerset, under the labors of the Rev. F. Keyes, of Woburn, Mass., is daily gaining momentum. The work is conducted in the usual common sense way of Brother Keyes, admitting of no undue excitement, and commending itself to the better class of citizens. The entire village is being canvassed for the Lord by praying bands of laymen, who are met everywhere with kindest welcome from saint and sinner. Wednesday evening ten were forward for prayers, several of whom testified to the saving love of Jesus. The work rolls steadily on, and the church is looking for an "abundant harvest."—*Fall River News.*

TICKET THIEVES.—Detectives have been engaged for a few days past in looking up a discrepancy between the number of passengers carried and the railroad receipts on the Lowell and Eastern railroads. A few days ago they visited the store of J A Remick, dealer in jewelry, etc, at 20 Tremont St, Boston, with a search warrant, finding there 38 tickets over the Boston and Lowell, Eastern and Old Colony R R Companies. Subsequently they searched Holmes' grocery store on the corner of Portland and Causeway streets and Kenney's store on Causeway street, finding tickets at both places. The presumption was that those tickets were secreted and disposed of by conductors who did not use their punches, but instead, sold tickets which should have been turned over to the office. In the Municipal Court on

Thursday, Mr Remick was fined $100 and costs for receiving stolen goods. Colonel A O Brewster, who defended him, claimed that there was no proof that the tickets had been stolen, and the mere fact of their possession by Mr Remick did not make him guilty in intent. Mr Remick asserts that he never bought or sold a ticket, and has no connection with any person doing so; that the conductors were personal friends who frequently visited his store, and for whom he frequently did favors, in procuring goods for them at wholesale prices, or doing small jobs, and that they reciprocated by passing him and his friends over their trains to and from the watering places, or by giving him tickets, which they offered with no secrecy or intimation of any dishonest intent.

OYSTERS.—Londoners are beginning to mourn the scarcity of oysters, and to fear that these indispensable accompaniments of wintry weather will be wholly lost to them. Just think what a calamity an oyster famine would be here in our midst. Letting the innumerable dealers and the thousands upon thousands who derive support from the consumption of the succulent bivalves pass unconsidered, it is awful to think of the discomfort an oysterless season would entail, of dreary, chilling, midwinter nights, and ice bound streets, with no steaming, savory stews to expel the cold. Yet this is what the great world metropolis appears to be threatened with, and in anticipation of the deprivation, there has been a sterling advance in price, a dozen costing not less than three shilling, or threepence apiece, and an observing correspondent notes that at fashionable dinner parties the supply has been cut down from six to four for each guest.

☞ A man took a seat on the head of an empty flour barrel on Michigan Grand Avenue on Saturday, and said, "I got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was—" At this point the head fell in and the man, or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like schooner's masts. He was helped out and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of the earnest entreaties of the crowd he would not go on with the story.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ A man named George Labor has just died in Pennsylvania at the age of 113 years. He lived long enough to prove that there are exceptions to the rule that *Labor omnia vincit.*

Married.

In Malden, Dec. 10th, by Rev. Joseph Scott, assisted by Rev. J. W. F. Barnes, Rev. Samuel R. Priest and Miss Fannie A. daughter of George P. Cox, Esq.

In Winchester, Dec. 10th, by Rev. Amos Harris, Mr. Ira L. Russell of Arlington and Miss Louisa S. Locke of Winchester.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Winchester, Dec. 16th, Adeline W., wife of Stephen Cutter, Esq., aged 71 years, 9 months.

In Winchester, Dec. 14th, at residence of Marcus C. Cook, George W. Daniels, aged 78 years, formerly of Keene, N. H.

In Lexington, Dec. 13th, Aaron P. Richardson, aged 83 years, 4 months.

In Malden, Dec. 14th, R. S. Belle Abbott, only daughter of Sylvester K. and Rebecca B. A. Abbott, aged 17 years.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 8th inst., Horace A. White, formerly of Boston, aged 41 years, 8 months.

In Boston, Dec. 17th, William A. Parker, aged 26 years.

In Woburn, Dec. 11th, James S., son of John S and Anastasia Hennessy, aged 21 years, 5 months, 11 days.

Woburn Irish Literary Association.

At a special meeting of the above society held Dec. 11th, 1874, the following Resolutions was adopted,

Whereas, it has seemed good to the Almighty disposer of events to remove from our midst our late worthy and esteemed brother member JAMES S. HENNESSY, and

Whereas, intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this society, render it proper that we should place upon record, therefore

Resolved, that we deplore the loss of James S. Hennessy with deep feelings of regret, softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who, having fought the good fight here, are enjoying happiness in a better world.

Resolved, that we tender to his afflicted parents our sincere condolence and our earnest sympathy in their affliction at the loss of a dutiful son.

Resolved, that the members of this society attend our deceased member to the grave in a body, and that our Hall be draped in mourning until after the funeral.

Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing resolutions be tendered to his parents and also inserted in the Woburn *Advertiser, Journal* and Boston *Pilot.*

WM. NASH,
PATRICK MURPHY,
PETER SEXTON,
Committee on Resolutions.

239

THE PRICE TELLS
AND
EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF
MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT RETAIL

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.
$12 to $24.
Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.
ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.
12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 158

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the TROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) *A Substitute for Cold Liver Oil.* Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier.
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the
LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.
It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

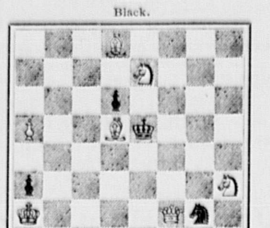
—ALSO—
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.
They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES
should use all three of the above medicines.
Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.
DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 33.

Black.



White.
White to play and mate in two moves.

WOBURN, Dec 17th 1874.

The solution of Problem No 32:—

White	Black
Kt to Kts sqr	Kt to K3
Q to KB5 mate.	
Kt to Kts sqr	Kt x P
Q to K5 mate.	
Kt to Kts sqr	P to Q7
Q to KB sqr mate.	

Yours truly, H. F SMITH.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, for the election of Directors and the transaction of any business which may legally come before it, will be holden at their Banking House, on Tuesday the 12th of January, 1875, at 7 P. M.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

Christmas
—AND—
HOLIDAY
GOODS
—IN—
GREAT VARIETY!
Best Assortment
IN WOBURN AT
F. B. DODGE'S
Jewelry Store,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets

Auction Sale of
Tanners AND Curriers
Machinery, Tools & Fixtures.

The undersigned will sell at public auction

Monday, Dec. 21, 1874.

at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Tannery near Horn Pond Station Woburn, a lot of Machinery, Tools, Tables and Fixtures, consisting in part of 1 Belt Knife Splitting Machine, 2 Union Splitting Machines, 1 Scouring Machine, 4 Glassing Jacks, 2 Polishing Wheels, 1 Stuffing Mill, 1 Grinder, 1 Iron Fulling Mill, Mahogany, Maple, Cherry and Pine Tables, Shaving Beams, and other articles usually found in a first-class Tannery and Currying Shop. Also 1 Watch Clock, 1 Safe, Desks, Chairs, 2 pr. Scales, 2 Fire Extinguishers, &c., &c. Also 2 Horses, 1 Double Wagon, 2 Single Wagons, 2 Carts, Hay Wagon, 1 Double Pung, 1 Sleigh Pung, Harnesses &c. Terms at Sale.

GEO. H. CONN, Agent.
WM. WINN, Auctioneer.
Woburn, Dec. 11th, 1874.

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
FLORISTS,
At the Seed Store of B. T. Curtis & Co.,
161 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

Just Arrived!
100 Bags Wheat
For Chicken Feed.
Above is in good order and for sale at reasonable price, at ALEXANDER ELLIS' Railroad Store.

USEFUL
HOLIDAY GIFTS!
—AT—
CHARLES A. SMITH'S,
177 Main Street, - - Woburn. 236

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Wilmington.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by George Fredson of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Ruel Carter of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and dated November 16th, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex Northern District, Book 53, Page 244, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday the 28th day of December 1874 at 2 o'clock P. M., a certain tract of land with the buildings thereon situated in Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, containing about thirty-three and three-quarters be it the same more or less, it being a part of the estate of Timothy Carter senior late of said Wilmington, deceased, and is bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of the main road leading to Lowell, and at land of Joseph A. Ames, from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Ames land to a stake; thence same course by and with land of the above named grantee to a stake; thence southerly still by and with said grantee's land to a stake at land of the heirs of John S. Perry, deceased, thence westerly by and with said Perry's land to a stake; thence northerly by and with the same land to a stake; thence westerly again, still by the same land to said road; thence northerly again by and with said road to the point of beginning.

227 RUEL CARTER, Mortgagee.

FOR
Christmas Presents
GO TO
A. A. WALKER'S,
127 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON,
☞ A great Variety of Beautiful things and very Reasonable.
Don't fail to see them.

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Taken on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 2d day of January A. D. 1875, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right in equity that Lucy L. Brown, of Concord, in said County, had on the sixteenth day of November 1874, when the same was seized on this execution, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: (No. 1.) A certain farm situated in the easterly part of Stow, in said County, containing 42 acres with the buildings thereon bounded. Beginning at the east corner of the premises on the old road from Concord to Stow, at land of John Goldsmith and running west on lands of said Goldsmith, Benj Conant and John Dane, crossing the track of the Marlboro Branch of the Fitchburg Railroad to the road from South Acton to Assabet; thence turning and running on said road south to the land of Thos Brooks, crossing the said Railroad track, and running on said Brooks land east to the old road leading from Concord to Stow, thence north on said road to the point of beginning. (No. 2.) A certain parcel of land called the "Meadow Field," situated in the south-east part of said Stow, containing 24 acres, bounded. Beginning at a stake at land of Daniel Whitney, thence S.W. to a stake at land of heirs of Josiah Brown, thence east 109 rods to a stake and stones, thence northerly to a stake and stones at land of said Whitney, thence west by land of said Whitney 63 rods to the stake first mentioned. (No. 3.) A certain tract of pasture land in the south part of Acton in said County, containing 23 acres 2 roods and 25 rods, bounded. Beginning at the north-west corner of the premises, thence S. 70° E., 35 rods; thence S. 16° E., 16 rods; thence S 6° E., 46¼ rods, on land of John Brown and Elnathan Jones to land of William Chaplain; thence north 85° E., 45 rods on land of Chaplain; thence N. 10° W., 80 rods on land of Joel Conant and Horatio Low, to the Fitchburg Railroad; thence north 62° W., 9 rods, thence N. 73° W., 36¼ rods on said Railroad to the bounds first mentioned. (No. 4.) A certain parcel of land situated near the church of the First Parish in the centre of Concord in said County, with the buildings thereon, bounded south-west by a lane or passage way leading to said church from the mill dam, south and east by the Common near said church, and north by the county road or Main Street.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.
Woburn, November 25th, 1874.

Musical Gifts
FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Fine Gilt Editions (Price $4.00) of these Elegant Collections of Bound Music, entitled:

GEMS OF STRAUSS. Instrumental.
GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG. Vocal.
GEMS OF SACRED SONG. "
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. "
WREATH OF GEMS. "
PIANO FORTE GEMS. "
OPERATIC PEARLS. "
SHOWER OF PEARLS. " Duets
MUSICAL TREASURE. " and Inst'l.
PIANO AT HOME. Four Hand Pieces.
ORGAN AT HOME. Reed Organ Music.
PIANIST'S ALBUM. Instrumental.
PIANO FORTE GEMS. "

Price per Volume, in Boards $2.50; Cloth $3.00; Full Gilt $4.00.

Also handsomely bound "Lives" of the Great Music Masters; Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, &c., costing $1.75 to $2.00 per book.

Sold everywhere. *Sent promptly by mail, post free, for retail price. Order soon.*

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

C. R. GAGE & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND DEALERS IN
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
171 Main Street, - - - Woburn.

Fine Teas and Pure Coffees.
GOOD OOLONG TEAS 50c lb., 3 lbs for $1.00
Extra " 1 25
Super " 3 50
A great variety of Japan and fancy Teas at equally low prices.
Pure Rio Coffee 25c. Roasted 33c.
Costarico " 25c. " 35c.
Java " 35c. " 4 c.
Superior Old Mocha and Java mix 45c.
Coffees warranted ... every article warranted.
OVERLAND TEA CO.
New Washington St. and 81 Friend St., Boston.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
of ever description and all widths can be found at FOWLE'S SHOE STORE, opposite the Common. Fine hand made Boots and Shoes a specialty. All kinds of Fancy Slippers for the holidays. No trouble to show goods. Come in and look if you don't buy. Repairing done at short notice.
FOWLE'S SHOE STORE.

1875.
Almanacs!
Diaries!
Now is the time to get
Best Selection
—AT—
"Horton's Bookstore."
Subscribe *now* for a good
Magazine or
Newspaper
FOR A. D. 1875.
SPARROW HORTON,
195 Main Street, - - Woburn.

WM. W. HILL
Apothecary,
Having taken the Store recently occupied by Dr. E. E. Boardman, 125 Main Street, Allen's Block, would respectfully invite the attention of the people in Woburn and vicinity, to his complete and carefully selected assortment of
Pure Drugs,
CHEMICALS,
—AND—
Pharmaceutical Preparations
Together will all articles usually found in a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE, such as
TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,
SUPPORTERS, &c.
ALL THE
RELIABLE PATENT MEDICINES.
Also, a full assortment of
TOILET REQUISITES,
including
Hair, Tooth, Nail and Flesh
BRUSHES,
Dressing Combs,
Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, &c.
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Medicines
Will receive careful personal attention

Attention is invited to our
ELASTIC
Bandage Department
Consisting of a complete assortment of
Elastic Stockings,
Knee Caps, Anklets,
Belts, &c.
For the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.
Our Elastic Fabrics
are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken, and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.
All medicines dispensed will be genuine and of the best quality.
By earnest efforts to maintain a high standard in all departments of the business, and by careful attention to the wants of customers and the public, he hopes to merit a share of patronage. 220

Pianos and Organs
W. F. CLEMENT, Agent for Weber.
Rogers Upright and Bourne Piano-Fortes and Smith American Organs. ☞ Pianos and Organs tuned. Order book at Sparrow Horton's.
RESIDENCE, - - LOWELL STREET.

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Culter.)
Express and Job Wagon
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 222

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 2,700,000 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
Large variety New and Pretty, Useful or Ornamental Goods for
Christmas and New Year Presents.
Call early to get the best selection and avoid the rush at
Horton's Bookstore, Woburn.
CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

WANTED.
Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.
CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN, CHAS. H. POLLARD

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
Ministers, Students, and *expert Salesmen* who can earn $2,000 PER YEAR for the "BIRTH OF CHRIST." The finest engraving ever sold by Agents. Takes the quickest, *pays the best.* Nothing like it ever offered by subscription.
Also a few intelligent Ladies
to take orders for the most popular article of female use in the market. *Exclusive sale and profits immense.* To secure best terms and choice of territory apply *immediately* to
B. P. BACCUS, 129 Tremont Street,
211 Boston, Mass.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
54,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.
☞ Send for Price Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

Toppan Robie,
Insurance Agent,
168 MAIN ST., WOBURN.
REPRESENTS THE
Liverpool and London and Globe. Assets, $22,500,000
Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool. Assets, $14,000,000
Pennsylvania Fire, of Philadelphia. Assets, $1,400,000
Dwelling House Ins. Co., of Boston. Assets, $362,000
Mutual Life Ins. Co., of New York. Assets, $65,000,000
222

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 2nd, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—
Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P. M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE
Greenfield, 7.20, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 8.00, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30*a*, 9.33* A. M., 12.19,* 2.15, 5.33,* 9.35*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.17, 9.55 A. M., 2.35, 5.54 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.29, 10.04 A. M., 2.45, 6.00 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.40 A. M., 2.57, 6.10 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.15, A. M., 1.05, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.55, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.39, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.57, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.35, 8.30‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.12, 7.50, 8.04, 9.12, 10.37 A. M., 1.27, 3.07, 4.12, 5.12, 6.43, 8.37‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays two hours later.
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.
29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

Insurance.
The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.
A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.
GEO. H. CONN.
Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

THE STATE FAIR
—FOR—
OUR
DUMB
ANIMALS,
HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,
Feb. 22d to March 2d, 1875.

The following articles are solicited:—
Fancy and Useful Goods.
Apples, Vegetables, Poultry, &c.
Domestic Animals, Birds, & Pets.
Home-made Pickles & Preserves.
Books, Flowers & Toys.
Manufactured Goods.
Ferns and Mosses.
Home-made Cake.
Works of Art, &c.

These may be sent at any time to any Member of the Fair Committee of 2,000 Ladies having charge of the Fair, representing each city and town in the State; or forwarded direct. *Advise by mail.* Freight or Express will be paid upon arrival.

FRANK B. FAY, Sec'y.
46 Washington St. Boston.

Tenement To Let.
A tenement with 6 rooms for $10 a month. Apply to C. P. Jayne, 2 Wade Block. 215

Highland Market!
FOWLE STREET,
Near Horn Pond Station.
L. A. SWEETSER,
Dealer in
Meat & Vegetables,
FRUIT AND PROVISIONS
of all kinds.
Goods delivered to all parts of the town. Please give us your orders 23

NEW STORE
In Woburn.
The Proprietor of the BOSTON HAT STORE would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he has just opened,
In Soles' Building,
140 Main Street,
a large and well selected stock of
HATS, CAPS
Ladies' and Children's
FURS,
—AND—
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Which he offers at LOW FIGURES.
He has secured the services of Mr. GEORGE W. MERRILL as manager, who will be pleased to see any and all of his friends, and the public generally, at the new store. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
E. L. THAYER,
212 Proprietor Boston Hat Store.

TO THE HONORABLE the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled: We, the undersigned, in behalf of the city of Boston and the towns of Woburn and Medford, respectfully petition your honorable bodies for authority to provide a system of sewerage for said towns, and the towns of Winchester and Stoneham, and for conveying away the impurities which now are discharged into Mystic Pond—the expense of doing said work to be equitably assessed upon the parties benefited, in such a manner as the Legislature may determine.

SAMUEL C. COBB, Mayor of Boston.

JAMES BEAN,
P. R. LITCHFIELD,
C. M. BARRETT, Selectmen of
JOHN H. HOOPER, Medford.
ELIJAH S. WAIT,
CHAS. N. JONES.

E. E. THOMPSON,
JOSEPH M. EATON,
L. HOUGHTON ALLEN, Selectmen of
DAVID D. HART, Woburn.
W. R. PUTNAM,
ELEAZER F. POOLE.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1874.
I approve the publication of the above petition in the *Woburn Journal*
224 OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!

MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,
Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 5. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Woburn!

To William A. Wilson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all persons claiming any interest in the following describe real estate:

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed given by said William A. Wilson to Asa Fletcher, dated June 21, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds, Book 1260, Page 584, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Monday, the 28th day of December, A. D., 1874 at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said mortgaged premises being a lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, and being lot numbered Fifty-three on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds: Book of Plans, Five,—Plan Twenty-third, and bounded Northerly by lots 54, 59, and 60, 611 feet; easterly by Tremont street, 126 feet; southerly by lot 52, 598 feet; and westerly by Woburn street, 125 feet, and containing 75,926 square feet more or less.

ASA FLETCHER, Mortgagee.
Nov. 25, 1874. 200

STANDISH'S PILLS
CURE
DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, PILES,
or any disarrangement of the stomach. Always make you better and never worse.
WEEKS & POTTER, Agents, Boston.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County:—

The Selectmen of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board that you straighten Forest street from Thomas Farland's to the junction of Washington street.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON,
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November A. D. 1874. On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in Cambridge, on the 5th day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Woburn Journal,* a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and order thereon, Attest.
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
A true copy. Attest,
E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

To the County Commissioners of Middlesex County;—

The Selectmen of the Town of Winchester hereby petition your honorable board to straighten Cambridge street, from a point near the Farm House of William Everett to the Arlington line.

SAMUEL S. HOLTON,
ALBERT AYER,
H. A. EMERSON,
ASA FLETCHER,
ROBERT COWDERY.
Selectmen of Winchester.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four, and by adjournment at Cambridge on the 17th day of November, A. D., 1874. On the foregoing petition, Ordered that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Court House in Cambridge, on Tuesday, the 5th day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Town Clerk of Winchester with a copy of said petition and of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the *Woburn Journal,* a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Winchester fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein, to said Commissioners, at the time and place fixed for said view and hearing.

JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
Copy of Petition and Order thereon, Attest.
JOHN J. SAWYER, Asst. Clerk.
A true copy. Attest,
299 E. W. FISKE, Deputy Sheriff.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 203

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

CHEER HIM.—At a fire in a large city, while the upper stories of a lofty dwelling were wrapped in smoke, and the lower stories all aglow with flame, a piercing shriek told the startled firemen that there was some one still in the building in peril. A ladder was quickly reared, until it touched the heated walls, and diving through the flames and smoke, a brave young fireman rushed up the rounds on his errand of mercy. Stifled by the smoke, he stopped, and seemed about to descend. The crowd was in agony, as a life seemed lost, for every moment of hesitation seemed an age. While this shivering fear seized every beholder, a voice from the crowd called out, "Cheer him! cheer him!" and a wild "hurrah" burst from the excited spectators. As the cheer reached the fireman, he started up again through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down the ladder with a child in his arms. The cheer did the work. How much we can do to help the brave ones who are struggling with temptation, or almost fainting in their efforts to do good to others. Don't find fault with your brother in his trial, but cheer him.. Give him a word that shall urge him on the way, and if you can't help him in any other way, give him a cheer.

INFANTILE CRITICISM. — In one of our Walnut street dry goods houses is employed a young man of diminutive stature and somewhat feminine appearance, although a tip-top salesman and clerk. One day, not long since, a little girl was sent to the store to make some purchases, and it fell to the lot of this young man to attend her. She was a mere bunch of femininity, not able to talk plain. She asked if he had any "totten flannel." He replied that he had, and asked how much she wanted. "I don't know," was the reply. "Well, what do you want it for?" said the clerk. "Wan't to make papa a shirt." "Well, how big is your papa? is he as big as me?" "Big as you," said the little maiden. "I dess he is; he would't be much of a papa if he wasn't."—*Iowa Register.*

TRUTH.—Not many years ago, when a church in Newport was raising money by subscription to build a house of worship, one of the parish noted for his "plain speaking," a Newport man who has since become a resident of Providence, and is prominent among the Odd Fellows there, went up to the latter city to solicit aid. He called on several wealthy people, and among them one who "took his with something in it," and that quite often. After listening to the plea of the solicitor he retorted: "Give *you* money? Why, my dear fellow, I have hardly sufficient loose change to pay my rum bill." "If you drink less rum you would have more to give," was the quick reply of the other. "Here," turning to his cashier, "give this man twenty-five dollars. He is the first man who ever told me the truth," was the prompt response of the old gentleman, and the other got his money and departed.

☞ It is difficult to calculate the intensity of the grief of a young lady, but a very good idea of the sighs of it may be obtained.—*Boston Advertiser.*

You can get the intensity without difficulty if you only weigh't long enough.—*New Bedford Standard.*

The size of a young lady's grief which the Advertiser refers to, must be great, as it has so many tiers.

☞ "Ven some man slaps me on der shoulder und says, 'I vas glad to hear you vas so vell,' und den sticks behind my back his fingers to his nose, I hef my opinion of dat feller."

☞ Somebody advertises a preparation for keeping a lady's hands free from chaps. A report that she has no money would do the same thing.

☞ What ought a skipper do after weathering a gale? Thank his (s)tars.

☞ No idle tail—The cow's in fly time.

☞ A water spout—A total abstinence speech.

☞ Vanity is a strong drink that makes all the virtues stagger.

☞ The oldest western settler—The evening sun.

☞ We can do more by doing good than in any other way.

☞ William Cullen Bryant is 80.

WHO FIRST DISCOVERED THE SCREW PROPELLER?—Who first discovered the screw-propeller is almost universally disputed; Americans, English, French, Germans, and Italians all put in a claim, and that not for an individual of each nation, but in some countries more than one of their sons—or rather their descendants — dispute the honor of being its author. An impartial student will probably come to the conclusion that experiments to discover the means of applying the screw as a motive power to ships were at different periods spontaneously, independently, and sometimes simultaneously made in various places by inquiring minds, who were perfect strangers to each other, and to each other's discoveries or appliances. So far back as 1726 David Bushnell, a native of England's American colonies, made experiments by means of a screw to propel a submarine torpedo. Evidently his essays were not successful, or those infernal machines would have been heard of sooner. In 1836 John Smith, an Englishman, formed a company and built the first sea-going screw steamer, appropriately named the *Archimedes*, from which date the success of the screw propeller was an accomplished fact. Between 1726 and 1836 many inventors took the matter up, but it was not until 1832 that one of the experimentalists, Frédéric Sauvage, hit upon the idea of applying steam to the screw as a motive power. Up to that period it had been sought to drive the screw by a capstan manned by men or other cumbrous and non-practical means. In France Frédéric Sauvage is considered to have the largest share of merit in practically applying a machine which is the production of many minds, and which even now is being continually improved. The town of Boulogne-sur-Mer, where Frédéric Sauvage was born on the 20th of September 1786, has lately gone to considerable expense in awarding him posthumous honors, which lately culminated in the uncovering of a monument to his memory. The Government, municipal, naval and military authorities, deputations from various cities, headed by M. le Baron de Latouche, Sous-Préfet, and M. Huget, Maire, started in procession from the Hôtel de Ville for the cemetery to which the remains of Frédéric Sauvage were removed from Paris, and interred with public honors on the 20th of September, 1872. The monument over his grave is a square pediment in three portions, made of gray marble, of the same kind as the Napoleon Column is built, and obtained trom the Marquise Quarries. It rises to the height of 14 feet, and on the top a bronze heroic-sized bust of Frédéric Sauvage is placed. On either side of the monument is an inscription setting forth the date of his birth, death—19th July, 1857—the translation of his remains, and a list of his inventions. On the front are the two words "Frédéric Sauvage," and a bronze bas-relief showing a vessel with a screw propeller, a pantograph, a physonotype, a horizontal mill for sawing marble and a machine for raising water, all of which were either invented or perfected by F. Sauvage, who, in addition, invented an instrument for measuring the head, and an automatic boat. The bronze bust and bas-relief were modelled by Mr. John Hopkins, an Anglo-Boulonnais, and were cast by Messrs. Thiebaud et Fils, of Paris. Frédéric Sauvage's life was similas to those of many other inventors in that he spent his days and fortune in perfecting inventions which brought him no profit. Having lost his own money, he borrowed from others, and, being unable to repay, was thrown into a debtor's prison, which he afterwards exchanged for a mad-house, where he died on the 19th of July, 1857. The monument was designed by M. de Bayser, town architect for Boulogne.

☞ A Pittsburgh preacher has been requested to repeat his sermon and "say it slow." In one of his sentences he remarks: "The marvellous multitudinousness of the minutiæ of the corroborating circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the sceptic from discovering truth." But, suppose that the circumambient nebulousness of the negations which would nullify the nonentities of sceptical cogitations was enlightened by the irridescent irradiations of clarified and glorified intuitions—what then?—*N. Y. Mail.*

☞ Washerwomen will be rejoiced to learn from a "society" paper that "white vests will not be worn so long as they were."

CONKLING, CHANDLER ET AL.—A good story is told of Conkling and Chandler, not down in the regular Congressional proceedings. Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist, and Conkling is a great boxer, and has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where, after dinner, he invites his friends for a friendly bout with the gloves. For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two, and it was finally settled in an after dinner tussle, when Chandler received a blow in the eyes that set him down so hard that tears flowed from his eyes. Shortly after this, Chandler received another invitation to spread his legs under Conkling's social mahogany, and took along with him a friend, whom he introduced to the company as "Mr. Howard of Michigan." Conkling was in great glee during his dinner, and told over and over the story of Chandler's discomfiture, and at the conclusion of the feast, the company were invited out to the gymnasium, as usual. Conkling invited Chandler to don the gloves again, but the latter declined, saying that perhaps his friend "Mr. Howard" might like to try them. Conkling was agreeable to this, and in a moment the frisky Conking was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, but suddenly the affair terminated by "Mr. Howard's" landing a thunderbolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a great tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by its concussion. Judge of Conklings's feelings next day when he learned that Chandler had played a practical joke upon him by giving "Mr. Howard" $100 to come up and bounce Conkling, and that "Mr. Howard of Michigan" was none other than the famous pugilist, Jem Mace.

☞ A little story is told of Ferranti, the singer, now with the De Murska troupe, which, if not new, is at least good. He was singing in Italian somewhere with Parepa Rosa, and as he came forward to take part with her in a duet, she remarked a disturbed expression on his face. Not being able to speak to him, she sung to the music of the opera, "What is the matter with you, my dear friend?", He caught the words at one, and in the music of his own part, responded,, "Oh, madame, on my back there is a terrible hole!" "In the name of Heaven," warbled she, in response, "how came it there?" The learned audience, meanwhile, were in ecstasies over what they imagined was the height of the composer's musical poetry. "I tore it," answered Ferranti, "on a nail which stuck, and nearly rent my garment in two." "Oh, you poor fellow," chirruped back the lady, "but don't, I beg of you, turn round!" "I wish I were out of it!" and they went on with the part.

THE HABIT OF SWEARING.—The meanest, most useless and most contemptible vice that ever grew rank in the hot-house of the devil is profane swearing. We protest against it not as preachers and church members object to sin on professional grounds but as members of society and decent men. On boats, in cars, in places of business, on the open street, at concert doors and everywhere else rings the incessant oath of the habitual swearer. Young men just learning to curse appear to think there is something manly and brave about it; while old swearers interlard the commonest remarks they make with cold-blooded blasphemies and a variety of diabolical curses. No man or woman of any refinement or decency at all can be otherwise than lacerated and shocked by these brutal and vulgar verbal missiles every day; and no fellow who is shamefully guilty of projecting them can do otherwise than sink beneath the contempt of such men and women with every vile epithet they hear him utter. Public profanity ought to be an indictable offense with a penalty of ten days in jail for every oath.

☞ A story current in Montgomery, Ala., is to the effect that two newly elected members of the legislature from the up-country, on their arrival happened to pass a new market house, when one of them wanted to go into "the big tavern" for a drink. His companion remarked, "That aint a tavern, you fool, it is the State House whar we are to make laws for the people." This pleased the other who said, "Let's go in and draw our mileage, for I am out of money."

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Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry
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Hot Brown Bread.
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JACOB R. CURRIER.
Woburn, Sept. 3, 1874. 37

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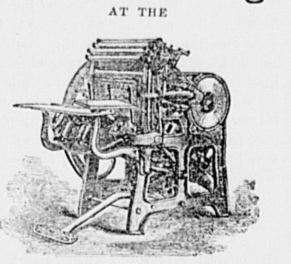
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WOBURN

Poetry.

THE RIVALS.

A king of a most royal line
Stood at his gates, as History saith;
He stretched his hand, he made the sign
To put a captive there to death.

As those who can no farther fly
Turn sharp and grasp the deadly swords,
So the poor wretch about to die
Abused the king with bitter words.

"What does he say?" the king began,
To whom his jargon was unknown.
His Vizier, a kind-hearted man,
Who knew the language like his own,

Answered him; "'Oh, my lord!' he cries,
'Who stay their hasty hands from blood—
God made for such men Paradise:
He loves, He will defend the good.'"

The king's great heart was touched at this:
"The captive's blood shall not be shed."
Then—for serpent needs must hiss—
A rival of the Vizier said:

"It is not decorous that we
Whose blood comes down from noble springs—
No matter what the end may be,
We should speak truth before our kings.

"The man who kneels respited here
Abused our gracious, clement lord:
There was no blessing, O Vizier—
There was a curse in every word!"

Sternly to him the king: "I see;
You speak the truth, no doubt; but still
His falsehood better pleaseth me,
For he means good, and you mean ill.

"If I should punish, as I might
(Be thankful that I am not just),
Your head, when I commanded *Smite*,
Would roll before me in the dust!"

—R. H. STODDARD, in *Harper's Magazine for January.*

Selected.

BEING BURGLED.

"And they took away all the plate at the Smithers, dear."

"Only electro, my dear," I said.

"But it is so dreadful, love. Only think if they were to come here next."

"Ah, to be sure," I said; "they might steal the baby."

"How can you be so cruel?"

"I wonder how much a baby is worth to people of that class."

"I declare, Fred, if you keep on talking such stuff, I won't stop in the studio."

"Do you know what they do with them?"

"No. With what?"

"Stolen babies."

"No. Of course not! How can you talk such nonsense!"

"Let them out for hire; a woman has a couple in arms, two more a size or so larger cling to her skirts, and two more support her beloved husband, who scrapes a psalm tune—'Ararat'—on an old fiddle, and gives out two lines of the psalm at a time, to the tinkle of falling coppers on the pave."

"Do you wish to make me cry, Fred?" This very reproachfully, as I am darkening the shadows beside a pretty girl's nose in my popular picture of a party at the boat race—"Blue Belles."

"My dear, tears improve you; but all the same, you are already so near perfection that I do not wish to see you improved. Still, if baby were stolen, what quiet nights we should have. Pass me that tube of vermillion, *s'il vous plait.*"

Silence in the studio for awhile, broken only by the click, click of a busy needle, and the creaking of my easel as I shift its position. Then my wifey goes on:—

"I think, dear, we really ought to move."

"Why, my dear?"

"Why? Because it's quite dreadful to live in a place with such horrible robberies always going on."

"And leave King Henry's road? Why what place could be a better one for wives?"

"Nonsense! The place smells of nothing but paint, Fred, and you know it. If you go out you are sure to meet some horribly snuffy dealer coming away chuckling with a canvass he has bought cheap; or else artists."

"Well, and if you do, what then. Bayes is, I'm sure, a good fellow—it almost makes me fancy that I sniff the briny when I meet him, and think of his pictures. Then there's tall, goodlooking Wildes, who always paints love in idleness; or Saxon haired Forrest. Whatever can you have to grumble at? Am not I here?"

"I see it's of no use to talk to you today, Fred," says little wifey; "you have got one of your teasing fits on, so I may just as well hold my tongue."

"No, my dear, pray proceed—'tis like the silver murmur of the brook upon mine ear, and sweetens the task I have in hand."

"Stuff!"

This is little wife's explanation, in a very snatchy, pettish tone: but she likes it all the same, and every now and then the little head will turn in my direction. At the end of a minute the burglars break in once more, and she continues:

"There have been no less than ten robberies since Christmas, Fred."

"Indeed, my dear! Then I shall start a Burglary Insurance Company. Why not? How does her nose look now?"

"Capital; but isn't it a little too *retroussee!*"

"I love *retroussee* noses," I responded; "Cupids nose was a pug, and pug noses are made to love. I could never have endured coming in contact with a hatchet or cheese knife fashioned organ in a sweet salute."

"More stuff."

But, all the same, the bit of bantering flattery does not displease, and I paint away.

"Did you hear how they cleared out the Lemaines—those French people?"

"No, my dear, I did not."

"Oh, but it was dreadful! They took everything—even to the table linen."

"Well, my dear, if they come here—bless 'em—what will they get. Nothing worth having; for our poverty is a sweet blessing in disguise, which frees us from the sad anxieties of those who suffer from a plethora of plate, a weight of watches, or a generosity of gems. We have our tables and our chairs—I my paints and brushes, you your needlework and—and, well, your good looks, which Time alone can steal. The only mutual property, it seems that we could lose by the burglarious burgling of burglars is the baby, and him you homœopathicly preserve."

"What do you mean?"

"*Simiba similibus curanter*, my love,—like cures like. That the scoundrels who make harvest off our neighborhood may not spoil your child and crib him (crib, my dear, is a more refined word than prig), you spoil him yourself and keep him in a crib. Let the burglars come. I should almost rejoice, because of the disappointment they would be called upon to meet. There, I shall do no more to-day—the 'Blue Belles' may rest in their inanity for a few hours, while we seek flowers upon fair Primrose hill."

I did chat the matter over sagely enough while we had our walk, and the little wife agreed that it would not be wise to run away from a danger that might never come—in fact, we might be running into its very teeth. But, all the same, it was a terrible nuisance, this constant recurrence of petty robberies—keeping, as it did, the hearts of all the hens and chickens of the neighborhood in a constant state of flutter lest the next visit of the fox should be to their particular roost. I, for one, had spoken to the inspector of police after the upset at our friends, the Wilkinses, and he had very sensibly remarked that they (the police) could not be everywhere at once.

"You see, sir," he said, "it's just this. They plant a robbery, and work according. By a little watching they get to know our times for being in every street,—for *we* can't work at random, we must have our regular beats, so as to check the men. Well, sir, they sees a man out of such and such a street, and they know how long it will be before he comes back and goes to work in the meantime."

A fortnight slipped by, during which I worked hard at the "Blue Belles,"—and the burglars rested, for we heard no more of their depredations; when one day our studio was entered by a brigand—a swarthy-looking, black-bearded fellow, in olive velvet, very much worn, and a soft sombrero. He looked a regular burglar of the order of the long knife; but it was only Tom Norris, who had come straight to us from Spain, after a six months' stay. As the soft spring evening closed in we had a grand debauch. Milly brought out the great glass jug, into which was emptied a shilling bottle of claret, and a bottle of soda water; while, after throwing up the great heavy, plate-glass sash of the studio window, we sat and smoked the Spanish cigarettes, of which Tom had brought a store. There was so much picture lore to canvass that it was twelve o'clock before we were all snug in our rooms. Then I said my catechism, and we went to bed. By the way, I may as well explain that my catechism is repeated to Milly every night; and the questions are somewhat of this kind—"Are you sure the kitchen fire is quite out? Did you turn off the gas? Was the studio window secured? Has Mary put out her light?" Et cetera, et cetera. Then I put out our own, and sleep fell upon our humble roof.

I was just busy paying the Spanish woman for the great, luscious water melon she had sold me under the walls of the old palace, when a fierce brigand fellow presented a formidable, bellmouth trabuco at my head, and bade me give up my cash. I closed with him in a fierce struggle, but it was all in vain; he shook me and tossed me as he liked, and all the while he kept on saying—"Fred!—Fred! Oh, pray do wake up."

"Eh! What's the matter?"

"I'm sure there's somebody breaking in!"

"Bother!" I was drawing the clothes up over my ears, when Milly began to sob.

"Oh, pray, believe me, dear. There is indeed some one getting in."

"Didn't you send me down stairs a month ago because the wind rattled the front door?" I growled.

"Yes, yes, my dear; but I'm sure this time."

"So you were when it was only Jane snoring up stairs."

"But, listen, dear, yourself."

"So I did when the sweeps came next door at six o'clock."

"But I heard it as plain as possible—a heavy, dull noise, and then a sharp snap, like a window-fastening forced back. I'm sure it's thieves."

"My dear," I said, quietly, "you've got burglars on the brain. I shan't get up, so that's flat. Go to sleep; no one will come here."

"Then let me get up and get a light—I'll go, dear."

"Madam, my manhood's honor——" Bang! There was a thud which shook our window, and a strange, gurgling noise succeeded it, but smothered and muffled, as if some one was being suffocated.

"There!" exclaimed Milly, pitifully, "we shall all be murdered. Pray, give me the baby dear."

"It's only Tom Norris dreaming about bull-fights in Spain," I said, hastily drawing on some clothes; but though I spoke in tones of credence, and could hear some one moving up stairs, I was far from satisfied. Lastly, I struck a light, and opened the door, just as one was opened overhead.

"Anything the matter, old fellow!"

"Anything the matter, old fellow?"

These two questions crossed on the way up and down.

"I thought you were queer!"

"I thought you were queer!"

These remarks, too, crossed; and then we took counsel for a moment and listened, for all was perfectly still.

"Well, I'll go down and see," I said; for that was absolutely necessary, though I confess I did not like the task. I had hardly uttered the words before there came up, evidently from the studio, a sound as of the window being rattled furiously, then a hand was beating at it evidently, and before we could reach the door the whole house was filled with a most dismal howl that sounded hardly human. And again, in an instant—"Help, help! oh, pray, help!"

"This is a rum start," said Tom Norris, as I unlocked the door and threw it open; when we entered together, and I held up the light above my head. I have seen strange sights, but that was one of the most strange; for there, half-strangled and with starting eyes, was the head of a man apparently being guillotined by the window sash, which had fallen right across his neck, holding him securely there, so that it was impossible to move. I could read at a glance how it happened, for the broken sash-lines hung down into the room. The fellow had forced back the catch, and thrown up the window to get in; when, in a most inopportune moment for him, the lines had snapped, letting the heavy, one-paned sash fall—fortunately for the scoundrel—upon his shoulders, or it must have been his death. As it was, he had wriggled and struggled hard, striving in vain to free himself, till the sash rested upon his neck, where it glided down more tightly; and, as his efforts grew weaker and his hands impotent to hold it up, he hung there securely trapped, with nothing left for him to do but howl for help.

"Well, you're a pretty sort of a scoundrel, you are," said Tom, coolly.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, let me go. Oh, pray, sir, let me out, and I'll never do so any more. I shall be dead directly."

"And a precious good job, too, said Tom; "we could get on very well without burglars."

"But, please, sir," said the poor wretch, in stifled accents, "I ain't took nothin'."

"How many pals have you got out there?"

"Oh, sir, 'strue as goodness, sir, only two, sir; and the cowards cut, sir, as soon as they saw me here—hooked it like a pair o' sneaks, sir; but only let me get out, sir, please, sir, and I'll blow on 'em both, sir, O-h-h-h!"

Here the poor wretch uttered such a howl that I ran to the window.

"No, no, let him be," said Tom, coolly, "he won't hurt. I'll see to him. You go and tell them up stairs that we've caught the scoundrel, and they need not be afraid."

I ran and performed the task, and came back to find Tom arranging the light so that it fell upon the burglar's face.

"Hadn't we better drag him in, and tie him hand and foot?" I said.

"Yes, presently," said Tom, coolly; "but I haven't done with him yet."

"Oh!" groaned the burglar, in a faint voice.

"Now, look here, young fellow," said Tom, giving him a sharp cuff on the ear, "stop that row, please."

"But I can't breathe, governor; 'strue as goodness, I can't."

"'Tis rather tight," said Tom, putting his hand to the fellow's neck; "what do you say?" he continued, turning to me; "shall we press the sash down hard, and put him out of his misery?"

The poor wretch half screwed his head round to gaze at the speaker.

"What!" he shrieked, hoarsely, "you cowards; murder me, would you? And you call yourselves——"

"Pow!" The speech was cut short by Tom dabbing a great oily painter's cloth, gag-like, against the fellow's mouth.

"Now, look here," said Tom; "you make another sound, or so much as move, and I squeeze your throat with that sash. Here, stick this book under edgewise, so as to ease his neck a little. There, that will do. Now, hold on, my lad, and be quiet."

The fellow clung convulsively with his hands on the sill, his eyes rolling horribly as they followed Tom Norris's movements, my curiosity being moved to the utmost.

"What are you going to do?" I said.

"To do?" said Tom, catching up a board, brush, and some Indian ink—"take him, of course. What model could ever do that so naturally? Make your hay, my boy, while the sun shines."

"But that distorted face! Oh, come, Tom, let's have in the police, and hand him over."

"No, my boy—not if I know it. Too great a veneration for my art."

And he went on painting away.

"But of what good?"

"What good? Why, my dear boy, where are your eyes? A Spanish malefactor in the garrotte! Titus Oates in the pillory! Splendid subjects, both of them. You keep him quiet, and if I get a good sketch, I could almost forgive him, and let him go."

I kept the poor wretch quiet, though he groaned heavily, and must, I am sure, have suffered no light punishment. Then Tom painted away with the rapidity of a finished hand; but at one and the same moment the burglar groaned, faintly—

"I can't stand this much longer, guv'nor,—pray let me go."

And a heavy knock came at the front door. I opened it to the police, who had been summoned by Milly from the front window, and when two men entered my studio, their satisfied, grim expression was so telling, that Tom wanted to make another sketch. However, that was not done, and he was satisfied with that which he had made, helping merrily to drag in our prisoner, while I held up the heavy sash.

"Well, sir, all I can say is," said the sergeant, as he fitted on the handcuffs to the shivering wretch's wrists, "if you set that trap to ketch burglars, it was very clever only," he continued, rather contemptuously, as he glanced round the bare studio, "I don't see no bait."

I think I need say no more than that Her Majesty is to provide for our captive for some years to come; and that Tom Norris made a really telling Spanish picture, almost equal to a Philip, of a Spanish malefactor in the garotte—said picture, nobly framed, being in the gallery of a celebrated connoisseur, who refuses double the sum he gave for it.

As for the burglars, their gang was broken up, for our friend did turn Queen's evidence; and our pleasant district has since enjoyed a domestic peace which I trust may last.—*Once a Week.*

MY NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH.

The year was 1856—the month December—the place Tamaqua. I was a young man then, and a strong one. I did a good deal of traveling through the State of Pennsylvania, going from county town to county town from the beginning of the year to the close. It was pleasant business enough, for there was less railroading to be done then than now, and more staging, and not infrequently long rides on canal-boats in the summer time. I was not often hurried on my trips, and took my own time. My exact business at the county seats consisted of hunting up titles to obscure, wild lands, paying taxes on them, and getting them in good condition for immediate sale.

In consequence of the nature of this business, I knew a good deal about the topography of Pennsylvania, and a good deal that, at the time, was worth knowing about its roads and its inns. All of the latter were bad, but some were better than others. One of the worst of them was at Tamaqua, and possibly it is there yet, though when I last slept under its roof it was in altogether such a lamentable condition of decay, and its roof was such a very leaky roof indeed, that I doubt not it long ago disappeared out of the sight of men, and possibly out of their memories also—Tamaqua having achieved a railroad since, and of course, grown as only railroad towns do grow.

I arrived there in that December of 1856, on a Monday afternoon, which was quite as cold and disagreeable a Monday afternoon as I remember ever to have known, though, when compared with the Tuesday that followed, it might be considered rather warm than otherwise. I was half frozen when I got there, and I was not quite thawed out when I left, for I had yielded to a burning curiosity to visit a coal mine, and I fancy that Tamaqua is nothing but a coal mine, with a thousand mouths that every morning swallow so many thousand miners and disgorge them every night. It was then, and I think it is now, a very black and sooty place, with a canal in front of it, a hill behind it, and the huge mine I have spoken of under it. It was not only black and sooty itself, but its people were similarly black and sooty; and so were its horses, or rather its mules, for it seemed to have few of the former and a great many of the latter. Even its dogs and cats partook of the general sootiness, and were evidently greatly depressed by it. I was very cold when I went down into the mine, which had its shaft just behind the hotel,—and I was colder still when I came out of it. I went to bed cold, and I got up cold, so cold indeed that I thought I would never be warm any more. When I went down into the frozen breakfast-room, I looked out of the window, and saw that the ground was covered deep with snow, and that it was still snowing as if it meant to exhaust the whole winter's supply in five minutes or so, being very greatly pressed to do it immediately. I drank my cold, black coffee, and ate my cold, tough beefsteak in gloomy silence, thinking more than I had done for a long time before of home, of its pleasant cheer and warmth, and of the loving boys and girls in it who were even then, no doubt, expecting my speedy coming, for this was already the morning of Tuesday, and Thursday would be Christmas Day. In that home I was St. Nicholas himself, for it was I that brought home in the night the brave tree with its spreading green branches; it was I that planted it firmly in the middle of the wide parlor; it was I that found the infinite variety of toys, cakes, bon-bons, and glittering baubles which covered it; it was I that filaced the ever-beautiful image of the Christ-Child on the top-most bough; I that lighted the many-colored tapers, and I that, at the auspicious moment, suddenly threw open the folding-doors and let in the children to behold the glory of that wondrous Christmas miracle.

In my frequent journeyings through the State, I had seen many places which I wanted to get away from quickly, but I never saw another that I wanted to turn my back upon so much as Tamaqua. It was not in any manner a pleasant place, and besides, if those nephews and nieces of mine were to have a Christmas tree at all in this year, 1856, I thought, I must go home as fast as I could travel. I had come to Tamaqua in a stage, and I must go away from it in a stage,—not to Philadelphia, exactly, but to the next railroad town, and that was distant, I knew not how far.

I arose shivering from the dreary breakfast, and hunted up the landlord of the inn. He was easily found, and was no better or warmer-looking a man than his accommodations promised him to be. I paid his extravagant charges, and then informed him that I wished to reach as quickly as possible the nearest railroad station, and to take the first train for the East.

"The nearest station is at Ilium; Ilium is twenty-two miles distant; you cannot get there before night, if at all. I think you won't get there at all."

All this was spoken reflectively, and with deliberation.

"If I can get there by ten o'clock to-night, can I make the Eastern Express?"

"You can, but I doubt if you can get there at all."

"Why?" I asked.

He was not a man to waste words. He only said:

"The stage won't go—on account of storm."

"Are you sure of that?" I ventured to ask.

"Quite sure," and he closed his lips with a snap, as if he knew all about it.

"Who owns the stage?"

"I do," he replied. "And I won't let it go because the road lies over that mountain yonder; it runs close to the edge of precipices several hundred feet high, it is rough and slippery, the snow is deep now, and getting deeper every minute, and I don't believe any horse could pull through it."

I thought of the little children waiting for me yonder; of their bitter disappointment if I did not come. Then I said: "I am very anxious to go, and I am willing to pay well for being taken."

The landlord leaning over the bar, asked:

"How much?"

I told him what I was willing to pay.

"I'll go get the stage ready," he said. After all, it was only the higher price he had been waiting for.

In five minutes the stage was at the door. It was an ordinary box wagon on good strong springs, having a cotton cover, open in front. The horse was a half-starved, jaded-looking beast. I took all this in as I stood on the porch waiting for the driver. Getting impatient at last, I asked:

"Where is the driver?"

The landlord, without speaking, pointed to an ill-clad boy standing at the horse's head. I looked closely at him. He might be, I thought, fifteen years old, or he might be not more than ten. His eyes were clear blue, and he, hearing my question turned them full upon mine, a frank boyish smile rebuking the distrust my words implied, and, lighting up every feature of his delicate face. His complexion was like that of a girl, his mouth small and tender, his hair yellow, his figure slight and sinuous.

I looked at him, standing there shivering with the cold, out through the driving storm, along the snow-covered mountain road we were to travel together and asked: "Are you not afraid to go?"

The landlord interrupted:

"It don't matter if he is afraid. He belongs to me. He *shall* go.

"No," I said; "he shall not go, if he is not quite willing."

"I am not at all afraid," the boy replied, "and I am quite willing to go. I have gone, often and often, through worse storms than this."

There was an earnest, manly grace even in the way he shook the gathered flakes from his tattered cap, and in his voice there was such a hearty, cheery ring, that from that moment I trusted and loved the boy.

I jumped into the stage, took the back seat, drew my great frieze coat close about my legs, and we drove off from among the gaping, sooty crowd of miners into the lonely mountain road; into the cruelest storm of wind and snow that I ever saw.

The boy sat on the front seat, waiting to be spoken to, looking straight ahead.

When we were quite clear of the straggling huts of the miners on she outermost limits of the town, I asked him his name.

"They call me Lewis Shively," he said.

"How old are you, Lewis!" was my next question.

"Fourteen, next April, sir!"

"Do you live at home, with your father and mother?"

"That man yonder is all the father or mother I have, and his stable loft is the only home I have had since he took me from the poor-house. That was better than the stable though, for they taught me something there."

There were no complaining chords in the tones in which these bitter words were said, and while he was speaking he was drawing the long whip gently across the horse's back, brushing off the snow that had fallen on it.

"Have you been driving on this road long?" I inquired.

"Going on three years. It it will be three years in March."

"Is it cold out there? Colder than in here, I mean?"

"I think it is," he replied; "the wind and snow cut so, but I don't mind, sir! We get used to rough weather up in these hill."

"I wish you would come in here; my coat will cover us both."

"No, I can't," he said. "I must watch the road now. We have to go pretty close to the precipices, sometimes."

"How close?" I asked.

"Within a few inches. I can't see now five yards ahead, the snow falls so heavily."

"Do you think it safe, then to go on?"

"Quite safe, sir! and I don't mind the cold." But his teeth chattered as he said it, and the ruddy glow was all gone from his cheeks.

I did not talk more then. There were, I discovered, wide cracks in the bottom of the stage, through which the wind poured mercilessly. I was chilled through to the heart in less than an hour after starting. I do not know how far we had gone, or how long we had been upon the road, when I heard the boy's voice, cherry and bright, asking:

"How are you now, sir? Feeling pretty comfortable, sir?"

I nodded my head, and crept closer into the corner. But he was wiser than I, and would not let me have the sleep I coveted.

"You are in a hurry to get home," he said, for want of something better to say with which to rouse me.

"Yes," I replied. "I want to be at home on Christmas Eve."

"The best days I ever knew were Christmases,—a good while ago."

He said it as if he were ever and ever so old, and what was saddest of all, as if he were done with Christmas forever. I told him of the tree that I was to get, and how Christmas Day was kept in the great cities. He was most interested in the tree, making me tell him again and again about it. But after awhile, as if he were tired of it, he said:

"I never saw a tree like that. I know about Christmas, though. About the Star and the Shepherds, and the Christ-Child, you spoke of—that they laid in a Manger."

"Then you know all that any one in this world need ever care to know," I said.

It may have been an hour, or two hours, but it seemed but a minute after this that the boy shook me roughly by the shoulder.

"We are to get out here," he said.

I was very stiff in all my joints, but I could get up and climb out of the stage, and no more. If I was cold I did not know it; my limbs were numb, yet otherwise I was comfortable enough. I crawled out and followed the boy into a miserable looking shanty by the roadside, in front of which we stopped. There was a rough bar running across the room, there was a thick, black-haired, brawny looking man behind it, and there were two or three kegs of liquor behind him. There was an iron stove in the middle of the room, a bench along the wall, and that was all. The boy asked for some brandy, drank a glass of it after handing one to me, which I drank, and felt so much better for drinking that I called for another and got it; but the boy refused to take the glass I offered him. "I have had enough," he said.

We were going out, when the landlord opened the door before us. Looking out into the storm, he asked incredulously:

"Are you going on?"

"Yes!" said the boy, "I was told to drive this gentleman to Ilium to-night, and I'm going to do it."

"If you get there at all, it will be night sure enough," the landlord said.

"I will get there all the same," was the boy's reply.

"Let us stop here to-night," I said, "we can go on in the morning."

"I would rather take you on, sir! There's no danger. I can't put my horse up here, and my master would kill me if anything happened to him."

That decided me to go on. Besides, I did not care to talk. I was beginning to feel cold again standing in the wind, so we got into the stage. It was not snowing any faster then than before, simply because it could not. But the roads were heavier, and when we tried to start, the jaded horse balked and struggled through the drift, for the stage had frozen fast where it stopped.

It was three o'clock now, the light in the west growing dimmer and dimmer—the gloom of the mountains and the bare woods coming nearer to us, making their meaning felt in our souls, filling mine with an awful dread of the snow covered road beyond. Ten miles to go yet, the night coming quickly on, the cold growing more intense, the road rougher, more precipitous, the horse evidently giving out. But the boy took up the lines, the bright, frank smile upon his face, the cheery word upon his tongue. "Good-bye," he said to the man in the doorway.

The man stood for an instant in the doorway looking after us. "Good-bye," he said.

We went on along the road that from the beginning of time it was ordained we were to go. I crept back into my corner.

"Do not go to sleep," the pleasant voice warned me from the front.

"Thank you," I replied, cheered and warmed by its hearty glow. "I will not go to sleep."

Then followed a long silence, in which I had views of the falling snow, the white hills above us, the white hills still below us; in which I heard sounds from creaking, crooning branches, from the wind sweeping savagely past us. Then unconquerable drowsiness, fast coming darkness—then night.

I felt a hand on my face, then on my shoulder, shaking me roughly; a sweet, cheering voice in my ears, calling me back to life.

"If you go to sleep now, you won't wake up again," it said.

I woke with a sudden start, for an instant, to a full consciousness of time and place. I was not cold, only sleepy. "I am quite awake," I replied. "Have we far to go?"

"Five miles," and the voice was still the same cheery voice that I had heard from the first. He spoke to me often after that; then I saw him as in a dream, fixing a blanket that he had taken from the horse's back, to the hickory boughs overhead, to keep the snow from driving in upon me, for I was covered with it to my knees. As God is my judge I did not then clearly know what he was doing, or I would have stopped him. I did not feel cold, though I knew afterwards that I was then freezing, and I did not think *he* was cold. I did not think at all. I was far past that. I had begun a longer journey than I had started upon.

In that longer journey I dreamed of home, of the wondrous Christmas miracle, the lighted tree; of the glad faces of children, whose voices I heard. I heard one of them repeat two or three times, with startling distinctness, "We are lost." I was conscious that the child who said it had thrown herself into my arms, and was lying there a dull, heavy weight. But aside from that cry it was all bright and pleasant—this real, terrible journey through the snow, over the rough, dangerous mountain road, in that far off December. The dream lasted a long while, through all that night, and the day following, and the night following that.

When I awoke from it I was in a large room which I had never seen before. There were piles of the softest blankets upon me, there was a great wood fire blazing on the hearth, and I never felt so warm and comfortable in all my life. There were two strangers in the room, a man and a woman, whose faces were kindly ones, but sorely troubled. When I stirred, and they saw that I recognized them, they came and stood by the bed.

"Where am I?" I asked of them.

"At Ilium, in the house of the Methodist minister."

"How long have I been here?"

"Since night before last. You came in the stage, and the horse stopped before our door," the man said.

"What day is this?"

"It is Christmas Day," the woman replied, taking my hand in hers.

"I have been ill, then?"

"Yes."

"There was a boy brought me here. Where is he?"

"He is here too." The voice that said it was husky with tears, and the hand that held mine shook.

"Has he been ill, too?"

"Yes."

"Is he better now?"

"He was never so well. He will never be ill again."

I looked into the face of the woman who said this, and I saw that her eyes were red with weeping.

I disengaged the hand she held, and turned my face to the wall.

The woman laid her hand upon my arm.

"You must not feel like that. It is better so. He had only one friend, and he is with Him this beautiful Christmas morning. He had no home here. It is Christmas day, and he is at home there."

I took in mine the comforting hand that lay upon my arm.

"I would like to see him," I said; "he gave his life for me."

They took me down afterward to what had been the family sitting room. There were warm, red curtains at the windows, and a bright glowing carpet on the floor; there were bunches of holly and laurel scattered here and there, and over all was the atmosphere of home.

They left me at the door. I went in and stood by the side of the couch on which they had laid him. The eyes of tender blue were closed forever, the yellow hair was parted over the boyish brows, and still about the brave, sweet mouth the bright smile played as it did at that first moment of our meeting, when my implied doubt of him called it there. He lay before me dead, in all the glow and promise of his youth.

But the smile, which triumphed above death's ruin, rebuked me, and as I stooped to kiss the lips of the beautiful boy, I knew, as well as man could know, that he was not dead; that He who had given more life to the Dead Girl and the Widow's Son had given it also to him; and that he had only gone farther upon his journey than I,—into a sweeter, fuller, more gracious life than he had ever known. And I also knew that I should see him again if I but made my own life as brave, unselfish, and true as his had been.

A GRECIAN LEGEND.—When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hallas to go to Naxia, and, as the way was very long, he grew tired and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion. So he put the lion's, containing the bird's skeleton and the plant, into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore to his great joy the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men drank of it, they first sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

☞ A curious Frenchman has lately been making a calculation, which is, that a man talks on an average three hours a day, about six hundred pages a week, which would amount to fifty-two good sized volumes every year. And then, multiplying this by the number of years in a man's life, what a library he would have if it should all be printed! And too, how very little of the whole would be worth preserving, and of how much he would be glad if it had been left unsaid.

THE LOBBY.—People who imagine that the lobby is an evil of very recent growth, should read the following extract from a speech delivered by John Randolph during Jackson's administration:

"Mr. Speaker, we think we are living in better times of the Republic. We deceive ourselves. We are almost in the days of Sylla and Marius. Yes, we have almost got down to the time of Jugurtha. Sir, every man you meet in the House and out of it, with some rare exceptions is engaged in lobbying the infamous measure."

Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.
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The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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CHRISTMAS.

To our friends and readers one and all we wish a "merry, happy Christmas." What though the times are hard, business is dull and money scarce, take courage and trust that better times are yet to dawn on us. Who that has ever once had an opportunity to watch the efforts of the little ones to succeed in their plans for gifts and seen their secret movements in order to make it a complete surprise, would be deprived of the pleasure of its annual return. In this the little ones are not alone. None are too old to share in it. Father, mother, brothers, sisters and friends all tax their ingenuity to its utmost to make it a success.

In the observance of this day, remembering that the mission of Him whose birth we celebrate, was to seek out the poor and the outcast, let us in following His example see that none are neglected. It is as true now as when first uttered, "The poor you always have with you," and none can receive the offerings of kind friends with more heartfelt rejoicings than those whose circumstances forbid their providing for themselves.

The social, moral and religious festivities and gatherings on this, the most memorable of days have rapidly increased within the last few years, and while we would not detract from any of the others, as we believe that as a people we have none too many holidays, we rejoice in the more general observance of this day, believing that it will help to a more perfect acquaintance with each other, form new friendships which may last for life, and in the whole tend to a refining and beneficial influence on all the nobler instincts of our natures.

While hoping that the blessings and comforts to be realized here may extend to all, we wish for each when the labors of this life are closed, a welcome entrance to that better home before whose resplendant glories the highest joys of earth but dimly shine.

PRESENTATION.—Post 33 was surprised Thursday evening by a visit from Post 75 of Stoneham, who brought with them a set of resolutions on the death of Comrade L. W. Osgood, beautifully engrossed in ornamental penmanship and richly framed. Commander Ferrin of Post 75 presented the gift, which was received by Commander Parker of Post 33 Short speeches were also made by Comrades J. L. Parker and C. A. McDonald of Woburn, and Comrade Brown of Stoneham. A collation was got up at short notice, after which, by invitation of Capt. A. L. Richardson, the comrades visited the armory of Co. G. A strong fraternal bond exists between the Woburn and Stoneham Posts, which we hope will always continue.

DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT WALKER.—The venerable James Walker, D. D., formerly president of Harvard College, died this week in Cambridge, aged 80 years. He was born August 16, 1794, in Burlington, Mass., then a part of Woburn, was a graduate of Harvard College in 1814, and studied for the ministry. In 1818 he was ordained pastor of the Unitarian church at Charlestown, where he remained for 21 years. From the years 1831 to March, 1839, he was editor of the Christian Examiner, and in July of the last named year resigned his pastorate, and the September following entered upon the duties of Alford professor of moral and intellectual philosophy at Harvard College. In the year 1853 he was elected president and held the office until 1860, when he resigned on account of ill health.

STATE ALMSHOUSE.—We have received from Supt. Marsh, the 21st Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Almshouse. On the 10th of last month we had the pleasure of visiting the institution, and from personal inspection became satisfied that Capt. Marsh and family were just the people to run the State Poor Farm. In the report before us we learn that the whole number supported during the year was 3,086, and the average weekly number 885. The number of deaths has been 314, less by 34 than in 1873. The gross expenditure was $93,282.47. The weekly cost of an inmate is about $2. There were but two inmates from Woburn. One third of the inmates are natives of Ireland, and three-fourths are foreigners.

☞ We wish any who may be *ink*-uisitive to under*stand* that we received an elegant Christmas present from those who are most accustomed to observe our productions from the useful implement donated. May we never *ink* ur the displeasure of those who *stand* by us at this festival season.

POTATOES.—Our Christmas breakfast was made more enjoyable by a mess of new potatoes dug on the 8th of December in Bermuda, and imported by Mr. C. A. Carswell, to whom we are under obligations. This was a part of the first lot sent from the Islands this season.

CORRECTION.—The name of Thomas O'Brien appeared in last week's Court report. It seems that this is not his right name, and the officers have since found out that the name of Hugh Conway suits him better.

PRESENTATION.—On Thursday the employees of Moses A. Tyler presented him with a cane. Miss Hanscom represented the donors. Mr. Tyler's speech was brief, as the present was quite unexpected.

☞ The Grand Army fair at Attleboro last week netted $1000 for the charity fund of the Post.

GRAND ARMY FAIR.—Last Friday afternoon a throng of happy children, each with his little horde of pennies, trooped into Lyceum Hall to see the sights and spend their money. To say they enjoyed the afternoon would hardly express it. Peanuts, apples and cake disappeared like magic, and then an attack was made on the whistles and trumpets, and every boy who could get something that would make a noise was all right. The carnival continued until five when the floor was cleared for evening.

About the same number was present Friday evening, as on the previous nights. There being no competition for the Firemen's Pictures, the polls were closed and voters who desired it, had their money refunded. The two pictures were then offered in shares of a dollar each, and members of Highland Hose Co., called on their friends to subscribe, with the understanding that the lucky drawer shauld present them to the company. The money was soon raised, and ticket No. 3, which was held by Captain Wyer, drew the pictures, and they now grace the walls of No. 5 Hose House on Green street. The elegant chromo, "Return of the Herd," went to E. N. Blake. George E. Sanderson of Boston received the motto—"God Bless our Home." Pauline Simonds took the fancy basket. G. F. Jones secured the bleating sheep; F M Smith sports the gold watch. The stove shares were all taken in the interest of the Mishawum Club, and N. M. Eaton had the honor of presenting it to them. Mrs. G. H. Pindar carried away the sofa pillow, T. M. Parker the carved dog's head, and W. T. Grammer the carved deer's head. Major Pierce clung to the wax cross, and George D. Bancroft has the rustic flower stand. Jacob Kendall has the wax Clytie, Millie F. Pollard the globe of fish, and Henry L. Andrews rolled away the baby carriage. The dancing Jack fell to No. 44, one rug to No. 16, and the other to No. 20. These last have not been delivered, but will be on the call of the holders of the numbers. The Museum was a great success, as more than 600 visitors can attest. About ten o'clock Major Pierce sold at auction the vegetables and a trio of roosters which were donated. The flour is to be divided and sent to soldier's widows, and the coal distributed in like manner. After Major Pierce had closed out, Capt. Wyer began on the fancy articles which brought good prices. At 12 o'clock the last loiterers left the hall, and the Fair was over.

During the Fair the platform scales were balanced by 136 persons, who paid $6 51 for the privilege. Their aggregate weight was 20,364, being an average of 149 3 4. The heaviest man weighed 244 1-2, the heaviest woman 202, the lightest person 70, and eight weighed over 200 pounds.

The proceeds of the Fair will exceed $1000. Whoever drew the dancing negro can have it at this office. Any one who lost a small breast pin can also have it by proving property.

MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION.—The thirtieth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Teacher's Association will be held in the High School Building Walnut street, Worcester, December 28, 29 and 30, 1874. Teachers, superintendents, school committees, and all friends of education throughout the State are cordially invited to attend this meeting, and to unite heartily in making it both interesting and profitable. The day sessions will be devoted to the discussion of of practical questions of vital importance to the interests of popular edncation.

FLIRTATION.—A tender hearted business man of Boston writes to the *Herald* that he was compelled to wait for five minutes by the clock to listen to a conversation between a young gent and a lady clerk, involving pleasing reminiscences of a ball, and he wants such flirtations stopped. Now if he listened as long as he said he did, he has either no business at his office, or he wanted to hear the small talk. We hope Mr. Burt will give this prurient listener's complaint due attention.

JONES'S CONCERT.—Every one will regret to learn that the Jones series of entertainments have been abandoned. The manager in his public announcement says:—"That circumstances over which he has no control have obliged him to cancel the engagements for the three remaining concerts of the Jones series. At a date to be hereafter named, season ticket holders will be refunded the proportionate part of the money for said tickets."

TIP OVER.—On Saturday evening, as Mr. John R. Furbush turned from Main into Green street, the reins slipped from his hands and caught in the spokes of the wheel, and caused the horse to turn short. Mr. Furbush was thrown out and the horse thrown down. Fortunately no damage was done either to man, horse or buggy.

NEW ROUTE.—John Cummings Esq., and several other Boston merchants have been appointed a committee to investigate the new route to the west by the way of Poughkeepsie on the Hudson.

POSTMASTERS.—Nathan Wyman, our postmaster was confirmed in his appointment by the U. S. Senate last Saturday Of P. M.'s in this vicinity there were also L. E. Gleason of Reading, and F. E. Fowle of Arlington.

CALENDARS.—We have received very nice calendars from Wild & Stevens, C. P. Jayne, and Adkins Brothers. The latter seem to be wide awake to all the improvements.

W. M. P.—Wednesday evening there were about thirty couple present at the Phalanx dance. Richardson's Band furnished music.

SURVEY.—A party of Boston surveyors are again measuring our town in the interests of the water supply of their city.

RAID.—On Saturday at John H. Connolly's quite a large quantity of liquor was seized.

☞ A Texas damsel has sued an admirer for breaking her nose while trying to kiss her against her will.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES.—The day was clear and cold. Christmas Eve could not have shone brighter on that night in Bethlehem. The stores were crowded until a late hour by generous friends of expectant little ones. Several of the churches entertained their young friends. At the Methodist there were tableaus, notably one which represented several little people dressed for bed, who hung up their stockings, which a hearty looking Santa Claus in due time filled with presents. There was also singing, and a Christmas tree, one of whose fruits was an embroidered back camp chair for Charles L Smith, who has been confined to his room for nearly a year from an accident.

Christmas day there were services in the Catholic, Episcopal and Swedenborgian Churches.

In the afternoon the friends of Highland Hose Co. were invited to inspect the pictures given to them at the late Fair. The ladies of the neighborhood were present and served cake and coffee to more than a hundred visitors who dropped in during the afternoon. Their house is too small for a supper or a party, and this informal coming and going is the only way in which they can receive their friends. All seemed to enjoy themselves, however. The pictures look well upon their walls.

Christmas night at the Orthodox vestry there were two trees filled with presents for the Sunday School scholars. The entertainment before the distribution of the gifts consisted of singing, reading, declamation and the entrance of Santa Claus, who made a short speech to his young friends. All the scholars received a gift of some kind.

Christmas Eve at the Episcopal church there was a service, after which the Christmas tree was unloaded to the joy of all the children.

At the Unitarian church Christmas Eve, there was an entertainment by a performer of legerdermain, and a treat for the children.

New Publications.

THE ALDINE for January, 1875, is duly at hand. In both pictures and literary matter, this month, there is an infinite variety and corresponding excellence. Pictorially, the leading attraction is, "A Daughter of Cleopatra," after Vernet Lecompte, by John S. Davis—an admirable work of art, and supplying one of the highest types of the duskier Oriental beauty; there is also three magnificent views of the mountains of the "Delaware Water-Gap," illustrating that picturesque region to fine advantage. The literary contents embrace a rare collection among which is an instructive and very enjoyable paper on "Christmas in London," by Henry Morford; an excessively amusing sketch of "Student Life Abroad," by Fenno Douglass; a valuable peep at the growth of "The mistletoe;" a most touching story of primitive New England life, in "One Little Puritan," and other readable articles.

DEXTER SMITH.—This welcome friend has arrived at the dignity of his fourth birth day, and like any four year-old is not ashamed of it. It is said to be the most largely circulated musical journal in the world, and it ought to be, for there is none better. The January number has several new songs, piano music, and a portrait of the new prima donna, Albani. Send $2 to Dexter Smith, 102 Washington St., Boston.

INSTALLATION.—Wednesday evening the following officers were installed in Woburn Royal Arch Chapter, by John L. Kendall, E. G. K., of the Grand Chapter of Mass.:—

A S Wood, M E H P,
C E Follansbee, E K,
A V Haynes, E S,
Revs W S Barnes and H C Townley, C,
H Collamore, Treas,
S Horton, Sec,
C H Moseley, C of H,
F H Gould, P S,
Charlie A Jones, R A C,
W H Bailey, M of 3 V,
A A Ferrin, M of 2 V,
S F Trull, M of 1st V,
C A Sweetser, S S,
J W Richardson, J S,
J C Johnson, Org,
J Kelley, I S,
G G Osgood, Tyler.

S. O. I.—The meeting announced in the interests of the Sovereigns of Industry did not come off. Mr. Sanderson was in town, and we enjoyed a very pleasant chat with him. Enough persons came up the stairs to have filled Burbank Hall, and turned away disappointed. The hall was engaged, but for some unexplained cause was unopened. Another attempt will soon be made, which we hope will be more successful.

POLICE COURT.—19th Fanny Houle, sometimes called Jennie A. Petelle, was complained of by Topile Houle for polygamy, and was sent to Berkshire for trial. 22d, P. J. Dever, single drunk, $3 and costs. 23d, J. H. Connolly, illegal keeping of intoxicating liquor $10 and costs.

VISIT.—Chief Engineer J. H. Morse, and Assistants Beard and Winslow of the Natick Fire department were in town on Thursday, and inspected our manner of applying water for fire purposes. Mr. Morse is also a member of the water committee.

GOOD POETRY.—We have received the following poem from a subscriber. We always print this kind:—

Here's two dollars I send you this day,
And be sure give the devil his due
For he'll not serve unless he has pay,
And will always be tormenting you.

CHANNING.—The lecture of Prof Niles on Thursday evening of last week, was well attended, and very interesting. His subject was "The Higher Alps." Dr. Clough will lecture on "Teeth," on Thursday evening, Dec. 31st.

BREAK.—One of the West side bark teams struck a cedar post opposite the Unitarian church on Tuesday morning, breaking it short off. The driver in attempting to back the horse out, struck a hydrant, causing it to leak so badly as to necessitate putting in a new one.

ACCIDENT.—Master Ernest Dodge, son of Mr. Geo. S. Dodge, while skating on Horn Pond on Friday last, fell and cut a bad gash sear the right eye.

North Woburn.

CHRISTMAS.—Thursday evening there were stereoscopic views and a Tree at the Unitarian Chapel. Friday evening there was a Tree and music at the hall by the Orthodox Sunday School.

East Woburn.

LODGERS.—Officer Porter at his lodging house on Utica street has entertained 10 people this week.

TREE.—A Christmas tree was held at the Swedenborgian chapel on Christmas eve, and presents were provided for all.

DANCE.—Chas. Porter Hose held a dance at their hall on Thursday evening. A good number were present, and an enjoyable time had by all.

FIRE.—Charles Porter Hose responded to an alarm of fire on Friday evening of last week. It proved to be the burning of a pile of brush on Pine street.

SAWS.—Last week we mentioned that Woodrough & Co. had received an order for 15 dozen butcher saws; it should have read 150 dozen. They have recently filled large orders for California parties, and also have quite a foreign trade.

GLUE WORKS.—We were mistaken about the glue works being run on half time. Half of the men are working full time, and the rest five days. Messrs. Bæler & Adamson, the proprietors, have added much to their business during the past year, in the shape of buildings and machinery and can now boast of as extensive glue works as can be found in the country.

FAIR.—A fair was held in the chapel of the East Woburn Bethel, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the object of which was to get funds to finish and furnish the church ready for dedication. On the right of the entrance was the ice cream room, and the farmers' and New England tables; in front was the well of Jacob, with Jacob and Rebecca in costume, who served lemonade to the thirsty; on the left was the fishing pond, and three tables on which were fancy articles. The tables were furnished by the friends at the centre and in Stoneham and Winchester. About two hundred were present, a great many coming from the adjoining towns. The fair was such a success that it was held two nights instead of one, as originally intended, and netted the society about 100. The members of the society return their thanks to the friends in Woburn Centre, Winchester and Stoneham for their generous donation of edibles and fancy articles. The date of the dedication is Jan. 28th, 1875, and Rev. Dr. Dorchester will preach the sermon.

West Woburn.

☞ The usual sociable took place at the engine hall on Thursday evening.

TRIAL.—The members of John Cummings Hose were out for practice on Christmas day, and tested several of the hydrants in their vicinity. After the trial a collation was had in the hall.

Winchester.

ROADS.—The County Commissioners might hear hard things said of them if they could come to Winchester *incog.* just now.

RELICS.—The approach of the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence has led to the collection of numerous relics of those early days on the part of curiosity hunters. We learn that the grandfather of our well known townsman Cooper, on the retreat of the British from Lexington, shot a man who was engaged in fixing the lock of his gun. The screw driver and cartridge box belonging to the man are in the possession of his grandson, and will be interesting to look upon as a relic of those revolutionary times, and may be seen for awhile at the store of G. P. Brown.

MOTHER GOOSE PARTY.—A novel and pleasing entertainment was given in Lyceum Hall on Monday evening last, under the name of the Mother Goose Party. Its object was to raise funds to aid the deserving poor during this winter, and the Messrs. Locke, proprietors of the hall, generously gave them the use of it for this purpose. The young people of the town took hold of the matter and thought they could afford amusement by illustrating that famous historical character, Mother Goose, and her goslings. Their efforts were very successful, and some seventy-five of them participated in the various characters. These performances lasted about an hour, and then under the inspiring strains of music, the performers and others joined in the Shaker and other dances, and had a right good time. A new floor has been laid in the hall, and it was in excellent condition for this use. The result of the affair will be the realization of a handsome sum towards the worthy object contemplated by it.

GEN. BANKS' LECTURE.—The lecture by Gen. Banks last Tuesday evening, was largely attended, no pains having been spared to give it *eclat.* The Medford Band furnished excellent music. Comrade Small introduced Col. Conwell, who made a fulsome speech in praise of his idolized friend, after which Gen. Banks delivered the lecture which he is producing before lyceums this season. After the lecture a reception was given in Lyceum Hall. D. N. Skillings, Esq., was called to preside, which he did in a graceful manner. Speeches were made by the General, by Col. Conwell, Capt. Wilson, Lieut. Small, Messrs. Pressy, Livingstone and others. At a late hour the company visited the residence of Marcus C. Cook, and a supplementary reception occurred, and a good time was enjoyed. Gen. Banks may well be pleased with his reception in Winchester, but some are wondering whether it would have been so extensive had he been defeated last Fall. Or, in other words, Banks the politician is greater than Banks the soldier.

☞ Purchasers of clothing will be interested in the announcement in another column of Geo. H. Richards, the proprietor of the famous "Old Corner" Clothing House, 24 and 25 Dock Square, Boston. He evidently means business, and bargains in clothing can now be secured which have been unattainable since the war. We advise a careful perusal and prompt action on the part of those who want to secure a bargain.

SNOW.—Another snowstorm on Sunday whitened the earth and made a little sleighing.

Wilmington.

MR. EDITOR.—A typhoon of inconsistency in mendicant surgery has just past over "Goshen" (the westerly part of the town), nearly abating the existence of one of its oldest inhabitants, through the buffoonery of a female quack, who under the pretence of having an elaborate unbound edition of foreign and domestic diplomas from medical institutions, has succeeded in multcing not only our wise Overseers of the poor, but many others out of respectable amounts—sad dupes to device and ignorance.

Mr. Rich Carter, an old and much esteemed and wealthy citizen was thrown to the ground by a spirited horse, and had his shoulder dislocated, and having a slight tendency to female suffrage (and the personation of man by woman) he sent for assistance which soon appeared in the personage of a female surgeon or dido of all trades in arts and sciences, who upon examination of the physical demoralization of the old gentleman's system, declared the right arm badly broken diagonally across the bone between the elbow and shoulder, and that the shoulder was out of joint. Calling to to her assistance a neighbor, she at once proceeded with fearful female, surgical sagacity and skill to reset the dislocated member, and splinter up the fractured limb. "With bandage strong and splinters thick," leaving nature to accomplish the healing art, after placing a huge ball of yarn in the arm pit as a soother and support, and then with a flourish of scientific skill, laced the arm firmly down to the side of the body with a huge swathe which virtually conscripted respiration, and imprisoned both body and limb. The faithful assistant declared if the shoulder was out of joint she had not reset it, and by reason of the exeruciating pain with which the old gentleman was suffering, and the labor in breathing, some members of the family had sad misgivings relative to the audacious quackery, and urged the propriety of sending for some medical man to ascertain if the injury had been detected and properly cared for. This, however, the old gentleman absolutely refused to have done, as the unabridged female surgical tongue had been more effective in creating confidence in his mind than the skill displayed in the surgical operation, as the would-be surgeon general declared every thing in perfect condition, the shoulder reset, and the arm splintered after the most approved style, requiring no farther attention until she should come to unloose the imprisoned member.

Through this quackery and malpractice the old gentleman was kept in agony and bondage some fifty or sixty hours, unable to turn in bed, declaring he could not survive another day or hour, when about ten o'clock in the evening he chanced to place his hand upon the disturbed shoulder, and discovered an aperture in the arm socket that startled him and at once he started a messenger post haste to Woburn for a scion of Esculapius to hold an ante-mortem examination upon his shattered frame. But to induce a scientific, daylight-trained surgeon to turn out on an errand of mercy at midnight was an undertaking uncontemplated, requiring more skill than the resetting of a fractured limb, and thus the faithful messenger was bluffed and disheartened, and failed to accomplish the feat of securing aid from the medical fraternity of that town, and which necessitated a journey to Reading, where the loss of a little sweet sleep and gentle slumber is not considered paramount to continued pain and suffering, even of the aged.

Calling upon Dr. Dowe, one of the most scientific and skilled physicians in the county, who (without the slightest objection) remarked he should take pleasure in visiting the suffering man, and if possible, grant him relief.

Upon examination Dr. Dowe found no indication whatever of a fractured arm, but that it was dislocated at the shoulder which by the impractical strapping, splintering and swathing, the unskilled wrenching by female force, and the long time it had remained out of joint, it had become painfully sensitive. But after a slight application of ether, it was properly reset, and the old gentleman was aroused from the gentle etherial stupor to find himself in perfect control of the unwary member, and free from pain.

Having no resident physician in town, we have been persistently duped by quackery, and diseased by incompetency, as this signal case of malpractice thoroughly indicates, which of necessity is now arousing the desire of the citizens to invite some authenticated medical aspirant to fame and a good practice, who has the accredited parchment— in place of imaginary documents, bearing the monogram of a parasite or unfledged institution, with the coat of arms of an Esculapius or Bonaparte,— to come and live with us.

Dr. Dowe, for the good of humanity was free to declare the importance of a suit for malpractice in order to check and protect the citizen and public from any further impositions of the kind, which I suspect the old gentleman and the overseers of the poor will fully endorse.

The Hon. N. P. Banks will deliver the opening free lecture in the course at Wilmington on Monday evening, Dec. 28th. As the lecture will be free, we trust our neighbors in the adjoining towns will favor us with a good attendance, as a stimulant to the enterprise and an earnest to those whose indefatigable efforts have been successful in getting them up.

The vim, life, energy and ambition of our young parson is manifesting itself through his personal, social and religious endeavors, by virtually absolving the church from the decaying, cankering, fossil subterfuges which have so long enslaved the minds and clogged the sensibilities of its members.

These stubborn relics of barbaric antinomianism have clung with festering tenacity to its strong and ancient foothold here, but have at last been subdued and conquered by this young disciple of faith, and the countenances which have heretofore been the abnormal indicators and chronometors of their anti-beneficent feelings, becoming now free from involuntary thraldom are as jubilant as unloosed school boys during the holidays.

This pleasing change and brilliant episode in the ministrations of the young divine, was verified last Sabbath before he gave his text for the morning service, by his announcing that a Christmas tree and other social festivities would be indulged in on Christmas eve, in which he wanted old and young, all to join, each to give and receive a Christmas gift, and for all to be made joyful and happy. The opposition so firmly adhered to, and so sternly carried out to the letter has heretofore been the stumbling stone to all reasonable enjoyment of rational social gatherings, whether for church, fair or Sunday school sociables of the most Christianized character of object.

But through his well timed Christian analysis of religious bearings upon the social character of man, with that electric influence with which he obtained the mastery over their stubbornness, he broke the calcined clasp and crust which through ignorance had encased their minds for ages, and the treacherous hallucination passed away, and they for the first time discerned the beacon light of liberty.

PAULARIAS.

DEAR JOURNAL:—A variety of causes—pleasant and otherwise—have conspired to keep us from turning our pen "homeward," until our promised October letter has to be dated Dec. 14th.

A little too late to find much of present interest to say of our great "Inter-State Industrial Exposition of 1874; already we are planning how that of 1875 shall eclipse it, while that of 1876, we have determined in our ambitious hearts, that Philadelphia shall be completely overshadowed! No tencent-enials for Chicago—we are going the whole quarter!!

Our Exposition was a big, successful county fair,—that's what it was—where certain wise merchants advertised judiciously, and some of our country cousins perhaps saw many wonders before unknowing, and where—let us be honest—we all enjoyed ourselves right well, had the worth of our money, and mean to try it again.

One thing connected with our Exposition this year, will be held in remembrance by all Chicagoans for many years to come, and probably it will be many before we shall see the like again—that is our Art Gallery.

We were told that such an exhibition of pictures was never before given in America at one time, and we can well believe this to be true. 585 paintings in oil, of all sizes and schools, and upon the widest diversity of topics, yet each of the beautiful whole so daintily or so grandly perfect, and all arranged with such admirable tact and good judgment as to give a sense of complete harmony to the most sensitive eye of the picture loving connoisseur; 127 pencil drawings and photographs and twenty-five autotypes might well be regarded as a collection of fine pictures of which no Art Gallery need be ashamed. To these were added a few pieces of statuary—so few, or so fine as to make us desire earnestly to see more of them next year. Haselton's "America Victorious," and "America Honoring her Fallen Brave," the life size statue of which last is owned by the Union League of Philadelphia;" Romenelli's "Esmeralda," and "Raphael and the Fornarina;" Harriet Hosmer's beautiful "Zenobia," with which all your readers are doubtless acquainted, so beautiful, so grandly a queen, so gloriously a woman, with nothing of the captive upon her save the chains; last, but not of least interest to the Chicago people, a "home" statue, an ideal, pictured "Purity"—the work of a young sculptor named Powers, said to be a relative of the great sculptor of that name.

We will not attempt to tell you of the pictures. We are neither artist nor art critic, and those of your readers who may be one or the other or both, will thank us for the wise silence. Yet we cannot forbear saying that once more we had the privilege of looking at Dubufe's magnificent conception of the "Prodigal Son," until our tired eyes refused to look longer—no one ever turned away from that picture sooner—and from that down to the tiny dainty little "Speak, sir," which tells its own story, we were led captive by so beautiful combinations of coloring and soul thoughts as we had never before seen.

A great many of these pictures were for sale, while for the loan of many more and some of the finest, Chicago is indebted to the courtesy of the wealthy and generous patrons of art of New York and other Eastern cities.

Well, we have a woman's proclivity for keeping ourselves chatting too long, else we should have left this subject long ago. But before we do, let us tell you what picture of all we saw will live longest in our memory. Not the "Prodigal Son,', with its Oriental gorgeousness of coloring, its colossal conceptions, its perfection of detail; not Gabriel Max's "Anatomist," where the beautiful, pathetic, *dead* face of the child woman of nineteen has caused even the world hardened anatomist to drop his scalpel and turn aside; not Hypatia, as Rothermal paints her, standing in all the glorious beauty of her chastity and godlike soul before the howling, beastly mob, who will martyr her, even while her hand is raised towards the crucified Christ, whom they profess to revere; none of these or of the many others, grand and beautiful as they all are and will be while the canvas and paint shall hold together, this picture which touched us closest and will live longest in our hearts was of the nineteenth century; was, indeed, flesh and blood; a lover looking at the reflection of the woman at his side as only a lover can look; a little common-place woman, with only a commonplace face lit by love. "How beautiful," she said looking at the picture over her head. "Yes," he answered, his eyes looking down on her face. Just a bit of nature in an Art Gallery, you see, but we know of one old maid who felt such happiness in looking on as no other picture there gave her.

Well, Dear Journal, here is your October letter—in December. You shall have a Thanksgiving one for Christmas. Do you believe it?

APRIL SHOWERS.

☞ It has become potent to the world that there is no medical practitioner of eminence who has failed to recognize the immense value as a curative agent of *Hunt's Remedy*. This invaluable preparation has attained a wide spreading popularity from the extraordinary triumph it has achieved over kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, whether chronic or otherwise, gravel, diabets, errors of youth, excesses, and all complaints of the urino genital organs in either sex speedily disappear by its use.

☞ Great inducements are offered by the proprietors of the Fashionable Hair Emporiums, 34 Winter st, and 307 Washington St., cor. of Temple Place, Boston, to purchasers of Fine Human Hair. They have a large stock on hand which they are bound to clear out at once. Improve the opportunity.

A COLLEGE REMINISCENCE.

It's a matter of ten years ago this New Year's Eve, and a bit of college life that's seldom mentioned, for you know the proper thing now-a-days is to develop only so much feeling as one can put into a lingering clasp of the hand, or display in the occasional moisture of the glasses, if so be you wear them as I do.

David and Jonathan would have brought their affection to a bad market for sympathy in this practical century, and you Tom, over in the corner there,—don't you think Nisus and Euryalus were a pair of sentimental fools? You haven't construed your Virgil aright if you don't. Well, as Dr. George is the hero of this ten years ago affair, and as he'll soon be here and might not like to listen to the recital, I'll get through with it as soon as possible.

There were twelve of us sitting about the club table, that, earlier in the evening boasted of palatable food and neat array,—snowy napkins, mathematical distribution of dishes, and all that. There was a trifling exception to the general disarray of this later hour, a single empty chair, properly poised on its four legs, jealously guarding the accustomed position of one who had evidently failed to put in an appearance at the evening meal.

Dingy portraits on dingier walls, blinked at us through the dense smoke from a half dozen pipes, and through silence broken only by an occasional word that seemed wonderfully out of place. To have called our usual after dinner proceedings simply noisy would have been affectation—they were boisterous, we were Freshmen, and consequently not responsible beings, It was apparent that the vacant chair was the cause of this unnatural restraint, and equally evident that a crisis of some sort was momentarily expected.

This silent body shall not be individually introduced; they were mostly boating men—Freshmen don't dislike being called men—young even for the first year, but all sufficiently stalwart to take pride in well turned muscles, and ample chests that covered hearts overflowing with generous impulses, but towards whom so- fully as to their class stroke—their absent and dying comrade. During dinner hour this short but expressive telegram had dropped down upon us expectant of better news:

"Doctor says, 'No hope.'" George puts in a word for himself. "Keep together till I come. CAPTAIN."

Painfully clear the first sentence, enigmatical but a trifle hopeful, the second. The Old Year crept on apace, with us sitting there, lugubrious but hopeful after the manner of youth, yet feeling that this long delay could bring but one result, and that the worst.

The dingy clock had just announced the eleventh hour when with a rush that shook the house, started the portraits on the wall, and brought us all to our feet—the captain dashed in. One look at his face, an exclamation from one whose tongue was the readiest, "I told you so!"—he hadn't opened his mouth for two hours—a shout whose echoes ring through the ten years that have passed with a vividness that sets my ears a tingling even now and the vacation began.

I cant' say why the dishes were demolished, unless it was that their hasty passage to the floor necessarily preceeded the Captain's equally rapid transit to the place sacred to food and drink, neither can I tell why "three" and "four" should have tested their strength in a struggle that ended under the table, nor why the mild man in spectacles emptied the treacle into the clock. Such embracing and shaking of hands, such hitting out from the shoulder at doors, walls and occasionally persons, such utter abandonment, in fact, to the foolishness of excessive joy was never seen before.

There came an end to all this after a while, and attention was once more turned to the Captain. I'll give his own words, as nearly as I can recollect, and his own explanation of the fact that the thinnest of flannels alone covered his body, and why streams of perspiration flowed down his face and neck.

George, you know, never could train down much, but he has done it now—not enough flesh could be scraped from his bones to cover an infant, and his strength has gone the way of the flesh, but his pluck is there, and he's coming round all right. You see I never looked to find him so low, and with the parson on one side, the doctor on the other, the mother quietly weeping, somehow I felt that—as though—well, I couldn't stand this long, so I asked the doctor what were the chances. "*No* hope." Just then the old boy opened his eyes, his lips moved, his mother sprang to the bedside to catch the feeble words, and this was what came evidently as a protest to the doctor's decision. I fancied I could catch a glimpse of the old time smile on the wasted face, as these almost unintelligible words found utterance.—"Mother, toss up a cent." Poor Mrs. S. completely broke down, the doctor turned aside, the good clergyman's face grew longer, if possible, at this unseemly pleasantry, while I—well, I wanted to call for three cheers, for I felt that the smallest particle of strength backed by such a spirit, would be more than a match for death. Very soon a great and unexpected change came; the eyes closed, the heavy breathing ceased, and sleep, such as he had not known for days stole upon the sick boy, and we were told that should he awake with consciousness, his life would be saved.

Some hours after George opened his eyes once more, and a glance in my direction, a turn of his thin hand—he couldn't lift it—brought me to his side.

No doubt I was looking a bit troubled, something wasn't just right about my eyes and throat, for the old boy whispered—"Steady Bow." Somehow, this wasn't considered an unseemly pleasantry, for it set us alternately laughing, crying and otherwise conducting ourselves foolishly. I slipped out unobserved as the good minister raised his voice in prayer, left my coat in the hall, and before placing my watch on the table, noticed that an hour and a half of the Old Year was still left. "I'll beat the New Year into college by about thirty minutes," I said, as I passed into the cool air.

The frozen ground made good footing, and the moonlight was more acceptable than the day. Some of you know the road—how for the first three miles it is nearly a level stretch. It was at the end of this that I left my vest and hat. For the next two miles it's rather heavy work, but from there in, level again. At the Cross Roads I came up with a trial six of the University on the way home from their run, and I determined to cut out the work for them. I parted with my shirt here. Before they recognized me I put in a spurt and left them, their captain bringing his team well up to me, however, in a few minutes and with never a word we settled into a steady swing, neck and neck. The last mile with the run up from the river, is a breather, you know, and here it was that I expected to be run off my feet. As we came to the salt marsh, the 'Versity' Bow forged ahead, intent on disposing of me before coming to the rising ground, but with George's—"Steady"—ringing in my ears, I wasn't to be disposed of, and as we entered tha Square I led him a yard or more "Well, done, Freshy," followed me, as I turned aside. "I'm here ahead of time, George will be with us soon,—and now if some of you will rub me down I'll be obliged."

You promise well, Tom, and perhaps now can do your miles in six minutes, but no amount of prospective wind and muscle will bring you through such a run as the captain's. You must have some such "Vis a tergo" as he had, the very exuberance of youthful friendship—but this, as I previously remarked, sits upon one indifferently well nowadays.

I hear Dr. George at the door, and as it isn't very cold, I'll take a turn and a cigarette outside.

NAVY YARD.—The following is reported as Hon. Mr. Gooch's speech last Wednesday, on the increase of men in the Navy Yard just before the election:—

I agree with the gentleman who has this bill in charge (Mr. Hale) that any man who has a Navy Yard in his district is to be pitied. I know that statement will be assented to by every gentleman here who is so unfortunate as to represent a navy yard district, not even excepting my friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. Randolph) whom I see before me. Some suggestions have been made by the gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Archer), which I think worthy of consideration. One is that the navy yards should be conducted in such a manner as to employ as nearly as possible a uniform number of men. I know that it is an impossibility always to employ the same force as it must vary at times with the exigencies of the service. But the fact is, that wherever there is a navy yard, men crowd into that locality and find themselves homes, and they are constantly anxious to secure employment within the yard. When business is dull in private establishments then men from other localities press for employment in the yard and claim that no one set of men should be constantly employed by the government to the exclusion of all others. And the fact that the force in the yards is so constantly changing, keeps men waiting in the expectation that their chance for employment will come. Reference has been made to the Navy Yard in my own district, and it has been stated that there was an increase of men there this year prior to the election. It is true that there was such increase, and the records, as cited by the gentleman from Maine, show that there has been an increase of employees, as a rule, about the time of an election throughout all the navy yards in the country under all administrations.

Mr. Hale of Maine—If the gentleman will allow me I will give the record as to the Boston navy yard, which I did not give before.

Mr. Gooch—I was about to call on the gentleman for it.

Mr. Hale—In September, 1874, 1209 were employed, in October of the same year, 1750, in all, 2959; in September, 1873, 1741 men were employed; in October, 1873, 1740 men, in all 3481—522 more than in 1874.

Mr. Speer—Where does the gentleman get that record?

Mr. Hale—It was made up in the navy department.

Mr. Speer—Made up by the secretary or his clerks?

Mr. Hale—Yes sir.

Mr. Gooch—I wish to say that there was a special reason for the employment of laboring men in the Charlestown navy yard. It is well known that the government had used up during the war all the live oak timber that it had accumulated, and that it has been obliged to use in the construction of vessels, material wholly unfit for the purpose, and that to-day we are finding vessels which should be in a serviceable condition, entirely rotten, in consequence of the use of improper timber. For this reason I am informed, the government has been stocking its yards with live oak timber to be laid aside and protected and kept until such time as there may be a demand for its use. In order to protect the timber, it must be either housed or docked. At the Charlestown yard the navy department entertained the idea of putting its timber into a wet dock, but finding itself unable to accomplish that, it determined to protect this timber by piling it up and covering it in such a manner as best could be done; and, sir, the season being late, and the time when that timber should be protected having come, I understand that the authorities increased the force at the navy yard in Boston for that purpose. So that while I do not claim that the Charlestown yard is an exception to the rule which is admitted by all to have obtained at all yards pending an election, no matter which party has been in power, still I say there should have been an increase at that time for the purpose which I have stated.

"KEEP TO THE RIGHT."—The ever changing condition of society and the proverbial characteristic of the Yankee for something new, causes an endless variety of rules to be observed by those who would conform to what is deemed for the time the most approved style of deportment in the society of others.

But in regard to the rights of individuals, on the public streets there are certain laws which are as unchangeable as the code of the ancient Medes and Persians, which we think are entirely overlooked by many. If all would obey the command, "Keep to the right as the law directs," travel on foot over our crowded thoroughfares would be done much easier than now. Every person on foot is of course entitled to what is to them the right hand half of the sidewalk, according to the direction they are travelling; but it is easy to see that on a walk whose width will admit of but a certain number going abreast, as soon as there are enough formed in line to occupy more than half the width, some of them are crowding on the rights of others, and when they meet a party sufficiently large to require one half of the space, some must fall back, and it often happens that the party who are taking no more room than they are entitled to do it to avoid a collision.

We do not in most cases attribute this to any intentional wrong, but it is a custom which causes much inconvenience, and might with little trouble to any be entirely done away with.

TRAVELLER.

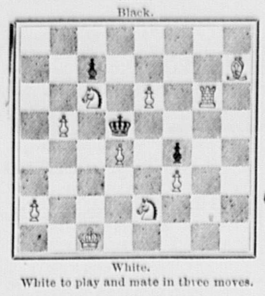
☞ Skating on Horn Pond is said to be excellent.

☞ Chickens sold for 16, and turkeys for 17 cents, the day before Christmas.

Chess Department.

CHESS PROBLEM, No. 34.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

☞ Solution of Problem 33:—

White	Black
B to Q Kt 5	Kt any move
B to Q4 mate.	

By J. Ad. Parker and H. F. Smith.

Married.

In Franklin, Dec. 18, by Rev. Geo. G. Phipps, Mr. Edward O. Grover of Arlington, to Miss Minnie E. Metcalf, daughter of S.W. Metcalf of Franklin.

Died.

Date, name, and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Dec. 20, Michael Burns, aged 72 yrs.

Special Notices.

A CARD.

WOBURN, Dec. 24, 1874.

Burbank Encampment Post 33, G. A. R., hereby express their thanks to the citizens of Woburn who contributed to the success of the recent Fair in aid of the Post Charity Fund. To the ladies and gentlemen who solicited the contributions; to the committee whose executive skill carried the Fair to a successful issue; to the designers and decorators whose taste transformed the hall into an attractive mart; to the owners of rare curiosities who loaned their treasures to the conductors of the museum enabling them to make this a very attractive feature; to the caterers whose hospitable board will be long remembered; to the school teachers for their fine display, and all the table attendants for their untiring efforts; to the North Woburn Band for their excellent music; and to any and all others who by words of sympathy, assistance in preparing for the sale, or by their patronage, helped to make the Fair an agreeable occasion and to swell the amount of receipts the grateful acknowledgments of the Post are tendered. May the thought of what they have done for the widows and orphans of those who gave their lives for the nation, ever be cherished as a pleasant memory.

By order of the Post,
GEORGE PARKER, Commander.
W. C. C. COLEGATE, Adjt.

North Woburn Street Railroad Co.

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Company will be held at the Selectmen's Room in Woburn, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 6th, at half past seven o'clock, for the choice of Directors, and the transaction of any other business that may come before them.

Per order,
ALBERT THOMPSON, Supt.
North Woburn, Dec. 22d, 1874.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, for the election of Directors and the transaction of any business which may legally come before it, will be holden at their Banking House, on Tuesday the 12th of January, 1875, at 7 P. M.

J. R. GREEN, Cashier.

THE PRICE TELLS
AND
EVERYBODY TELLS the PRICE

WHOLESALE STOCK OF
MEN'S BOY'S AND CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING
AT RETAIL

MEN'S OVERCOATS, $5 to $25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, $4 to $15.
All Wool Double Breasted Sack and Frock Suits.
$12 to $24.
Styles Equal to the Best.
Stock Replenished Daily.
ONE PRICE
BLUE STORE.
12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24
Washington street,
BOSTON. 138

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN MILK-CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) A Substitute for Cod Liver Oil.

Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price $1 per bottle. Also,

DR. S. D. HOWE'S
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the
LIVER, KIDNEYS AND BLOOD.

It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pure, Rich Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GENERAL DEBILITY," "LOST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" I "challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal.

Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price $1 per Bottle.

—ALSO—
DR. S. D. HOWE'S
ARABIAN "Sugar Coated" LIVER PILLS.

They cleanse the Liver and Stomach thoroughly, remove Constipation; contain no calomel nor any other injurious ingredient, and act quickly upon these organs, without producing pain or weakness. Price 25 cents per box.

CONSUMPTIVES
should use all three of the above medicines.

Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 189 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.
DR. S. D. HOWE, Sole Proprietor,
14 161 Chambers St., New York.
Mrs. LANE'S infallible cure for ingrowing nails.

138 MAIN STREET.
SPECIAL SALE
—OF—
HUMAN HAIR,
—FOR—
SIX WEEKS AT COST.

Real Hair Switches,	$8.00	Former price,	$10.00
" " "	6.00	" "	8.00
" " "	4.00	" "	6.00
" " "	3.00	" "	4.50
" " "	2.50	" "	3.75
" " "	1.50	" "	2.00

Extra All Hair Switches for 75 cents.
Set 3 Long Curls, $2.00
Single " " $1.25 to $1.50
Frizzles, per yard, 30 to 50 cents.
Imitation Goods at remarkably Low Prices.

Also Hosiery & Gloves,
and a general assortment of
TRIMMING & HOLIDAY GOODS.
Now is the time to secure bargains at
Mrs. AYERS, 138 MAIN ST.,
Formerly occupied by Miss Alice E. Bancroft. Woburn.

INDUCEMENTS!!
LADIES!
GREAT INDUCEMENTS
—IN—
HUMAN HAIR
OUR THIRD ANNUAL
CLEARING OUT SALE
WILL COMMENCE
Saturday, Dec. 26th.

This is a SPECIAL SALE TO MAKE ROOM FOR MILLINERY GOODS ordered for the approaching spring trade and all goods WILL BE SOLD AT

LESS THAN COST TO IMPORT.

The Stock IS VERY LARGE and manufactured of ONLY the BEST QUALITY OF HUMAN HAIR, and consists of

SWITCHES in every shade and size.
Do White and Grey mixed.
CHATELAINE and POMPADOUR BRAIDS in all shades and Grey mixed.
BACK SETS, CENTRE and SIDE CURLS.
PUFFS, single and in clusters.
BEST DOUBLE FRIZZETTE WEFT in all shades.
WIGS, FRONTPIECES and SEAMS in plain and gray-mixed.
Also a LARGE STOCK OF SUPERIOR QUALITY HUMAN HAIR in all lengths and shades, to be sold by the pound or oz.

LADIES,
AVAIL YOURSELF of the PRESENT CHANCE as you can buy a SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF HUMAN HAIR at IMMENSLY LOW PRICES.
Purchase before stock is reduced

We shall DISCONTINUE TO KEEP TOILET ARTICLES, and offer a LARGE STOCK of BRUSHES, COMBS, MIRRORS, COLOGNE-STANDS, PUFF-BOXES, and all kinds of OILS, POMADES, COLOGNES, EXTRACTS, POWDERS, &c., &c.

AT CLOSING OUT PRICES.
M. M. COHEN & CO.
34 Winter Street,
Next to SHEPARD, NORWELL & CO.
AND
Fashionable HAIR EMPORIUM,
307 Washington Street,
Cor. Temple Place,
BOSTON. 215

OUR STOCK
MUST BE SOLD
and this is the way we mean
TO DO IT.

Sell for Cash,
At uniform rates, to all comers.
Sell at the most popular price,
Which is always the very lowest,
Warrant all goods to be precisely
What they are represented.
Treats every man or woman who buys of us,
Alike equitably.
Avoid giving credits, so that cash customers
May not help pay for "poor debts."
We are bound to sell
Regardless of cost,
And confidently invite buyers to
Satisfy themselves by giving us a trial
The "OLD CORNER"

Clothing House
24 & 25 DOCK SQUARE,
Is bound to maintain its well earned reputation for
Fair Dealing & Low Prices.

And our customers will be convinced that we MEAN BUSINESS when we say that never before, at least since 1861, have such bargains been offered in Boston as we now offer them. During the holiday season we have specially for

1874, DEC., JAN. and FEB., 1875.
Boys' Dress Suits! Boys' School Suits! Boys' Skating Suits!!

In various styles and for all ages, for from $4.50 upwards at about ONE THIRD discount from former prices. Also our usual assortment of

Mens' Clothing and Underwear.
ALSO
OVERCOATS!
In Mixed Beaver, Blue and Black Beaver, Blue and Brown Chinchilla, Brown and Blue Moscow Beaver, and Brown Elysians,
SURTOUTS AND SACKS,
All of which will be offered at prices that will surprise those who have hitherto bought at even our well known low figures

It is impossible in the brief limits of an advertisement to enumerate all the advantages of giving us a call, but we once more invite attention to the FACT that purchasers of these Goods, which we have laid in this season, at HARD-PAN WHOLESALE CASH FIGURES, Can Save about one third the Cost of Good Clothing, as compared with the demands of other houses, for the same materials, make and styles.

Men, Youth, Boys' or Children can save Three Five or Ten Dollars on a Suit, for the next 60 days at our store

Please make no mistake in our numbers as below.
G. H. RICHARDS'
"Old Corner," 246
Lowest Prices, Best Goods,
24 & 25, 24 & 25, 24 & 25
Dock Square, Boston.

NOTICE!
ON AND AFTER JAN. 1ST, 1875,
ONE DOLLAR
will be required to be deposited at the time of sitting for photographs,
AT THE WOBURN PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY
H. E. STROUT
COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS.

USEFUL
HOLIDAY GIFTS!
—AT—
CHARLES A. SMITH'S,
177 Main Street, - - Woburn. 236

Christmas
—AND—
HOLIDAY
GOODS
—IN—
GREAT VARIETY!
Best Assortment
IN WOBURN AT
F. B. DODGE'S
Jewelry Store,
Cor. Main and Railroad Streets

G. R. CAGE & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
AND DEALERS IN
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,
171 Main Street, - - Woburn.

S. W. TWOMBLY & SONS,
FLORISTS,
At the Seed Store of D. T. Curtis & Co.,
161 TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON, - - - MASS.

Fine Teas and Pure Coffees.
GOOD OOLONG TEAS 35c. lb., 3 lbs. $1.00
Extra " " 45c. " 3 " 1.25
Superior " " 75c. " 5 " 3.50
A great variety of Japan and fancy Teas at equally low prices.
Pure Rio Coffee, 23c. Roasted, 33c.
Costarico " 25c. " 35c.
Java " 33c. " 40c.
Superior Old Mocha and Java mix, 45c.
Coffees roasted on the premises, and every article warranted.
OVERLAND TEA CO.
New Washington St., and 81 Friend St., Boston.

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers
of ever description and all widths can be found at FOWLE'S SHOE STORE, opposite the Common. Fine hand made Boots and Shoes a specialty. All kinds of Fancy Slippers for the holidays. No trouble to show goods. Come in and look if you don't buy. Repairing done at short notice.
FOWLE'S SHOE STORE.

1875.
Almanacs!
Diaries!
Now is the time to get
Best Selection
—AT—
"Horton's Bookstore."
Subscribe now for a good
Magazine or
Newspaper
FOR A. D. 1875.
SPARROW HORTON,
195 Main Street, - - Woburn.

WM. W. HILL,
Apothecary,
Having taken the Store recently occupied by Dr. E. E. Boardman, 125 Main Street, Allen's Block, would respectfully invite the attention of the people in Woburn and vicinity, to his complete and carefully selected assortment of
Pure Drugs,
CHEMICALS,
—AND—
Pharmaceutical Preparations
Together will all articles usually found in a FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE, such as
TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES,
SUPPORTERS, &c.
ALL THE
RELIABLE PATENT MEDICINES.
Also, a full assortment of
TOILET REQUISITES,
including
Hair, Tooth, Nail and Flesh
BRUSHES,
Dressing Combs,
Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, &c.
PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS
and Family Medicines
Will receive careful personal attention.

Attention is invited to our
ELASTIC
Bandage Department
Consisting of a complete assortment of
Elastic Stockings,
Knee Caps, Anklets,
Belts, &c.
For the relief and support of Varicose Veins, Weak Joints, Swollen or Ulcerated Limbs, Abdominal Weakness or Tumors.
Our Elastic Fabrics
are made from the best material by skilled workmen. In special cases complete measurements will be taken, and suitable Bandages will be manufactured promptly to order.
All medicines dispensed will be genuine and of the best quality.
By earnest efforts to maintain a high standard in all departments of the business, and by careful attention to the wants of customers and the public, he hopes to merit a share of patronage. 220

Pianos and Organs
W. F. CLEMENT, Agent for Weber.
Rogers Upright and Bourne Piano-Fortes and Smith American Organs. ☞ Pianos and Organs tuned. Order book at Sparrow Horton's.
RESIDENCE, - - LOWELL STREET.

R. S. SPAULDING,
(Successor to Warren Culter.)
Express and Job Wagon.
Stand at Woburn Centre Depot.
Jobbing and Expressing of all kinds done in a satisfactory manner and guaranteed. Particular attention given to moving Household Furniture, Pianos, &c. Order boxes can be found at John S. Brown's Grocery Store, M. Grover & Son Horn Pond Station, and at Chas. K. Conn & Co.'s Coal office, 113 Main street, near Depot.
Orders received for Coke. 222

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
☞ 3,799,964 PACKAGES SOLD IN 1872 & 1873.
THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For Beauty of Polish, Saving of Labor, Freeness from Dust, Durability and Cheapness, it is truly Unrivalled.
MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass.

HURRAH FOR THE HOLIDAYS!
Large variety New and Pretty, Useful or Ornamental Goods for
Christmas and New Year Presents.
Call early to get the best selection and avoid the rush at
Horton's Bookstore, Woburn.
CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

BATH ROOM
AND
BARBER SHOP.
5 Railroad St., three doors from Main
WOBURN.
WILLIAM LEATHE, Proprietor.
Hot and Cold Baths, 25 cents. 22

Tenement To Let!
One on High Street, eight rooms. Enquire of
180 J. B. McDONALD.

WANTED.
Families wishing good help, and persons wishing good situations, will do well by calling at
MRS. JOHNSON'S,
31 Cor. Main and Church Sts., Woburn.

Chas. K. Conn & Co
DEALERS IN
HARD and SOFT
COAL, WOOD,
Lime & Cement.
We deliver Coal and Wood in any quantity desired, and at the Lowest CASH PRICES.
CUSTOMERS DESIRING IT, WE
SAW and SPLIT WOOD
READY FOR USE,
At a slight additional charge.
Office: 113 MAIN STREET
Ellis' Railroad Store Building, near depot.
CHAS. K. CONN, CHAS. H. POLLARD

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
Ministers, Students, and expert Salesmen who can earn $2,000 PER YEAR for the "BIRTH OF CHRIST." The finest engraving ever sold by Agents. Takes the quickest, pays the best. Nothing like it ever offered by subscription.
Also a few intelligent Ladies
to take orders for the most popular article of female use in the market. Exclusive sale and profits immense. To secure best terms and choice of territory apply immediately to
B. P. BACHUS, 129 Tremont Street,
211 Boston Mass.

Musical Gifts
FOR THE HOLIDAYS
Fine Gilt Editions (Price $4.00) of these Elegant Collections of Bound Music, entitled:
GEMS OF STRAUSS. Instrumental.
GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG. Vocal.
GEMS OF SACRED SONG. "
GEMS OF GERMAN SONG. "
WREATH OF GEMS. "
PIANO FORTE GEMS. "
OPERATIC PEARLS. "
SHOWER OF PEARLS. " Duets.
MUSICAL TREASURE. " and Inst'l.
PIANO AT HOME. Four Hand Pieces.
ORGAN AT HOME. Reed Organ Music.
PIANIST'S ALBUM. Instrumental.
PIANO FORTE GEMS. "
Price per Volume, in Boards $2.50; Cloth $3.00; Full Gilt $4.00.
Also handsomely bound "Lives" of the Great Music Masters; Mendelssohn, Mozart, Chopin, &c., costing $1.75 to $2.00 per book.
Sold everywhere. Sent promptly by mail, post free, for retail price. Order soon.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
C. H. DITSON & CO., 711 B'dway, N. Y.

☞ The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. Job Printing is a specialty at the *Journal* Office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and at short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

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STEP IN AND LOOK IF YOU DON'T BUY, AT
DODGE'S JEWELRY STORE,
142 Main St., corner Railroad.
☞ NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. ☜
BEST ASSORTMENT IN WOBURN, AND THE LOWEST PRICES.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired. 27

Boston & Lowell Nashua Railroad.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, Dec. 21st, 1874, passenger trains will leave BOSTON for—

Concord, and Manchester, 7, 8 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6 P. M.
Greenfield, Wilton and Milford, 7 A. M., 12 M., 5, P. M.
Nashua, 7, 8† A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 5, 6† P. M.
Lowell, 7, 8† 10 A. M., 12 M., 2.30, 4, 5, 6, ‖7 P. M.
Billerica, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 5, P. M.
Wilmington, 7, 10, A. M., 2.30, 6, P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7, 10 A. M., 2.30, 4, 6 P. M.
‡ Stoneham (Branch), 8, A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P. M.
East Woburn, 7, 8, 10 A. M., 12.15, 3, 4, 5.15, 6.30 P.M.
Woburn Centre, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P.M.
Winchester, 6.45, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00, 11.30, A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
West Medford, 6.45, 7.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M., 12.15, 2.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 5.15, 6.15, 6.30, 7.30, 9.30* P. M.
*Wednesdays at 11.30 and Saturdays at 10.30 P.M.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

TRAINS FOR BOSTON LEAVE

Greenfield, 7.20, 10.30 A. M., 3.45 P. M.
Wilton, 8.00, 11.00 A. M., 4.15 P. M.
Nashua, 7.00, 9.00, 11.45 A. M., 5.00, 9.05† P. M.
Lowell, 7.00, 7.30,* 8.30a, 9.33* A. M., 12.19,* 2.15, 5.33,* 9.35*† P. M.
Billerica, 7.17, 9.55 A. M., 2.35, 5.54 P. M.
Wilmington, 7.29, 10.04 A. M., 2.45, 6.00 P. M.
Woburn Watering Place, 7.40 A. M., 2.57, 6.10 P. M.
¶ Stoneham (Branch), 5.50, 7.30, 8.50, 10.15, A. M., 1.05, 4.50, 6.20 P. M.
East Woburn, 6.00, 7.40, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 2.55, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.
Woburn Centre, 6.00, 7.00, 7.39, 9.00, 10.25 A. M., 1.15, 4.00, 5.00, 6.30, 8.25‖ P. M.
Winchester, 6.05, 7.05, 7.45, 7.57, 9.05, 10.30 A. M., 1.20, 3.00, 4.05, 5.05, 6.35, 8.30‖ P. M.
West Medford, 6.12, 7.12, 7.50, 8.04, 9.12, 10.37 A. M., 1.27, 3.07, 4.12, 5.12, 6.43, 8.37‖ P. M.
* Or on arrival of trains from Nashua.
† Northern Depot.
‖ Wednesdays one hour and forty-five minutes later
a Does not stop between Lowell and Boston.

29 WM. M. PARKER, Supt.

Insurance.

The undersigned informs the citizens of Woburn and vicinity that he has taken an office at 113 Main street, and is prepared to negotiate Fire Insurance in the best companies and at the lowest rates.

A share of the Insurance business is respectfully solicited.

GEO. H. CONN.
Woburn, Nov. 2, 1874.

THE STATE FAIR
—FOR—
OUR DUMB ANIMALS,
HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,
Feb. 22d to March 2d, 1875.

The following articles are solicited:—
Fancy and Useful Goods.
Apples, Vegetables, Poultry, &c.
Domestic Animals, Birds, & Pets.
Home-made Pickles & Preserves.
Books, Flowers & Toys.
Manufactured Goods.
Ferns and Mosses.
Home-made Cake.
Works of Art, &c.

These may be sent at any time to any Member of the Fair Committee of 2,000 Ladies having charge of the Fair, representing each city and town in the State; or forwarded direct. *Advise by mail.* Freight or Express will be paid upon arrival.

FRANK B. FAY, Sec'y.
46 Washington St. Boston.

NEW STORE
In Woburn.
The Proprietor of the BOSTON HAT STORE would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of Woburn and vicinity that he has just opened,
In Soles' Building,
140 Main Street,
a large and well selected stock of
HATS, CAPS
Ladies' and Children's
FURS,
—AND—
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Which he offers at LOW FIGURES.
He has secured the services of Mr. GEORGE W. MERRILL as manager, who will be pleased to see any and all of his friends, and the public generally, at the new store. Please call before purchasing elsewhere.
E. L. THAYER,
212 Proprietor Boston Hat Store.

CARRIAGE
To Cummingsville!
MR. J. C. PLUMER will run a carriage between the depot and Cummingsville, on
Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays,
Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 10th. Leave the depot at 8, 12, and 4. Leave Ellis' store at 8.40, 12.45, and 6. On Sunday leave store at 10.10. Leave the centre after church. 166

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States,
54,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.
☞ Send for Price Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

Toppan Robie,
Insurance Agent,
168 MAIN ST., WOBURN.
REPRESENTS THE
Liverpool and London and Globe. Assets, $22,500,000
Royal Insurance Co., of Liverpool. Assets, $14,000,000
Pennsylvania Fire, of Philadelphia. Assets, $1,400,000
Dwelling House Ins. Co., of Boston. Assets, $362,000
Mutual Life Ins. Co., of New York. Assets, $65,000,000
222

Preparatory Scientific School.
Warren Academy, Woburn, Mass.
NOW OPEN TO STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

LARGE and amply furnished Chemical and Physical Laboratories and Drawing Rooms afford the best facilities for thorough and practical Scientific work. Geology, Botany, and Natural History are taught by the aid of large and carefully arranged collections. The classes in Mechanical and Free-hand Drawing are in charge of one of the regular instructors at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Special attention is given to fitting students to enter the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. A large class from the Academy has just been admitted to the Institute, several of them to advanced standing. For circulars and further information, address

43 L. S. BURBANK, Principal.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Woburn!

To William A. Wilson of Woburn in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and all persons claiming any interest in the following described real estate:—

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a Mortgage Deed given by said William A. Wilson to Asa Fletcher, dated June 21, 1873, and recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds, Book 1260, Page 584, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on Monday, the 28th day of December, A. D., 1874 at 2 o'clock, P. M., the said mortgaged premises being a lot of land in the easterly part of said Woburn, and being lot numbered Fifty-three on a plan recorded with Middlesex South Dis't Deeds: Book of Plans, Five.—Plan Twenty-third, and bounded Northerly by lots 54, 59, and 60, 611 feet; easterly by Tremont street, 126 feet; southerly by lot 52, 598 feet; and westerly by Woburn street, 125 feet, and containing 75,926 square feet more or less.

ASA FLETCHER, Mortgagee.
Nov. 25, 1874. 200

Sheriff's Sale.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

Taken on execution and will be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, the 2d day of January A. D. 1875, at four o'clock P. M., at my office, No. 172 Main street, Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, all the right in equity that Lucy L. Brown, of Concord, in said County, had on the sixteenth day of November 1874, when the same was seized on this execution, or now has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: (No. 1.) A certain farm situated in the easterly part of Stow, in said County, containing 42 acres with the buildings thereon bounded. Beginning at the east corner of the premises on the old road from Concord to Stow, at land of John Goldsmith and running west on lands of said Goldsmith, Benj. Conant and John Dane, crossing the track of the Marlboro Branch of the Fitchburg Railroad to the road from South Acton to Assabet; thence turning and running on said road south to the land of Thos. Brooks, crossing the said Railroad track, and running on said Brooks land east to the old road leading from Concord to Stow, thence north on said road to the point of beginning. (No. 2.) A certain parcel of land called the "Meadow Field," situated in the south-east part of said Stow, containing 24 acres, bounded. Beginning at a stake at land of Daniel Whitney, thence S.W. to a stake at land of heirs of Josiah Brown, thence east 109 rods to a stake and stones, thence northerly to a stake and stones at land of said Whitney, thence west by land of said Whitney 63 rods to the stake first mentioned. (No. 3.) A certain tract of pasture land in the south part of Acton, in said County, containing 23 acres 2 roods and 25 rods, bounded. Beginning at the north-west corner of the premises, thence S. 70° E., 35 rods; thence S. 16° E., 16 rods; thence S. 6° E., 46½ rods, on land of John Brown and Elnathan Jones to land of William Chaplain; thence north 85° E., 45 rods on land of Chaplain; thence N. 10° W., 80 rods on land of Joel Conant and Horatio Low, to the Fitchburg Railroad; thence north 62° W., 9 rods, thence N. 73° W., 36¼ rods on said Railroad to the bounds first mentioned. (No. 4.) A certain parcel of land situated near the church of the First Parish in the centre of Concord in said County, with the buildings thereon, bounded south-west by a lane or passage way leading to said church from the mill dam, south and east by the Common near said church, and north by the county road or Main Street.

HORACE COLLAMORE,
Deputy Sheriff.
Woburn, November 25th, 1874.

Mortgagee's Sale
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Wilmington.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed given by George Fredson of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Ruel Carter of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and dated November 16th, 1866, and recorded with Middlesex Northern District, Book 53, Page 244, and for a breach of the conditions therein named, will be sold at public auction, on the premises on Monday the 28th day of December 1874, at 2 o'clock P. M., a certain tract of land with the buildings thereon, situated in Wilmington, in said County of Middlesex, containing about thirty-three and three-quarters be it the same more or less, it being a part of the estate of Timothy Carter senior, late of said Wilmington, deceased, and is bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake on the easterly side of the main road leading to Lowell, and at land of Joseph A. Ames, from thence the line runs easterly by and with said Ames' land to a stake; thence same course by and with land of the above named grantee to a stake; thence southerly still by and with said grantee's land to a stake at land of the heirs of John S. Perry, deceased, thence westerly by and with said Perry's land to a stake; thence northerly by and with the same land to a stake; thence westerly again, still by the same land to said road; thence northerly again by and with said road to the point of beginning.

227 RUEL CARTER, Mortgagee.
December 11th, 1874.

TO THE HONORABLE the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled:

We, the undersigned, in behalf of the city of Boston and the towns of Woburn and Medford, respectfully petition your honorable bodies for authority to provide a system of sewerage for said towns, and the towns of Winchester and Stoneham, and for conveying away the impurities which now are discharged into Mystic Pond—the expense of doing said work to be equitably assessed upon the parties benefited, in such a manner as the Legislature may determine.

SAMUEL C. COBB, Mayor of Boston.

JAMES BEAN,
P. R. LITCHFIELD,
C. M. BARRETT,
JOHN H. HOOPER,
ELIJAH S. WAIT,
CHAS. N. JONES, } Selectmen of Medford.

E. E. THOMPSON,
JOSEPH M. EATON,
L. HOUGHTON ALLEN,
DAVID D. HART,
W. R. PUTNAM,
ELEAZER F. POOLE, } Selectmen of Woburn.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
SECRETARY'S DEPARTMENT,
BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1874.

I approve the publication of the above petition in the *Woburn Journal.*

224 OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

T. BRENNAN,
Horse Shoer,
Shop near Whitney's Machine Shop.
WINCHESTER, MASS.
☞ Particular attention given to tender-footed and interfering horses. 141

EMPIRE WRINGER,
Price $8. Satisfaction Guaranteed
Kept constantly on hand and for sale, at retail only, by
L. THOMPSON, JR.
Dealer in Builder's Hardware, &c., No. 131 Main Street, Woburn, Mass. 203

A. BUCKMAN,
DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.
☞ Grammer Bros. Boots and Shoes constantly on hand. 62

ANNIE E. THOMPSON,
Teacher of Pianoforte,
Residence Franklin Street,
WOBURN.
Terms: $10 for 20 lessons.

Two Tenements for Rent.
A nice new cottage house and a tenement all in good condition. Horn Pond Water in both tenements. Inquire of E. F. WYER.

WHAT IS MONEY.—It is a common thing for would-be facetious writers to profess an incapacity to comprehend arguments upon the theories of finance and political economy. A newspaper correspondent, generally credited with a high degree of intelligence, confessed lately that he could not understand Professor Bonamy Price's address on currency, and declared that nineteen out of every twenty were in the same sorry predicament as to this and all similar discussions of the subject. We fear the correspondent has the common weakness for judging of the mental capacity of others by his own. Yet it is, no doubt, true that there is no clear notion in the common mind of the functions of money. We suppose, however, that the majority of people are capable of comprehending them when plainly stated.

Every worker, whatever the nature of his work, is entitled to a portion of the results of the labor of the entire community, proportionate to the share that he has contributed in bringing about those results, whether by the labor of his hands, the labor of his brain, or the use of capital belonging to him. The real object of value are those things which are produced by the joint labor of the community, or obtained thereby, to be used in gratifying the wants, tastes and wishes of the people, be they humble or extravagant. Merchandise and commodities—those things which we can use and enjoy—not money, constitute wealth, but in complicated operations of business and the constant movements of the objects of wealth, men do not hold in their possession what they are entitled to. They merely have evidences of their title, and go into the market and obtain the commodities as they want them by giving up these evidences.

Now, these evidences of a right to a certain share of the general products of labor are money. This money constitutes the medium of exchange because it shows that the holder thereof is entitled to a certain value in whatever commodities he may require. Now what is the prime essential in the character of this medium of exchange? Clearly that it shall be absolutely unvarying as an evidence of the value to which its possessor is entitled. In itself it is good for nothing. We cannot eat it, we cannot wear it, it will not shelter us, in short, a healthy mind cannot in any sense enjoy it. It is valuable as showing what of those things which we can enjoy we are entitled to, and is a measure of the amount. Suppose it to be variable, from time to time, it becomes totally unfit for the use to which it is intended, and works continual injustice. It is like a yard stick that varies in length from day to day; one gets more than belongs to him, another less, and there is a feverish speculation, all the time, produced by a scramble of everybody to buy by it when it is longest, and sell by it when it is shortest. As a measure of value it is worthless, as a medium of exchange it works continual wrong, and in the competition with people who use a just measure it puts those who have it at a ruinous disadvantage.

Now, how is the character of invariability secured for money? Merely by making it interchangeable at all times with some one commodity that can be used as a convenient standard of measurement for all. Gold is of that rarity and utility that it contains in small compass great intrinsic value, and yet it is plentiful enough to serve the purpose when made into small coins of definite and fixed quality and quantity, to serve as the universal standard of all value. Above all, its rarity, the labor required to obtain it, and the impossibility of greatly varying the ratio of the supply to the demand, gives it a fixedness of value which the changes of centuries do not affect in any appreciable degree. This is the genuine measure, and the only one that the resources of the earth produces. It is a yard stick that never shrinks or expands. We do not need to use it in our ordinary traffic, or to have it in our possession at all times to exchange for other commodities as we want them, but the evidences of value which we do use must be made constantly interchangeable with it in order to possess its virtue. It has its value in itself; they have not; but they can be made just as much for the practical purposes of money if at any moment we can obtain with them just the amount of that precious commodity which they represent. Get away from that and you have nothing to fix your yard stick and prevent its varying its length in the hands of every trickster.—*Boston Globe*.

HOW OLD GRUDGES HELD GOOD. Crampton, weary of sinning, joined church, one cold, winter night, and was requested to relate his experience, which he did in the following manner:

"I have rolled sin as a sweet morsel under my unhallowed tongue a long time, brethren and sisters," he said. "More than once I felt it my duty to turn from the high way of wickedness. One bitter night, when a lot of us went to decimate a hennery, a voice said: 'Crampton, you must not steal,' and, for my crime, the best chicken in the coop—a big Brahma rooster—escaped, and roused the owner. We fled, but the hand of vengeance seemed to tie my legs, and a big dog prevented me from engaging in wickedness for a month."

"Amen!" shouted several voices at this juncture.

"That voice always followed me. An another time, when I went to shave a horse's tail, I heard it again, but I committed the mean act in spite of it."

As Crampton paused to wipe his eyes, old Deacon Smiley was seen to look daggers at the penitent, and those nearest him heard a remark that sounded rather unchristianlike.

"I have felt that the way of the transgressor is hard," continued Crampton. "Once I dislocated my ankle while sinning, but the darkness aided me, and I escaped, to suffer terrible mental tortures."

"Glory Hallelujah!" vociferated several of the sisters.

"Go on, Brother Crampton. An open confession is good for the soul," reminded the preacher.

Crampton took courage.

"I have worn the medals of sin for many years. I earned my first in a raid on a melon field, when I was quite young, and that time my pipe set a straw rick on fire, and a noble barn was destroyed. I hope I have been forgiven for that. It was I who led the boys into that crime, and one of them was drowned while running from the fire."

"Amen! amen!"

"My wife tried to reform me, but I stiffened my neck. At last, one of the children died."

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculated the parson.

Crampton turned quickly.

"What for?" he asked.

"For taking the child before it could sin."

Crampton thought, said something that recalled his sinful days, and concluded his experience.

Then a hymn was sung, and the members came forward to give the joiner the right hand of fellowship.

Deacon Smiley whispered in his ears:

"So it was you who shaved old Rock's tail, eh? I'll pay you up for that dirty trick. I'll never fellowship you."

Old elder Smith came next. The weight of three score years and ten was on his head, and he leaned heavily on his staff.

"How are you, old barn-burner?" he said. "I'll see if the law of the land don't touch you yet for that."

Crampton began to wish that he hadn't joined.

Mrs. Judkins took his hand.

"So it was you who came for chickens that night," she said. "You got my husband out from a warm bed, and he caught a deathly cold. Hazekiah Crampton, you've made me a widow. I don't want to go up there with you."

"Well, who in thunder asked you to go?" retorted Crampton.

"I'm going back on this church. I guess I won't join," he said. "I've tried it long enough. If you'll take my name off the books, I'll try the world of sin a while longer.

Smiley, Smith and Mrs. Judkins said: "Let him go," and Crampton withdrew his name.

That night, the stolen chickens, the mutilated horse, and the crime of arson was avenged. Crampton was laid up for six weeks. He says that an open confession may be good for the soul, but he knows that it is bad for the body. He has returned to his wallow.

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.—A writer in the *American Educational Monthly* says that during the winter of 1862-'63 while stationed near Fredericksburg, Va., he once visited a Methodist meeting held by plantation negroes who formed a settlement near the camp, and took down verbatim the following prayer offered by one of the old negroes. There is something about it which seems to dignify even its grotesqueness:

"Oh, Lord God of dis glorious Universe, wilt dou look down in de omipresence of de eye upon dese dy collard children bowed upon de knuckle-bone dis night. Take a solemn peep upon us and let a heap of light in. Dou knowest what dese dy poor darkies need. Dere be Sam, dere be Jerry, and dere be Pompy. Dey are in dere sins, dat's what I reckon. Help dem to git up and git from de wilderness of sin and come in to de clearing of salvation. Take a solemn peep also upon de darkies in de other cabin, who fiddle and whirl on be bonbastic toe, while dy servant fulminates words to dee. May dey rise above the anthratory things of dis world, and fly like Massa Linkume ballonn heavenward. [Professor Low's balloon was anchored near by.]

Ruler of all humans on dis earth, wilt dou bress de Generals in de field dis nignt, if it be circumspection in dy eye. Bress de Colonels in de field dis night if it be circumspection in dy discreet eye, and bress de Union soldiers, who carry de musket and chew de catridge, fighting for de Union and de Stars and Strips. Dey fight in a scientific cause and be de bestest of men: but good Lord, may day swear less and pray more. And finally bress dy homble servant now supplicating dee in behalf of dese benighted darkies. It behaves dee to dig deep and sound to de very bottom of his heart. May dere be nary blimmage between myself and my saviour.

In de language of de mighty Washington, dis world is all a fleetin-show. To-day we are alive and hoppin around like grass-hoppers, to-morrow de sickle of death cuts us down and spreds us out like grass in hay time. On every side thou knowest, oh Lord, is de evidence of de general dislocation and destruction of de human family. Dere be fighting among one another and natural disease. But we die to live again either as saints or evil spirits. Dere is discussions on doctrines, Elecshion, Beforeordation, Perfection, and sich like, confuse de intellects of both black men and white. But good Lord, dou knowest dat dese are vain allusions, splittin an dividing dy creatures into sexes without mercy. Whoever will, can go to glory. many dere will be with slick countenances, white collars and fine clothes, who will find de gates shut against them, while de blind old women, hobbling on crutches, she go straight in. Amen."

RUSSIAN ETIQUETTE.—As soon as the imperial party were seated, everybody else sat down; it would have been great rudeness for anybody to sit while they were standing; and if the emperor had risen at any time during the performance it would have been the etiquette for every other person in the house to follow his example. This is the case everywhere, no matter where the emperor may be, and the rule of etiquette includes all the members of the family. Royal and imperial personages are no doubt greatly bored by the constant ceremony going on around them, and most of them would be glad to escape at least a portion of it. The Empress Catharine succeeded in doing so to some extent when she built the Hermitage, or small palace which adjoins the *Palais d' Hiver*. She arranged a series of frequent reunions, and the rules governing them were conspicuously placed at the entrance of one of the principal halls, where they may still be seen. Here are some of these rules:

"1. Let each one who enters here remove his rank, his hat, and above all his sword.
"2. Leave at the door your dignity, your pride, and every sentiment that resembles them.
"4. Remain standing or sitting, or promenade, as you like, without regarding any one."

The fourth rule did away with the necessity for all to rise when any member of the imperial family passed through the hall, and was no doubt a great relief to all concerned. A gentleman who has lived in St. Petersburg for some time, and has the entrée of the court, tells me that one evening he happened in a little circle which contained the Grand Duchess Marie sister of the emperor. Conversation went on quite rapidly, and the grand duchess was in the best of spirits. After a time she said, in the most friendly way:

"I have a favor to ask of all of you. I want to join that party on the other side of the hall, and I don't want to make a commotion that will break up the conversation. If you rise when I do, they will, of course, see it. Now I want all of you to keep your seats, and I think I can get there without disturbing them."

Of course every body obeyed the injunction, and paid no apparent attention to her departure. She succeeded very fairly in her effort, as she managed to get quite in the midst of the party before she was discovered. She dropped into a seat with a merry laugh before more than half the number were able to assume an upright position.

Not many years ago an American minister when presented to the emperor coolly sat down while his majesty remained standing, and furthermore placed an antiquated and by no means comely hat on the table between them. They carried on a brief conversation in this way. The emperor made no sign of affront at the time, but a remark which he subsequently dropped showed that he was not unobservant of such a gross infraction of etiquette.—From "A Gala Night in Russia," by THOMAS W. KNOX, in *Harper's Magazine for January*.

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Fresh Bread, Cake & Pastry,
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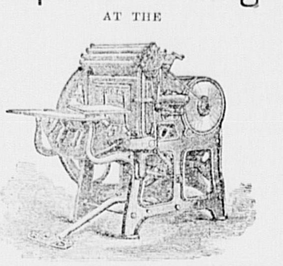

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